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The St. Louis Movement

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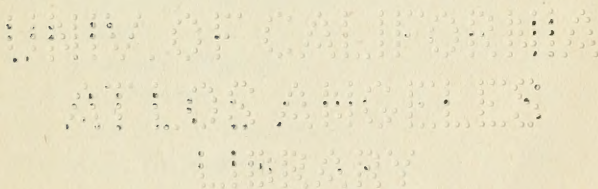
Philosophy, Literature, Education, Psychology

with Chapters of

Autobiography

By

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Part First

Apprenticeship

DEDICATORY

Fifty years and more have passed since the phrase *The St. Louis Movement* began to be heard in certain limited circles over the country, and occasionally to be used in brief printed reports of the Public Press. To most people it only meant something started in St. Louis for the fleeting moment, a little bubble of the time soon to burst into lasting oblivion. Undoubtedly those who initiated it had a vague feeling that they might be doing a germinal deed of permanent and ever-growing significance; but that was just what the future alone could prove.

Now it so happens that the present writer is the sole survivor of that early group of men for whose

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designation this special locution, *The St. Louis Movement*, was first coined. And in one way or other to him alone, in his solitary condition, this same designation is not infrequently applied to-day. One inference at least may be made: the name still persists in living, and with it the thing, or conception, doubtless hazy enough in most cases. The subject keeps rising to the surface, asked about, talked about, written about, thought about, often very inaccurately and even mockingly; yet the old idea somehow will not die and get itself well buried for once and for all. Indeed it seems to have a certain weird power of assuming new shapes, of preserving itself through multiform stages of evolution, in fine the uncanny gift of re-incarnation. So that spirit, or ghost, or eidolon long ago risen and named *The St. Louis Movement*, is still among us and at work, even if under forms a good deal changed from its pristine epiphany.

The scribe now addressing the reader has called himself the present writer with a bit of counterfeit modesty which he may as well henceforth lay aside, and use unblushingly the first personal pronoun without any mask, however transparent. So I shall have the hardihood to say that I was on hand at the primal genetic incident or historic occurrence, then very minute, even if gravid with long life, which can be set down as the first beginning or actual efflorescence of the St. Louis Movement, whereof the present book proposes to be some fragmentary record.

The foregoing event, which may be regarded as the starting-point of the St. Louis Movement, was the birth of the St. Louis Philosophical Society which took place in January, 1866, after due preliminaries. About a dozen gentlemen assembled in a down-town law-office, according to agreement; out of this number two men stepped forth as the original founders and first members. One of them, the real originator, was chosen President of the Society—Henry C. Brockmeyer, then a practicing lawyer in the city; the other the active organizer, became its Secretary—William T. Harris, then principal of one of the Public Schools. Each of them spoke briefly his inaugural, emphasizing with enthusiasm the prospects and purposes of the organization; both failed not to flash some prophetic lightning upon our unlit future.

These two men were not only the officers, but were in essence the Society, and remained such. They proved themselves the two philosophers of us all; they might be called Philosophy incarnate; it was their breath of life, but likewise their limit, as time revealed. They turned out very different from each other, not only in their lives but even in their philosophic gift; and yet, as to persistence they were quite alike, inasmuch as both clung to their favorite discipline and its one master till the light of their days went out. They both died, as it were, with their favorite philosopher's favorite book clutched in the still hand.

Moreover, from this time forward, I became more

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deeply associated with these two strongly pronounced personalities in my practical career as well as in my spiritual evolution, than with any other living men. From the natal hour of this Philosophical Society, they were my friends and fellow-workers in the same general cause, which goes under the name of the St. Louis Movement. Each of them wrought in very different fields of external vocation; Brockmeyer became Missouri's Lieutenant Governor, and Harris rose to be the Nation's Educational Head; still, the enduring undercurrent of both their natures remained Philosophy to the last, and just the one Philosophy, indeed just the one Book of Philosophy. A single remark I may add here about myself: my life-stream persisted in cutting a distinct channel for its flood, though it kept inside the same St. Louis Movement.

With an affection, which hopes to be eternal, I write the last sentence of this prefatory note to dedicate the present history of our common labors as a monument to the memory of my life-long friends and associates:

HENRY C. BROCKMEYER

WILLIAM T. HARRIS

CHAPTER FIRST

BEGINNINGS AT ST. LOUIS

Thus the Philosophical Society was born into the world, and proceeded to its work under its two leaders, certainly minds of unusual gift in the line of thought. The formal Society has long since vanished, having been soon taken up into the larger and more lasting St. Louis Movement which became not merely a doctrine for the few, but a pervasive influence in the community, and had its followers throughout the country. It must be remembered that philosophy brought not revenue, but rather expense. Each of us had to make his living by some special vocation, which gave him bread, but not the bread of life. Two very different callings we had to practice, the economic and the spiritual, and this remained the discipline of a life-time.

Among the members seated in a little group about the officers, I was seemingly the youngest, having just passed a birth-day which tallied me twenty-five years old, on the preceding ninth of January of said year (1866). There is no doubt that strong pulsations of Hope burst up expressed by the leaders, or cowered down unexpressed in the hearts of the rank and file, among whom I took my position in the rear line, but always ready to step forward when the hour struck.

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Such, then, was the open, explicit starting-point of the St. Louis Movement, though evidently it must have had earlier premonitory throbbings. The two officers of the Society before mentioned, Brockmeyer and Harris, took hold of their work as men already experienced. Indeed their first acquaintance dated back to 1858. I had met them informally at a small gathering in North St. Louis the preceding autumn of 1865, when I first heard them plan the Society. Still there had been no organization, probably no very definite purpose beyond the mutual benefit of conversation on favorite topics.

It may be mentioned here in advance that our two leaders were students and indeed well-disciplined followers of the German philosopher Hegel, and they naturally turned the rest of us in the same direction, though the Society laid no claim in its Constitution to the propagation of any single philosophic system. Thus it was in principle an open tournament for the best jouster. Moreover, Harris was a zealous missionary by nature, as well as a born teacher; especially in those early years his zeal was aflame for the one he deemed the philosophic master. He had all of Hegel's Works in the original, and he soon found out those of us who could muster a little German, and he formed the design of putting us into an inner group of pupils who might become agitators and promulgators. The first time I met him at his home in the fall of 1865, some months before the organization of the Society, he slipped into my hand one of Hegel's volumes and

set me at once to work on a lesson. He would even go around to our rooms and correct our translations. At that time only one volume of Hegel's Works had been done into English (Sibree's Translation of the Philosophy of History). Thus the first experience of mine was that I had become a pupil in a school for the study of Hegel. That was just what I needed at the moment, so I eagerly followed the hint of Providence.

The situation possibly for a year or so took this shape: I, and perhaps half a dozen others, became the free pupils of Harris as instructor, while Brockmeyer remained more in the background as a kind of overlord or higher scholarch. But in the fall of 1866, I, wishing to see and hear more of him, entered his law office, professedly as a student of jurisprudence, but really as a pupil of the University Brockmeyer in person, for he had become to me a personal University whose curriculum I must take at least for a year, before anything else in this world was for me possible. Moreover I bought the entire set of Hegel's eighteen volumes in the original, and began making explorations in that philosophic ocean on my own account and at my own risk. Thus I began my mental circumnavigation, not of the globe only, but of the Universe.

It soon became manifest that there was one book of Hegel which uprose the lofty center round which all the other works of the philosopher, all our studies, in fact all the thought of the All itself gathered—that was Hegel's so-called *Larger Logic*. This

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was very different from Whately's text-book which I had studied at College, indeed it went quite the reverse of the whole line of treatises on Logic from Aristotle down to the present. This Logic was declared to be the movement of the pure essences of the world, stripped from their outer illusory vesture. Of course I rebounded from it at the start, but I always returned to it as the one fortress of thought to be assaulted and captured for dear life's sake, wherein I was helped often by quick flashes of Brockmeyer's lightning insight. This book has the reputation of being the hardest book in the world, the one least accessible to the ordinary human mind even when academically trained. My wrestle with it was long, intense, and not wholly victorious at the close; still after years of entanglement I pulled through its magic web of abstractions and obstructions, and left them behind me, not lost but transcended.

Now it so happened that an English translation had been made of this book by Brockmeyer about the year 1860, near the beginning of the Civil War. The volume was handed around in writing, copied, discussed, and to a greater or less extent appropriated spiritually. The strange fact is that it was not then printed, and still stays unborn in manuscript after nearly sixty years of waiting. Thus the creative book of the system was never put into English type, and has remained quite inaccessible to the English speaking student. This to my mind has been the chief fatality in the propagation of

the work and its doctrines, for it always has had and always will have its distinctive appeal to certain minds and even to certain times.

Indeed one is inclined to think that this translation of Hegel's *Logic* has had a peculiar doom hanging over it from the moment of its first written line. I have watched it more than half a century, now rising to the surface, then sinking out of sight as if under some curse of the malevolent years. Personally I never used it, never needed it, I had the original and could read it more easily than Brockmeyer's English, which on the whole was very literal—so literal that I often had to turn back to the German, in order to understand the English. Here was supposed to be the first duty of the Philosophical Society: to revise and pay for publishing this central work; still we never seriously started. Harris might have printed it in his *Journal*, but for some reason or other which to this day remains conjectural, he would not. I found Brockmeyer re-translating the original on his return from the Indians in the early nineties. And I saw him thumbing over the manuscript only a few days before his death in 1906. It was his one Supreme Book, his Bible; it meant to him more than any other human production, and was probably the source of his great spiritual transformation from social hostility and inner discord and even anarchism, to a reconciliation with his government and indeed with the World-Order, after his two maddened flights from civilization.

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So our Philosophical Society, and after it the St. Louis Movement, had its weird Book of Fate interwoven through it from the first yet never fully realized at the last, in print or otherwise. And a similar lot befell our President Brockmeyer himself, who to my mind represented Genius born but never fully realized in print or otherwise. And must not something of the kind be said of St. Louis herself? But that man and his sole volume, both of unwon destiny, will often peer out of this narrative for a moment, as the stream flows on toward the outlet. Our Secretary, Harris, had also his lifelong wrestle with this same elusive, if not illusive, Book of Fate, which caught and held him in its subtle labyrinthine texture of finest-spun metaphysic.

Undoubtedly we all partook of the character of our communal environment. My stay in St. Louis caused me to share in its innermost life, and had the effect of making me believe that in it lurked a greater possibility than in any other city of the West, if not of the whole United States. This huge dreamy potentiality of civic grandeur we all believed to be quite on the point of pitching over into a colossal reality. Just that was the strongest, most pronounced trait of the town at this time: it clung to an unquestioning faith in its own indefeasible fortune. This was bound to come, and in a hurry; we did not even need to fight for our greatness, it would be forced upon us. And we did not seriously fight for it, but with calm resignation awaited the resistless downpour of riches, population, and life's

other blessings from the fascinated Gods. Such was the divine belief which became a kind of St. Louis religion, and entered deeply into the character of the city, of the individual citizens, not sparing the philosophers whose special claim was to pierce to the Pure Essences underneath all lying Appearances. Certainly I was not an exempt. Hence when the prophet came voicing to our ears what lay already in our hearts: *Behold, St. Louis the Future Great City of the World*, we all accepted it as a divinely sent Gospel, as very Truth denuded of all her illusory drapery.

In my own case through this long deep participation in our city's most fateful experience, a bond of the spirit was formed which all my absences, defeats, disillusionings have not wholly shattered. Whereof I hope to erect in the present book a little memorial.

I

THE FOUR ELEMENTS OF ST. LOUIS

"Tell us without going further," I hear my alert reader demanding, "what, who is this St. Louis of yours? Analyze her a little for us, that we may catch some notion of the original stuff of which she may be composed. As she too must have a soul, which has become so deeply ingrown with yours, can you not draw a slight sketch of her elemental psychology?"

Let it be said at once in reply that I asked a sim-

ilar question as I took my early surveys of the city, which finally revealed to my prying vision several heterogenous cleavages or layers in its folk, not simply ethnical but pronouncedly cultural. Various nations were indeed present and active, but more fundamentally various cultures were present and active. Of these I shall first give some reckoning, as I understand them.

My studies of the city taken as a whole soon led me to see in it four distinct strains, not so much national or racial as spiritual, which have held their way alongside of one another, touching on the edges, intermingling at times, but often secretly or openly colliding. To this inner fundamental separation may be in part ascribed that lack of communal unity and enterprise which has been so many times noted by impartial and even friendly observers. St. Louis has seemed cut not merely in two but in four down to its very soul, which deepest scission has been in part the ground-work of its fate.

On a number of sides I began to come upon this ultimate fact in the course of my experience. Still I clung to the city and shared its hope. The St. Louis Movement, being of a cultural character, thus fell athwart other and older cultures already inoculated and bearing fruit. I have often tried to think that this on the whole was the city's advantage, perchance its opportunity. For these four diverse and somewhat antagonistic streams of human spirit were mutually limiting and to a degree mutually

neutralizing, so that the field was open for any new doctrine, which a single dominant belief or established creed might persecute or undermine or even openly suppress.

These four cultural elements which I found here distinctly marked off when I arrived, and which remained deeply graven on the communal character for many years, and are still not wholly obliterated, I shall set down as follows: the Roman-Catholics, the New Englanders, the Southerners, the Germans. It will be seen that the division is not strictly racial, not national, not religious, though race and nation and religion played in sometimes with no little intensity. But the profounder and more influential distinction I believe to have been cultural, being based upon the deepest spiritual affiliations of the very conglomerate population. Most of the newcomers would easily fall into one of these four classes. For instance I, rather a misfit everywhere, was born in Ohio of Southern parentage, but was educated at Oberlin College which was decidedly of the old Puritanic type. Hence, amid these clashing elements I felt myself at first more closely related to New England, and even let people call me a Yankee, when they were curious about my antecedents. Still I felt a certain aloofness from and ignorance of all these forms of St. Louis humanity, yet with an intense desire to know them and even to share in their consciousness.

I. The Roman Catholics I place at the head, since they were the most numerous, diversified,

and pervasive element, and at the same time the one with which I experienced my first contact, to my great astonishment. For I did not know that the Christian Brothers were a Catholic Order when I engaged by letter from Cincinnati to teach in their school, and they wrote me never a word about religion. Association with them for over two years in their daily work was a great new experience, producing a decided expansion of my mental horizon. Toward me, though not of their confession, they were tolerant, honest, and appreciative, and I tried to requite their goodness, certainly to my moral betterment and intellectual illumination through life. More intimately than ever before or since I beheld the Catholic world-view at work in the human soul, and some of the characteristic results thereof, perhaps not the deepest. Also I experienced with a thrill the Church's world-organization when some Superior of the Order, a monk from Paris or possibly from Rome, came into my Latin class and examined my pupils and myself with friendly approval in broken English. Such was my Catholic epoch, no negligible part of this earthly apprenticeship of mine. It helped to universalize me.

The mother-church in St. Louis held under her wings many different peoples with their different tongues, histories, prejudices, antagonisms. The old French families of the first settlers were still in evidence, but seemed on the decline. The Irish held ecclesiastical sway from the archbishop down

the whole hierarchical line; their zeal and energy won and deserved the prize. German Catholics also were numerous, as well Slavic. All these different and often recalcitrant ethnic elements were fused together by the church in a common faith and in a common education, so that they, in all their diversities, national and otherwise, formed a single cultural element in the city. Outside of this bond, the religious primarily, they were often inclined to fly asunder and showed cleavages, especially political. Thus Catholicism was busied with its peculiar problems in St. Louis. As far as I remember, it never had a pronounced representative in our Philosophical Society, though Dr. Harris himself, in his later years, showed a tendency to Catholicize, as some of us thought, through his sympathetic study of Aquinas and the Scholastics, as well as on account of his self-surrendering love of the poet Dante. And perhaps in his universality he could not altogether omit that institution which asserts in its very title the claim to be universal. Here it may be added that two other members of the St. Louis Movement manifested a Catholicizing stage in their evolution, without, however, crossing over and getting inside the Church's boundary.

II. The New England element I may place next both for the sake of contrast and of similarity. It was the least in numbers, yet the most homogeneous; its chief cleavage was probably a religious or rather a theological one, for it had brought along to the West its two sorts of theology, the trinitarian and

unitarian, with their accompanying congregations. But its chief cultural power and influence lay in the field of education; to its enthusiasm as well as to its ability must be largely ascribed the city's system of Public Schools for the commonalty, as well as Washington University for the higher disciplines. The majority of the teachers were of the New England mould, though not always of New England birth. Indeed American popular education had its unflagging propagation as well as its origin, in the land of the Puritans.

The Public School was the main though not the only seed-field of the St. Louis Movement. This was doubtless owing to the influence of Superintendent Harris, a born New Englander. Washington University, decidedly New Englandish, however, held aloof; only one of its Professors, George H. Howison, ever became an active member, and he quit us and the city after a few years' domicile.

III. The Southern element was well represented in the city, and put its decided impress upon the same, so that St. Louis might well in one sense be called a Southern city. This element showed itself in a pervasive social character, and still more in a superior political ability. A strain of Southern courtesy made itself pretty generally felt, not without its streak of arrogance perhaps; but the creative greatness of the South before the War was its gift of leadership, especially in politics—a gift which has shown itself emphatically in the history of St. Louis as well as of the United States. The

leaders of all parties were for the most part Southerners—of Union and Disunion, of Anti-slavery and Pro-slavery, of the Future and of the Past. Very significant is the fact that the greatest leader the North ever had was a born Southerner—Abraham Lincoln. So in this city we may cite the instance of Francis P. Blair along with many others.

But in St. Louis the Southern element became hopelessly divided and crippled by the Civil War. Its leaders gradually failed to keep their political hold on affairs. Indeed the South as a whole seems to have lost in the Nation's strife its former pre-eminent gift of statesmanship, which during the conflict showed itself so strikingly inferior to its soldieryship. True political foresight would have kept it out of the war in the first place, and then after the Union victories of Vicksburg and Gettysburg, would by a peace have saved its people from untold loss, suffering, and humiliation. And since the war what shall we say to Southern statesmanship?

IV. And now we come to speak of the strongest, most emphatic element of all, the German, high in the ascendent on account of its numbers, its aggressiveness, its general intelligence, and its unity of spirit. Against the German solidarity, based upon education and military training in the Fatherland, and brought along in its very soul to America, the other elements were weaker and internally divided. When I reached the city in 1864, the great War was drawing to a victorious close, and therewith in

proportion the Germans of St. Louis were rising in authority and also in self-assertion. For it was chiefly through their strength and initiative that the first decisive blow for the Union had been struck at Camp Jackson, with a victory which on the whole never stopped its course for four years till it had rolled down the Mississippi, then wheeled eastward to Chattanooga, to Atlanta, to Savannah, then surged northward through the Carolinas toward the border of Virginia for the final struggle, where it was halted by Grant (so he says in his *Memoirs*). German regiments from St. Louis and from Missouri had been in the thick of the fight all the way, and soon were returning home with a justifiable good opinion of themselves and of their services. Here, accordingly, the Teutonic spirit was mounting upward in lofty self-confidence compared to that of the other elements.

During the first two years after my arrival in St. Louis, I stuck pretty closely to my Romanic tendency which is to be hereafter described, and I resisted any deflection into the swirling Teutonic life, though I often brushed its edges and felt its urge on all sides. But in 1866 with my entrance into the philosophic group, and through my intensive study of German Philosophy, and also on account of my deeper contact with the new communal spirit, I began to turn away from my Latin bent and to Teutonize decidedly. Moreover in the same year (1866) I quit the Christian Brothers' College, with its Catholic environment, breathing more or less the spirit of the Latin Church and its Latin culture,

and I entered upon a discipline very different, that of the University Brockmeyer, as I have elsewhere called it, to celebrate its one tutor.

Such were the four cultural elements of St. Louis as I found them existent on my arrival and at work with more or less energy. In a way I was sympathetic with them all. They represented the tradition, religious, social, educational, descending down the ages, and coming from abroad to our city in which they were planted afresh, and thrive according to their inner vigor. I could not help noting the gradual retreat, if not defeat of French St. Louis some time before the battle of Sedan, with which it seems to have shown a distant parallelism. The old French Market was no longer French but German. In the country, say at Florissant, it was pointed out to me that the Teutonic farmer was slowly getting possession of the Creole's land. Though some of the wealthiest people of St. Louis still bore French names, the mighty intruding and still rising popular tide was German.

Strangely, during these same years a similar up-burst of the Teutonic Spirit was taking place on the other side of the earth. I wonder if there might be some connection aerial or subterranean, telephonic or telepathic, between child St. Louis and old Fatherland! Then lay we here, on the banks of the Mississippi, not all by ourselves, self-absorbed in our little local doings, but we were unconscious participators in a globe-encircling world-movement, which revealed itself in our deeds and

possibly had begotten the same in some hidden genetic kinship. The year in which I arrived at St. Louis is the date of that peculiar modern start of Prussia toward universal domination which was halted only yesterday, and still lies in the throes of some unfathomable finale. I remember that I felt the first early throb of the awakening Fatherland in the animated conversation of a large German boarding-house on Market street, where I swallowed the talk more eagerly and more easily than the potato salad—a dish then wholly new to my taste and to my imagination.

II

THE FIFTH ELEMENT OF ST. LOUIS

Alongside these four elements of St. Louis, all of which represent the realm of prescription as handed down from time immemorial, I am going to place the fifth element, also cultural, though very small in size and in voting power. But it was fresh, native to the soil, sprung of the place and the time. This new and renewing element was our St. Louis Movement, which arose on the spot whence it took its name, claiming to be original, autochthonous, like only unto itself—unless it, as before intimated, was the product of some influence far deeper and larger than itself, of which it was itself hardly aware.

There is no doubt that its members proposed to break with tradition, which dominated the intellect

of the city; they were inclined to challenge the whole realm of prescription derived from Europe and from our own older Atlantic States, Northern and Southern. They did not say so, but they seemed animated with the spirit of the Camp Jackson deed, which marked a new turning-point, even if very local and minute, in the World's History. A vast hope lay in the time, in the city, and particularly in the Philosophical Society, which proposed to reconstruct the whole universe after some model now dimly evolving in St. Louis, and certainly not altogether transmitted from the Past.

Perhaps the majority of us were by vocation prescriptive teachers, but the traditional Higher Education was to be rounded out, though not supplanted, by the New University. And some such educative institution soon began to sprout up in the community outside of the regular schools and academic instruction. Let it be said, that this free-born education now in the bud will not perish, but will unfold to flower and fruit, keeping up its life under various forms and appliances down to the present day. For instance, just this month the present writer is still maintaining his classes in the so-called Communal University, which took its primal genesis from the St. Louis Movement.

In like manner the traditional religion did not satisfy. Few of us went to church, though there was no open rupture with ecclesiastical organization. Some of the members doubtless kept up their old religious affiliations; but our officers, I know,

held aloof, yet without antagonism. Still the most distinguished clergyman of St. Louis joined us somewhat later, for the sake of religion, he said. He was right in his statement. In fact, the St. Louis Movement was in the deepest sense religious, not as formal but as universal; we sought to win a fresh spiritual communion with the Divine Order and its Orderer, and to create for the same a new unworn expression. But to accomplish any such purpose we had to throw aside the old carcass of tradition (as Emerson calls it, perhaps too disparagingly) and to begin over.

So we deemed ourselves going back to the original underived fountain-head of young inspiration. And we did break loose from the four transmitted cultural elements of the city, as already narrated. But what could we do in our emergency? Whom did we grasp for as spiritual guide in the shoreless welter outside of all fixed landmarks of prescription? None other than a philosopher handed down to us from Europe, and the necessary product of European conditions. That is, we took a foreign traditional philosophy to countervail the tradition which had been already imported, planted, and taken root here at home.

Such was the deep dualism of the St. Louis Movement, the dualism which lay in its very birth. Many years will be required before it can be freed of this discordant scission, its prime original sin perchance, of which it is to work itself clear in a long purgatorial discipline, whereof the record is just

our present narrative. But it will triumph at last, and that may be taken as the happy end of the drama, at least from this point of vision.

Accordingly the St. Louis Movement had its start from a philosophic motive, from a system of thought already formulated and organized which we were to master and to apply. Moreover it was a system of idealism, one that put stress upon Idea or Spirit as the primordial creative source of all things. It was a great and necessary discipline which trained us to see underneath the mighty phenomenal occurrences of the passing hour, and to probe to their original starting-point, to their creative essence.

The time was calling loudly for First Principles. The Civil War had just concluded, in which we all had in some way participated, and we were still overwhelmed, even dazed partially by the grand historic appearance. What does it all mean? was quite the universal question. Of course the answer varied in a thousand shapes; there was the political, the religious, the social, the economic, even the wholly selfish and sensual answer. Naturally our set sought in philosophy the solution, that is, in Hegel as taught by our leaders. A great world-historical deed had been done with enormous labor and outer panoramic pageantry. What lay in it for us and for the future? So we began to grope after the everlasting verities, the eternal principles, the pure Essences (*reine Wesenheiten*) as they are called by our philosophic authority. These tran-

scendent energies of man and of the world were said to be collected and ordered in one book—Hegel's *Logic*. So the St. Louis Movement may be called a child of the period, a peculiar infant indeed, but nevertheless a legitimate birth of the time's spiritual struggle. And this infant seemed to be sent by the time to a world-school for its discipline.

I may again remark that this pursuit of the Eternal has turned out to have had something eternal in it, at least up to date. The St. Louis Movement retains still a quiet life of its own; it never won an uproarious public existence; it had always to be sought out in its own little nook by those who would know of it and share in its gifts. Just this week for instance (October, 1918,) I have received a letter from an inquirer who wishes to get information about "that original philosophic Club" and its members, mentioning Brockmeyer, Harris, "and yourself." Then he winds up with this expression of opinion: "That is the most remarkable movement known in this country." Not everybody is likely to accede to this view, especially those who have been bred in the home of New England Transcendentalism. But the inquiry, with others of the same sort, may be taken as a sign of a still living interest in the St. Louis Movement after more than five decades.

It was, accordingly, one of the spiritual offshoots of the Civil War, and belonged, I have to think, peculiarly to the West, of which during

those years St. Louis was the central and most important, indeed the symptomatic city. For the West did the great positive act of preserving the Union, while the East, valiantly fighting for the same cause, did hardly more than keep its own line of separation, "the Fatal Line" it has been called, which at last could only mean division and secession. There was, accordingly, felt just in this city the spur to discover and to utter the soul of the Age's Great Deed, for it was peculiarly our own. "Find me the philosophy of that," said the Spirit of the Time to the philosophers now marshaling just on the spot. We took the best help accessible to us from the past, and made it our starting-point. Soon, but not wholly at first, I began to feel the full force of the injunction, and rallied to the work, giving the early unconscious strokes to a task which was not completed till almost half a century later.

So the fifth element we sought to introduce into the cultural life of St. Louis, and preached our new evangel with no little unction and keen-edged enthusiasm. We claimed to represent the original, indigenous, self-determined soul of the city as distinct from the one brought hither from the outside. We were in a revolt against the four imported elements, from the early French settlers to the last-come German Forty-Eighters, whom our President Brockmeyer, himself a German, branded as negative—hostile to all positive thought and its institutions. He was a good hater, altogether too good;

still there is no doubt that the high-bred Latinists (*Lateiner*) from the German University were inclined to scoff at our philosophic master and at our Movement as something long since transcended over yonder in the old country.

Let that be as it may; still the reader is not to forget the secretly gnawing dualism which lurked in the St. Louis Movement, and which will keep driving it forward beyond itself till it reach a higher reconciling synthesis in a new world-view. This of course lies many years ahead, yet it has its first life-pulse in the present situation. But as I look back at the Movement now, it really lapsed into tradition in assailing tradition; it became prescriptive just in its denial of prescription; it took for granted what it never granted. I must have felt somewhat of this deeper dissonance from the start, for I never could quite bring myself to write and publish anything on philosophy proper. I deemed myself not yet a worthy initiate. Then I was already beginning to grow a peculiar literary conscience; whenever I took my soul's pen in hand, it was for my highest self-expression; otherwise I must wait, even if forever. Nevertheless I pursued desperately philosophy as the one present remedy, as the universal science; if its warring contradiction cannot in some way be pacified, then the universe is battle and becomes Ragnorok.

Of course I was at first unconscious of this deepest undercurrent in our St. Louis Movement, and only came to recognize it, not so much by thinking

it out, as by living it out in my daily activities for decades, till the cycle of discipline might be finished. Meanwhile let it be held fast that this far-down underworld's struggle of the spirit is what gave strength and length of life to our St. Louis Movement. Indeed that antimony of ours between tradition and non-tradition may be deemed the primal originative force or spring of all individual culture, as well as of civilization itself.

III

THE ALIGNMENT

A year or two since, on going to a little place to give a little talk, I saw two gentlemen approaching me with pleasant smiles; and as they drew near, one of them held out toward me a written leaf of paper saying: "Here is something which I thought you might like to see, your name is on it." At a glance the manuscript proved to be a copy of the records of the first Philosophical Society reaching back to 1866, with the signature of the Secretary. The gentleman went on: "That I keep as one of my treasures. But can you not tell us a little about these people here named, who met in your society—what did they become? Tell me, who of you made good?"

Some such question has been propounded to me several times recently, indeed I have propounded it to myself, and I shall try to write out my answer. Perhaps this entire book bears in itself some re-

sponse. The fact is most of us were then undistinguished and have sturdily remained so. And it must be confessed that the St. Louis Movement never produced a book which, by any reasonable stretch of charity, might be called a literary success. Therein it strikingly contrasts with the Transcendental Movement, which owes its propagation and its permanence largely to the excellence of its Literature.

As far as I now remember, the Society led **not so** much an active, practical life as a rather quiet, theoretical existence; chiefly it was the public means to show famous visitors certain formal attentions; for instance, when Mrs. Julia Ward Howe came to town and read a paper on Philosophy, the Society received her, listened to her lecture, and even indulged in some criticisms, to which she replied in veiled but sarcastic reproof of our philosophic egotism. In like manner it heard Emerson and invited Alcott, the famous Concord philosophers, with whom our Secretary, Mr. Harris, kept in friendly touch, for the sake of the future.

The real work of the St. Louis Movement was done individually, or in little groups and classes. I cannot now recollect that I ever read a paper before the Philosophical Society. The spirit of the Movement, as far as I shared it, I applied to Literature; Judge Woerner applied it to Jurisprudence, and it colors his legal work on Probate Law; Brockmeyer turned it into Legislation and Politics; Harris made best use of it in Education. The St.

Louis Movement, accordingly, took the character of a subtle pervasive influence, rather than an organized propagandism. Its life pulsed in the small coteries which met usually in parlors or private rooms for the study of some special book or subject. In this fact lay its chief worth and its persistence.

It is true that a certain grouping or arrangement of persons and their philosophic doctrines took place, as we gathered to discuss some theme or to listen to some address, or even to read together some book. The situation was something of this kind:

I. The President or the Secretary, or both, were the central figures, ardent exponents and disciples of Hegel, and led the talk.

II. Then came the opposition, for usually in the early times we had some straggling dissidents who would object here and there. Of these I remember enough to set down three.

(1) Thomas Davidson, who usually upheld Aristotle as against Hegel, and even the Greek world against the Christian. A lively and ingenious Scotchman, who never seemed to me to have any particular persistent conviction. At that time he was certainly a jolly drifter and general free fighter, with much effervescence of erudition.

(2) Adolf E. Kroeger, a Fichtean, and translator of several of Fichte's works and of other German books; also an upholder of Kant against Hegel in many warm disputes. He belonged to the

earlier set. I saw a letter in which Longfellow praised his English translations of early German poetry.

(3) Louis F. Soldan, later Superintendent of Schools, whose general attitude was neutral, belonging distinctly to no side or perhaps to all sides. He was a student of Spinoza and Dante, and later had literary classes in Faust.

III. Finally came what may be called the rank and file, varying a good deal with the years and the topics. Here I properly belonged. But we were eager learners and questioners, being generally sympathetic with the Hegelians, especially with the two leaders, who had really something positive to give, and produced the general atmosphere. Numbers of good people may be put here, such as Judge Woerner, Judge Jones, Principal Childs; the ladies, though not regular members, were best represented by Miss Mary Beedy and Miss Anna Brackett, both of the Public Schools.

This was the situation in the earlier times. Later came a group of excellent, but quite different people, such as Prof. Cook, Dr. Holland, Miss Blow, Miss Fruchte. And so the leaven kept working through various layers for many years, till at last the active spirit seemed to lapse into a state of quiescence.

Such is a brief sketch of the first general alignment of the Philosophical Society, as I recall it after some fifty years and more. All these first members have passed on, though a few out of the

later groups still survive, no longer in the buoyancy of youth, yet active. I suppose that the interest of such a seemingly fortuitous society is that it unwittingly bears in its bosom something permanent, some living seeds destined to grow in the future and bear new fruit.

How long did the Movement last? In one sense it is going on still, as already indicated, though in a number of ways much changed. But that first impulse had its own life with rise, culmination and decline. Different participators would naturally chronologize the period differently, according to their experience; but to my vision it ran about twenty years (1865-1885), from my first electric shock at touching the live wire in the house of W. T. Harris one Sunday afternoon till I quit St. Louis on my wanderings, not to return with the spirit's renewal for quite another twenty years. The two leaders, Brockmeyer and Harris, had left the city some years before. The influence lingered still in the Public Schools, but without any decided official hold. Moreover the city itself seemed changed in character; it passed into that peculiar eclipse of hope and ambition, which lasted nearly a generation. It lost its leadership in the West—its commercial, and still more emphatically its intellectual leadership.

Now this obscurity of St. Louis is undeniable, being fortified by fixed mathematics as well as by floating opinion, and has become the most enigmatic and hence the most interesting fact of its his-

tory. Like old Rome, St. Louis has had its period of grandeur and decadence, but no Montesquieu or Gibbon has arisen to set forth adequately its record. To be sure the stage is small, and its decline did not involve the world. Still the atom has to-day its special worth, and we are told to see in One, even in the little one, the All.

This pensive theme, however, will naturally come up later in the present narrative. But here I note the fact that the St. Louis Movement, though a native growth, was chiefly cultivated and propagated by men who were immigrants. I do not now recall a single born St. Louisan in the set, though nearly all of us were born Americans. Still the Movement itself was not an immigrant, but indigenous; that is, as a Movement it originated on the soil of St. Louis, and, it was so regarded by us, since it was begotten of the city's unique spirit of that time. We claimed to be of the present just while we were taking the past as guidance, and even as creed.

Still our deepest faith lay in the destiny of our city, our basic belief was grounded in its coming greatness. This belief was the original drive which kept throbbing back of all our energy, whereby it overflowed into the community, and created a kind of University with its studies of Art, Literature, Education, as well as of Philosophy. We sought to be worthy denizens of what was already forecast as the Future Great City of the World, and to con-

tribute our part toward the fulfilment of its prophetic supremacy.

Thus I had fully entered upon what I may call my distinctively philosophic epoch, which will be my chief spiritual interest for years. But I had an antecedent stage which I left behind, though it remained with me in a sort of subliminal activity through life. My strongest aspiration for the mind's past treasures lay then in the field of Romanic culture, which belonged to those peoples of Southern Europe whose language and civilization sprang from the old Roman world. Now this Romanic spirit is held to be the antitype of the Germanic spirit, which was pushing forward with such volume and intensity in St. Louis, and which had begun to take possession of my training. Somewhat of this pre-philosophic phase of my development must not be left out in this self-construction of mine, since I shall make use of its acquisitions at intervals during my entire life. For instance, only yesterday I began to take new and deeper soundings in French Literature on account of the granitic endurance and stability of the French character revealed by the present war, inasmuch as I had previously believed, and France herself had seemed to believe, that she was frivolous and flighty and even decadent.

IV

MY ROMANIC TIME IN ST. LOUIS

The tendency or mental trend here called **Romanic** (not Romantic, remember), I brought with me to the city, and I clung to it, as long as it was of prime worth to me, on account of certain local opportunities. In particular, I wished to catch some remaining shred of the French spirit of this originally French town, with its survivals of French speech and customs.

Accordingly under the above title I am going to designate a brief cultural stage of my young-manhood, lasting only between two and three years, but significant in my spirit's discipline, since this substrate has continued to rise to the surface with stress at various turns of my later life, and insist upon some utterance. I allude to my cultivation of the Romanic tongues and in a small way their literatures, Spanish, French, Italian, all of them daughters of the Latin, each with her own distinct character, history, and beauty. They imparted to me a phase of my own self-expression, and answered a need of my spirit, which I had already felt stirring at College, but without any opportunity of realization.

In the fall of 1863 while loitering at a second-hand book store in Cincinnati, I became acquainted with Ignacio Montaldo, a native Spaniard, who was teaching his mother-tongue to students in that city. He invited me to join his best class in Spanish,

which met at the home of a lady prominent in literary circles. I accepted the invitation at once, since it gratified a persistent longing within me. The result was I bought a Spanish grammar and dictionary on the spot, took a brief lesson for a starter, then went home and studied the new subject till after midnight. I soon caught the drift of the language, being so closely derived from the Latin, and hence like its two sisters, French and Italian, with both of whom I had a passing acquaintance. To learn to read the printed words was easy enough; but to speak those words in conversation, I found much harder; then to understand them when spoken was for me the most difficult task of all, for an ear-minder I never was easily. Hence I hunted down friendly, talkative Montaldo in all his haunts for practice, since Spanish had quite suddenly become for me an obsession.

Moreover I found the genial Spaniard very interesting for another reason: his unique character. He was a red-hot socialist, the first of the kind I had ever known; in his fervent propagandism he would lapse from his Spanish into French or even into broken English, till I would gently recall him to his native dialect, reminding him that I could only take his doctrine in pure Castilian. He had resided long in Paris where he had come under the influence of M. Etienne Cabet, famous French Utopian of that time, and had joined the latter's communistic venture known as Icarie, which had first brought him to America. But the ideal plan

had suffered shipwreck upon the hard reality over in Iowa somewhere, and had left him stranded and drifting and hungering, till he reached Cincinnati where he could earn some bread through his knowledge of the tongues. But he clung to the grand communistic scheme as stoutly as ever, the bitterest rebuffs of experience only hardened his conviction, and made him ready for a new headlong onset. In other words I deemed that I saw before me again the actual Don Quixote, the most modern edition of the Spanish knight-errant, with the living commentary on that masterpiece of Cervantes, which I had merely read from the outside hitherto. Thus my good teacher gave me his best lesson without price and even without any design of giving it, for he never could get away from himself.

We became boon companions, I followed him everywhere to hear his Quixotic adventures told in lofty laughable Castilian, as well as to enjoy his fantastic ideas, while I would note and then diversify his idealism with some of my prose. It seemed that I had quite become his Sancho Panza, the faithful squire, yet mirroring counterpart. After some days he surprised me with an invitation to his modest home, where he whispered me he had a wife and two fine children, girl and boy. That was indeed a new turn in the adventure, for I had supposed him an irreclaimable, unmarriedable rover in pursuit of an ideal world, somewhat like myself at that time. It seems that in his community he had found, loved and wedded an educated French

woman, who had also emigrated with M. Cabet to western wilds in search of the new social order. She spoke only rapid musical French, which I understood but imperfectly, still she interpreted her talk very fully with a runnnig comment of gesture, intonation, and expressive grimaces. Evidently she had been disillusioned by the remorseless fact, having now to keep house for two children and husband under no laughing conditions. Icarie she had reason to remember; her special theme was the tyranny of the autocrat Cabet, which had wrecked a glorious hope of social freedom, and had left her and hers stranded on this unfree America.

Thus I took lessons in the Spanish tongue and more deeply still in the Spanish character, not to speak of the little dip into Latin socialism; all these kinds of instruction have remained a permanent possession during life, though I have never done much with my Quixotic acquisition. But after some months of this Castilian revery, I was roused by a fresh sharp thrust of the economic problem, and, breaking from my friend and his dreams, I took flight to St. Louis, where I soon lit on the solid though thorny ground of making my own livelihood.

Replying from Cincinnati to a newspaper advertisement, I received the appointment of instructor in Greek and Latin at the St. Louis College of Christian Brothers; I was also given a class in English Literature. These branches were easy for me, and familiar; my lessons occupied three hours daily for five days of the week. Thus I had ample time

for outside study, which enabled me to push on with my Romanic tongues, Spanish, French, and Italian, to which I added considerable practice in my German, since I found myself rooming in a German household, with an abundance of gossiping neighbors. That was an opportunity which I dared not neglect. Spanish began to fall by the way, for I could find no Spaniard like my genial Montaldo; I often tested my Italian grammar at the fruit-stands kept by Italians, paying for my instruction by the purchase of a dime's worth of apples or peanuts. These people could understand me, but I could not understand them, as quite all of them were Genovese and spoke a horrible dialect. At last I found in a wine shop a poor gray-curled Swiss Italian from Canton Ticino, who was a man of some education, and who gladly earned his frank for reading to me an hour a day from an Italian novel which I had picked out of the litter of an old book-stall.

In my mental history I deem this to have been my epoch of supreme linguistic ambition, which, indeed for a while wholly absorbed my life. If the reader will take the trouble to count them up, he will find that I was employed more or less directly with seven different languages at the same time. In some respects it was a useless scattering of energy, yet I got from it a unique experience which served its purpose. Quite unconsciously I was seeking my own self-expression in all these tongues; I was listening to the voices of seven different folk-souls, the best in the world's civilization, as they revealed

themselves in speech. And I was under training to find my own right utterance—a supreme object of my life. This was my distinctive polyglottic stage, lasting with fervor between two and three years, yet with recurrences all my days, for I found I could always resurrect these tongues with a little labor, at least as far as I had acquired them.

Thus for a season I sought an expression of myself in no less than six foreign languages beside my native English, and kept building in this fashion a good-sized tower of Babel all inside my own brain. But after a time I found this versatile linguistic love of mine getting more and more interested in one of the languages without wholly neglecting the others. The favorite became now the French. There lingered still something of the old French spirit in St. Louis, at least in those quarters where I ate and lounged and chatted. I snuffed this peculiar atmosphere the first days of my arrival, and accordingly I took board at a French hotel not far from the old Cathedral, which then might be deemed the center of St. Louis antique, and which still looks down at you with its French inscription written across its forehead. I found, however, that the people there could all talk English, French having become a mere by-play. Still the place remains to me ever memorable, since here I first saw the unique physiognomy of Brockmeyer, just fresh from the forest, as he would fleet eagerly into the dining-room, and then saunter out of it leisurely with the rest of us, ever darting the sudden eye-shot of the backwoods'

hunter, rather than the thoughted look of the much-civilized philosopher.

But my appetite for French was not satisfied there, though the eating was good. On inspecting the wider neighborhood, I found three other French boarding-houses, of which one in the same general locality just fitted my plan, if not my palate. For the proprietor and his wife with servants could hardly say a word of English, and understood none; so I had to talk French or do without my dinner. Moreover I discovered soon that in the evening the place was the resort of a strange lot of French characters, who gathered there to drink wine or absinthe, sip strong coffee, and play piquet, talking meanwhile French politics with illimitable babble. Most of them were fiery republicans, refugees, revolutionists, socialists, anarchists, hot against State and Church. I thought I saw there a living presentation of Carlyle's French Revolution, in bloody words and gesticulations, but not in bloody deeds. I recollect, however, that the place contained one hardy Clerical who by his opposition could set a dozen tongues into a furious clatter, which once ended in a brawl. A single Napoleonist had even greater power of irritation, inasmuch as most of these fellows had been forced to flee from the Emperor's police. Thus I was again taking a double lesson: in the French tongue and in French life, here manifesting one of its famous historic phases. (Remember that Emperor Napoleon III was still on his throne.)

Naturally I took to reading French, especially books about the French Revolution, of which I saw a fragment enacted before me every night. There lie now under my eyes on the table my annotations to Lamartine's *Les Girondins*, which work I bought in the original and read with many an excited reflection on our own Civil War, in which I had just lived through a deeply sympathetic part theoretically and practically. This reading of mine is dated 1865, when the mighty upheavals and resurgences of French liberty had ended in the sodden despotism of the third Napoleon. Was our republic to suffer a like fate? Some of that company would say so in pretentious pessimistic prophecy, whereupon I would splutter bits of bad French at them, using them as targets for practicing both my patriotism and my grammar.

I longed to see some representatives of the old French settlers who with their descendants had been on the ground just about a century if we date the founding of St. Louis by Laclède in 1764. But not a Creole, if such be the right name, ever showed his face among the Church-defying revolutionaries fortified across the street from the Cathedral in Combe's boarding-house, which mad hostelry would have appeared to him an Inferno full of devils. Only once an innocent Canadian, and especially innocent of English, strayed into the place, seeing on the sign *Pension Française*. I noticed him at once and took him in charge, finding him a fresh angelic arrival from the paradise of Quebec, but now fallen

into this real Dantesque Malebolge, through which I too was traveling as a kind of onlooking Dante. At some horrible blasphemy, I suppose, for the word was not clear to me, but must have been well understood by him, re-echoed as it was with the diabolic grins and grimaces of the whole rabblement, he ran out into the dark. I went after him, and asked him where he was going. He said he did not know. I begged him: "Come then with me, and I shall take you to a French priest who lives over yonder at the Cathedral," and after a short walk I pointed toward the imposing structure with its spire, and the clergy-house alongside. I offered to cross the street with him, when the fellow suddenly picked up his heels, and giving three leaps disappeared within the church door, whither of course I did not try to pursue him. But as he slid inside, he glowered around at me, with a look of having escaped from the demons.

Thus the time brought me a vivid personal experience of revolutionary France just here in St. Louis, a living commentary upon her history past and also future. When some six or seven years later, I read of the doings of the Paris Commune after the Franco-Prussian War, I felt that I had seen and heard them in prophecy already at that French boarding-house. In fact, a few years later during 1870 my interest returned with such intensity that I sought my old quarters there, but the spirit had fled. I found, however, a red-republican French Club in the same locality, but it was tame,

quite orderly, and all its words and deeds seemed to spell France's humiliation. Still later in 1878 when I was in Paris, I never could find there the anarchic vigor of my old French boarding-house in St. Louis, except once perhaps—that was at a theatrical representation of the famous anti-clerical play, Moliere's *Tartuffe*, in the Latin Quarter, when a rather jolly Pandemonium suddenly erupted out of the huge audience, in which a woman (possibly Louise Michel herself) seemed the chief volcanic spouter, the whole becoming quiet again in a few minutes.

So I now renew in aged image my young and yare Romanic St. Louis of more than half a century ago. Only yesterday the love of reminiscence enticed me to take another stroll before the old Cathedral, and hearken to the call of its French inscription which seems now to speak more deeply out of its heart than ever before. Through the war the Latin peoples, and especially the French, have uprisen from a subsidence and supposed decline to a new birth and grander eminence in the World's History. They have done the supreme historic act, having overmade themselves into the conqueror of their conqueror. But does that old fiend of Terror, whose passing shadow I once saw in Romanic St. Louis, yet lurk in the French soul? Half-suppressed voices fitfully fly hitherward over the ocean, reporting that it is still alive and at work to-day underneath Paris. Will it again break up to the surface and have another spell of seismic upheaval as twice before?

V

FROM ROMANIC TO TEUTONIC

So the old, deep dualism of Europe, starting long before the Christian Era, and continued with more or less virulence through all the intervening ages till the present moment—the ever-grinding dualism between Roma and Teutonia—has migrated to America and especially has settled down in our St. Louis, bringing that same world-historical conflict along with itself, political, religious, cultural. I seemed to fall right into the middle of this many-centuried clash, being sensitive to the poignant thrusts from both these mighty opposites of the ages, with their everlasting alternation between rise and fall, victory and defeat, Guilt and Nemesis. Not fifty years ago Roma, in her representative Latin race, seemed to be drooping toward her last sundown in France; but now in this New Year of 1919 military Teutonia appears to have marched valiantly into her own bloody, perchance mortal eclipse. Thus the oscillation has continued, beginning historically, if not before at least with that ancient invasion of France by the Teutones who were overwhelmed and destroyed by the Roman general Marius 102 years Before Christ. Then with the centuries came the furious counterstroke, the defeat and capture of Roma herself in person by these Teutonic peoples. And that by no means stopped the ever-recurring world-duel. So the sanguinary see-saw between Europe's two halves has

been going on for 2000 years and more, the last gory oscillation being ended to-day, if it really has ended.

And the case would seem, if we may judge by the past, that Europe of herself is unable to heal this deepest rent of her own soul, as well as of her body, without some foreign mediator, some reconciling third world-people, who can medicine her ever reopening and fresh-bleeding wound with a new institutional order. Is America to furnish that remedial folk, which may be able to reintegrate unhappy Europe, torn into warring pieces, from her birth? Our army of doctors, first military and now political, have gone to the seat of trouble, and are still engaged in their task of restoration at this moment. Probably the patient is not curable at once, still the beginning may be tried, with the whole world in anxiety looking on at the bedside.

But our present interest is to note that this deepest dualism of Europe—it is not the only one but the deepest—was transmitted to our Western Continent, and has worked itself out into two Americas, very distinct if not opposite, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, whose reconciliation still belongs to the future. And particularly our city has shown in its history this same original European cleavage which I felt on my arrival here during the last year of the Civil War. At first I sided culturally with the Latin or Romanic trend, as already indicated, seizing the opportunity, here presented, of appropriating a little first-hand knowledge of one of History's

greatest achievements, namely, that unique Mediterranean civilization, mother of our higher spiritual disciplines.

But I gradually developed out of this Romanic stage, which after the Civil War kept getting paler and weaker both in me and in the community, whereby the latter showed a strange parallelism to what was going on over in Europe. When France, that is, Louis Napoleon's France, was peremptorily ordered to quit Mexico by Seward, the counter-stroke was not unfelt in French St. Louis, as I could hear in the loud conversation over cognac and black coffee at M. Combe's. The Teutonic spirit was already overwhelming me both in my studies and in my external relations. I was getting deeply absorbed in the philosophic movement, and especially in the all-encompassing system of Hegel, now my mind's grand objective. From the French *cuisine* wreathed round with multitudinous *causerie*, I changed to a large German boarding-house of boundless babblement over *Bier* and *Wurst*. The classic song of *La Belle France* seemed to be getting drowned in the roar of *Deutschland über Alles*. I joined a German Social Club of young folks where English was unheard, and I took part in music, dance, games, festivals, not refusing the fluids as a part of the new learning. The German theater I cultivated, especially when Goethe and Schiller were on the boards. One Sunday evening I dared think it my duty instead of attending Church, to go to see *Faust*—my first opportunity to witness the

masterpiece of Teutonic Literature. The house was packed with the very folk, the applause uprose uproarious, the general feeling swayed to and fro triumphant, the whole play being interspersed with shouts and German catchwords, most of which I could not understand. But the loudest, most prolonged, most suggestive acclamation I did understand, since it swelled forth at the burst of laughing hell-fire from the mouth of ironic Mephistopheles as he ironiceises the Church, scoffing out the passage:

Die Kirche hat einen guten Magen.

The actor who spoke the lines did his infernal best, for he became the Devil then and there in speech and in look. And that audience after him seemed to undergo a similar diabolic transformation, which lasted some minutes. Thus I caught a glimpse of one phase of Teutonia's soul that night, which has never quit me, but which has come back to me more vividly than ever during these past four years, along with their prodigious problems interrogating me: Is Germany then Mephistopheles? Has the greatest German poet, embodying the greatest German legend, simply drawn the portrait of his own people in their final catastrophe? For we may well recall now the tragic end of Mephistopheles, making the poet's *Faust* a Teutonic world-tragedy.

But let us return to our retrospect. In my zeal I quit the center of the city and went to live in the

residence quarter where I might experience German domestic life, which had such a beautiful and naive expression of itself in poetry and music. The outcome could not be avoided: I wound up this part of my Germanization by a German marriage and started on a new phase of my career.

Thus I made the complete transition from the Romanic to the Teutonic in my life's discipline. And I must not fail to add that this transition was not merely mine, but the city's, the time's, aye the world's even; for was not all civilization Germanizing quite down to the fate-year of 1914? And all education from the little Kindergarden up to the great University—was it not largely based upon German pedagogy? So I look back and behold my wee self pre-enacting as a St. Louis atom a stage of the World's History.

VI

THE GREAT ST. LOUIS DEED

During these years a larger hope took hold of St. Louis, a greater civic pride, a more colossal urban egotism than she has ever known since. Can we trace this consciousness of her own importance to its source? She seems to have felt at this time a world-historical destiny, and claimed a lofty national if not a supra-national mission. Had she really done anything which might serve as a ground or even as a pretext for this far-reaching aspiration? So we ask now in retrospect with some in-

sistent importunity. Such a deed of hers can be pointed out and studied which was not merely a local or temporary incident, but an exploit of universal significance.

I am aware that I shall call up strong protest and perhaps ridicule at the meaning which I give to the affair of Camp Jackson. But as I view the matter, it was a great pivotal event whose purport time has not only confirmed, but has continued to deepen. To-day I think to note our microscopic Camp Jackson enlarged over the sea into Europe which is fighting its hitherto separative tendency toward some kind of federated Union.

A little less than three years after the taking of Camp Jackson, I sprang out of a railroad train which had brought me from Cincinnati, and pushing to the banks of the Mississippi near-by, I caught my first view of St. Louis as she lay wrapped in her flowing sable headdress of smoke. Not very attractive in outer look did she appear to me from that distance; still even then she, like the veiled Egyptian image at Sais, was secretly propounding to me the problem of my earthly existence, which I am working at still to-day under her cloudy coif after more than half a century.

As I crossed the river on the ferry-boat, and first trudged the wharf toward the streets, I asked myself: "What is the event, which most deeply and persistently lurks in your memory concerning this spot of earth? Is there any significant deed here

done in the past, whose presence haunts and colors all your eager sight-seeing?"

My answer was, "Yes, this for me is the city of Camp Jackson."

In order that I may impart to my reader as vividly as I can the reason for this peculiar mental state of mine, let me put briefly together the chief national events of that time:

(1) The Union had been broken to pieces under Buchanan by the secession of the Southern tier of Slave States.

(2) Lincoln, the new President, had affirmed as the essential point of his Inaugural (March 4th, 1861) the Primacy of the Union.

(3) South Carolina had maintained not only in word but also in deed the Primacy of the Single State by the capture of Fort Sumter (April 14th).

(4) Lincoln had answered her with his resolve in his call for 75,000 volunteers, to put down the rebellion (April 15th).

(5) Camp Jackson, taken (May 10th, 1861) in less than a month after the fall of Sumter, was the Great Deed, the earliest victorious response of the Nation affirming by its action the Primacy of the Union, and thus sealing Lincoln's first call with its first real achievement.

All these steps of the resistless onstriding crisis of the time I had followed with the intense inner reaction of a young fellow of twenty at College. On the whole the stream of events dashed madly toward disunion in spite of the attempts to stay its

furious energy. Soul-crushing had been my dismay, and that of the North generally at the spectacle of the huge falling edifice of our country. But when I woke one fine May morning and in my Ohio home read the newspaper head-lines about the capture of Camp Jackson at St. Louis, I felt that the first decisive counterstroke had been given to the advance of the rebellion. In a slave State, in the South's largest city, by the act of its own people secession had been arrested and whelmed back in a stunning defeat. I felt this already in my little town to be the overture to the Union's victory, and it swept away the cloud of despair which had hung over the North since the fall of Fort Sumter. And that has remained the place of Camp Jackson in the movement of the whole Civil War—the primal counterstroke of successful resistance to the hitherto quite unimpeded sweep of the South's triumph. And the saving act took place at the center of the Great Valley and of its River, as it were in the heart of the Nation, which was now really tapped to its core, henceforth to gush out lavishly in defense of its existence.

Thus I first trod the streets of St. Louis with no little reminiscence and patriotic elation, probably not so very far from Laclede's first cabin built here about one hundred years before my arrival. But that atomic event, though pregnant with a great future, I hardly knew and could not then think much about. St. Louis at the moment was still in the poignant pulsations of the conflict,

though it was no longer the immediate prize of combat. The fact is this city had made more and greater history during the earlier stages of the War than any other city of the country, not excepting Washington. Really St. Louis was more important then than it has ever been since. It had for a while more than a local, more than a national, yea a world-historical eminence. That first testful fight for Federal Union not merely of the American States but (as we just now are beginning to see) of the World took place on this spot, a typical deed hereafter to be repeated thousandfold in our history, and it has hardly yet begun repeating itself around the globe. The Great River too was to be freed as well as its Valley, which crowning feat was accomplished by gunboats constructed and sent from this point. Such was then our sovereign lead in the West, perchance in the Nation; will it spur us to renewed activity to keep our inning, or paralyze us with the great illusion of our irreversible supremacy? In this success lurks the danger inherent in all victory.

Utterly contradictory and long-continued has been the disputation concerning Camp Jackson. Opinions about it locked horns at the time, and have remained locked up to date. A few years ago its semi-centennial took place, and the whole subject was thrashed over in the newspapers with pretty much the same diversity of judgment as in its beginning. The deed can be shown to be both legal and illegal on both sides, according as the law

of the Union or the law of the Single-State is deemed paramount. In fact that problem was just what the law could not solve, so that some power or energy seems intervening above the fighting dualism of the two legalities. What is that higher Power? Or the argument often drops the legal aspect, and dwells on the policy or the expediency of the deed. But again each side shows with equal force that its part in the Camp Jackson affair was very expedient, but very inexpedient was the other side's part. Thus some greater might seems to be using both the expedient and the inexpedient for its own purpose. Can I in any manner see or get hold of that supernal energy which sways above all contradictions; especially the one called up by Camp Jackson? For here are seen grappling a right which is illegal and a wrong which is legal—which side can the honest but perplexed path-seeking citizen take?

Apart from the disunionists, I found the unionists still deeply divided about the justification of Camp Jackson. The thing puzzled me. I needed but to blow off the ashes with a word, when I could not only see but feel the first fires of the controversy still glowing hot in the hearts of the two opposing sides, after three years of cooling off. I listened to both parties with eagerness, yea with sympathy, and finally came to the conclusion that the supreme upper purpose of Camp Jackson was just this division into the two different sorts of unionists, the conditional and the unconditional (so they

were often named at the time), as the grand preliminary discipline not only for saving but for regenerating the Union.

I had been before this experience boisterously but one-sidedly interested in the deed of Camp Jackson at a distance, as if it trumpeted the first preluding note of triumph over the Nation's dissolution. But the discords of the two clashing parts which lurked in the victory, I now heard on the spot of their origin, and their historic collision rose seething murkily within me. Where, how can I get the light? This was one of the spiritual troubles that drove me later to interrogate more profoundly that hitherto enigmatic oracle called Philosophy.

But if Camp Jackson was to me a kind of unsung Iliad with heroic deed, I soon came to ask, Who was the hero? I had not far to look, in fact he rose in evidence everywhere, the visible presence in each part or phase of the one great action. And whatever salient turn I might look at, there stood the one heroic individual, the spirit's sovereign permeating and directing each particle of the total event.

Here it is worth while to contrast the deeds of Fort Sumter and Camp Jackson, less than a month apart at the beginning of the Civil War, and prefiguring its two tendencies. The Fort is assaulted and taken by the Secessionists; thus they succeed so far in disrupting the Union, and the United States troops withdraw to the North. A foreshow

is this of what takes place in the East during the whole war. Northern troops on Southern soil get whipped, but they in turn overcome the South if it invades the North.

Now behold the West. Here the Union seizes the offensive on the moment, and practically keeps it from the very start to the finish. This start is Camp Jackson, which is the first really positive response to the President's call, hence the import of it and the thrill. The West saw its ideal and its hope at stake in both deeds, being enormously depressed by Fort Sumter but proportionately uplifted by Camp Jackson, which was our true initiative, the War's prophetic challenge.

The greatest man in the nation then was Francis Preston Blair, if not in the world; he stood and directed for some days a world-historical act; Universal History pivoted for a moment on St. Louis and on him. He possessed the supernal power at that moment; his will coincided with the World-Spirit's will—and thus he became its historic executor, its Hero. Will he ever be able to repeat that one supremacy? If so, he is the coming man of the Nation's supreme crisis. Or is he only a single-deed Great Man, mighty for the once, and then declining toward sunset? Let us scan him more closely to read his lesson.

VII

THE ST. LOUIS HERO

Quite a little spell after the Camp Jackson event, say some nine or ten years, which permitted us the calm to survey it not merely in its political but also in its literary aspect, I remember discussing with my friend Judge Woerner this problem: Which is the best artistic vehicle for expressing the deed of Camp Jackson, the Novel or the Epic? Several hours we kept turning the matter over while he interjected many vivid personal recollections from his experience, for he was under arms that day on the Union side, if I recall his statement aright. Moreover he was a born novel-reader, which I was not; hence he seized and described the whole action from the novelistic point of view. I, however, fresh from the study of Homer, and taking my choice probably in accord with some natural tendency, preferred the form of the Epic, with its sway of the Upper Powers in one shape or other, as the most adequate literary expression of the Great Deed, and capable of being made superior to any purely historic record of the same. So I reeled him off a little rhapsody of the St. Louis Iliad as I called it, with its central hero Achilles not sulking, but divinely acting under the guidance of Pallas Athena in person.

The excellent Judge shot back at me his decision: "That may do for old Troy and the Homeric age in which you live too intently; but it will not answer

for St. Louis and our present time, whose art-form I tell you, is the Novel and not your antiquated Epic. Better quit your poetizing any how, it is left behind in our new world." So my friend was inclined to challenge not only my opinion but my right of poetic utterance, and he was not alone in his view. Whereupon I replied: "My God-sent office calls for my true self-expression in whatever form of it the spirit imposes upon my tongue; you may not like it, nor anybody else; still I must and shall fulfil my soul's prime vocation."

So much for an old personal problem pertaining to the limits of my writing-gift, a problem still provoked afresh and still unriddled. With this very modern episode ended, let us turn back to our St. Louis Iliad, and consider its hero at his highest moment.

As I look yonder at him through all the intervening decades, Blair appears before me now as a great heroic personality standing at a supreme turning-point of the World's History, and directing its coming destiny. What was the ultimate stake of his preternational activity, doubtless unconscious to himself? Just here in St. Louis at that moment the problem had come up in all its far-reaching intensity: Shall this city, this State, this Valley, and therewith this Nation advance to a new and stronger and freer Federal Union or lapse backward into the separated and everrasping States of Europe, which have still this problem to settle in the future? (They are trying with many sour

faces and painful contortions to settle it just now). Or was the soldier Lyon the foremost man of destiny? It seems to me that anybody who carefully reads the fate-burdened events of those overflowing hours will soon see that the military man was merely the smiting weapon in the hands of Blair, who really first forged it and then directed it to the supreme end.

So I can vision Francis Preston Blair on this spot seizing hold of the rudder of the World's History and giving to the same a quick significant whirl at a grand turn in the stream of time. That was his sudden call and inspiration, more visible at the present moment than ever before. I do not claim that I beheld his lofty historic position then, as I walked up Olive street to the site of Camp Jackson, but I did feel the original demonic power of the man in that occurrence, the cosmical energy, if you wish to call it such, which took possession of him and made him perform things which appear to ordinary life superhuman, and which to the eye of the old Greek poet are the deeds of the Hero inspired by the Olympian Gods. Hence to me Camp Jackson has unfolded in time an epical character, modern though it be.

But I have to add that Blair owned this peculiar power but the once, and then for a short time; he lost the gift largely if not entirely in later days; he was chosen just the one time by the Spirit of the Age to execute its supernal behest. After the one grand culminant effort, his career droops, though

not uneventful. As the greatest man at that time in St. Louis, as a kind of epical hero in a supreme national deed, I followed him and listened to his spoken word, though he was, when I heard him, in comparative eclipse.

Blair was the man who saw distinctly, and acted upon the insight, that the fight between the two sectional antagonisms must be made; he had thus read the decree of the time, or if you will, the behest of the World-Spirit. "Give us always the man who can do that," is the cry of every crisis. Blair had been preparing the instrumentality for some years. In a slave state he organized an emancipation party—the natives and the foreigners, the latter being Germans chiefly—first as political clubs, the so-called Wide-Awakes, throughout the city. But the other side began to do likewise and rallied their Minute Men, for the open original secessionists intended disunion, and the secret ones too.

But Blair knew his advantages; his people were largely trained soldiers of Europe and supplied with officers; he realized that we had a standing army in our midst, ready to be mobilized on notice. These men he immediately offered to Lincoln in response to the President's first call, and they were at once mustered in by Lyon. But after Camp Jackson he somehow could not control his own forces, could no longer direct the power which he had evoked. Accordingly he brought Fremont, who would utilize this same power, and who, having got it, kept it away from Blair, and then lost it in

his turn. Thus Fremont failed utterly, and so it came that the Germans were without any adequate American leader. Then they practically took possession of the City and the State in their own right. So the matter stood when I arrived in 1864.

Blair was a friend of Brockmeyer, to whom he did a great service in rescuing the latter from the clutches of arbitrary military power, which had thrust him in jail. But a great disservice it was, in my opinion, when Blair persuaded him to enter Missouri politics. That was the philosopher's aberration from the path of his true destiny as I forecast him; his genius at its best was not political. Thus Blair, though never a member, had an indirect influence upon the St. Louis Movement, indeed he fated it, and Brockmeyer with it, though far from purposing any such result.

I have stated above that Blair trained and used Lyon as his deft military instrument, quite indispensable; but the general must have soldiers disciplined, enthusiastic, ready to leap to the battle-line at the word of command. Now the curious fact springs up that Blair in a time of peace had found a standing army already drilled and officered, though scattered, which he brought together and organized, putting it under the authority of Lyon along with himself. This far-reaching, little recognized, but prolific fact must be set forth, not in its historic fullness, but so far as it had a bearing upon our St. Louis Movement and the members thereof, not omitting of course my little autobiographic self.

VIII

THE STANDING ARMY OF ST. LOUIS

The significance of this Camp Jackson army along with its deed and its hero cannot be left out of the St. Louis Movement, which never could have arisen unless through such an antecedent condition. And St. Louis certainly would have become a different city without this deeply determining experience. And Missouri probably would have followed Virginia and met a similar fate, had it not been for Blair and his Germans, who at once enforced by means of Camp Jackson the unconditional line between Union and Disunion. The conflict could not be compromised any longer, even here in the birth-state of the old Compromise of 1820. Sterling Price, Virginia-born, best represents the conditional compromising Unionist who must be now fully unionized or disunionized, or, as we can see and say to-day, must be Americanized or Europeanized, for the hour has struck. Blair, also of Virginia descent by way of Kentucky, is Price's antitype and the right destroyer of his idea. Thus here in Missouri, Mother Virginia out of the creative depths of her dual nature has brought forth two sets of desperately conflicting sons and their antagonistic principles in the Nation represented by Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, both also of Southern descent through Kentucky.

Let us now look at the other element, unknown to Virginia—the German—but the prime physical

condition of victory, Thor's hammer swung on high in triumph. There was a time when St. Louis might well be called a German city—a period of some dozen or fifteen years, as I reckon its duration. Germany seemed to have migrated hither in person, and to have settled down in St. Louis and the surrounding country on both sides of the Mississippi. Thousands upon thousands they came flocking not only with their laborious bodies, but with their whole intellectual outfit, from the man trained at the university down to the common-schooled peasant. It was the second great migration of Teutonia to the United States, the first being that earlier hegira chiefly to Pennsylvania, which took place in the English colonial times. The start of this second vast swarming of the Teutonic folk over the ocean has been dated in 1818 by native historians; the European political troubles gave to it increased momentum in the early Thirties, and especially in 1848. Thus a little German world arose here in the West with St. Louis at its heart.

But the point which I wish now to emphasize once more in this connection is that nearly all these Germans were trained soldiers of the old Fatherland, and could at once step from the plow into the disciplined order of battle. And what is more strange, they had here their own officers already schooled in the best military institutes of Europe. That is, without knowing it the city had in its midst a standing army ready for immediate service.

An instance reported to me by the son of one of these German officers will illustrate. "My father," says this son, "was an educated military engineer in Germany, but fled to America, since he had participated in the revolution of 1848. He was building a large structure in North St. Louis under a contract with a hundred men or more in charge, when on an April day of 1861 appeared before him his old friend and fellow-officer, Franz Sigel, then only a little school-teacher in the city, who said to him 'Come, we must enlist.' 'What do you mean?' Sigel replied, 'Lincoln has called for troops, we must take up our old profession.' 'But what am I to do with this building and these men?' 'Your house will not at present be needed; but who are these workmen?' 'Germans—laborers, artisans, foremen.' 'Soldiers, I see,' said Sigel; 'bring them along.' So at once a German-drilled army sprang into ranks with its complete organization, and the next day was getting in line for duty."

Now Blair had already seen this hidden weapon, and was utilizing it for his purpose. He had begun to employ it in 1858, when he was elected Republican representative, the only one from a Slave State, chiefly through German votes. But in 1860 he had organized the before-mentioned Lincoln Wide-Awakes into semi-military companies as political clubs, upon which he still kept his hand after the election. For Blair had already foreseen the approaching Civil War, and knew that it could not longer be shirked or compromised away. Upon

this conviction he acted, and so he kept getting his standing-army in order, waiting for the fateful minute to strike. Such was his timely foresight, which spurred him to his military preparation, and made him the doer of the time's Great Deed.

One might think, many did think, that the military leader of the coming War had appeared in this Camp Jackson exploit. No, that was Blair's one supreme exploit, as already said; from that moment began his star's obscuration. Though he was still active, the Genius of the Time refused to stamp his work with its sovereign seal. And after him no great general receives at once the baptism of victory; all who are tried do not stand the test. But when years have passed, two leaders rise winning the crown of triumph—Grant and Sherman, both of whom were present in St. Louis as citizens and spectators on Camp Jackson day. One queries why were not they in the midst of this opening fight? Both have given reasons in their Memoirs; rather hipshot appears each excuse to me. The fact seems to be that they were still terribly in doubt, both had Southern connections, though both were born in the North. Let me dare supply their new inner resolution as they meditatively turned homeward from the scene: "Yes, Camp Jackson here under my eyes has stirred my blood as Fort Sumter off yonder never did. I must go and enlist as soon as I can find my place." Within a few months both of them, having gotten out of St. Louis, were made Colonels in the Union Army, one of volunteers, the

other of regulars. After the same manner Camp Jackson compelled thousands to resolve for one side or the other.

So much for the great Americans of our city at this time. There is no doubt, however, that St. Louis during those years took a deeper and longer dip into the German folk-soul, than any other city in the United States, or any perhaps outside of Germany itself. There was a general tendency to fall into Teutonic life, to adopt its arts, customs, and ways of thinking. To be sure there were those who held aloof, especially after the Civil War. But I with the majority received baptism in this German ocean, which then overflowed our city, leaving an ever memorable impress upon it and me and especially upon our St. Louis Movement.

CHAPTER SECOND

ILLUSION AND DISILLUSION

Strangely parallel with these same years rises what I shall call the Great Illusion of St. Louis, which runs its course till the counterstroke of Disillusion falls upon us with a stunning blastment of hope. Thus we went through an historical experience of the deepest import, giving us a discipline which is world-wide at this moment. Have not the nations of the Earth just been witnessing the great Teutonic Illusion of universal domination through war, followed now by what promises to be a much greater and longer Disillusion? St. Louis dreaming itself the world's coming metropolis to be won in peace, experienced a somewhat similar dispensation, passing from the Illusion of her sovereignty in wealth, power and population to complete Disillusion through the pitiless antagonism of the fact.

In the preceding Chapter I have sought to give some notion of the time's doings at St. Louis, especially as connected with the St. Louis Movement and with myself, this little atom of autobiography. Remarkable energy, a unique cultural outburst, unbounded aspiration of individuals along with grandiose civic ambition were felt throbbing upwards throughout the community. At least such was my ever-bubbling hope responsive, as I remem-

ber well, to that of the city. And now we are to catch the deeper undertone of these occurrences, the ironic play in them and through them which weaves in its illusory web the whole population, the common folk as well as the philosophers. We are lured to believe, by the magic of our own imaginations, a persistent phantasmal lie—the lie of material glory and supremacy. The time for us becomes one huge mendacity to which St. Louis surrenders herself soul and body till she quite becomes that which she believes, when, undeceived by a sudden blow of fate, she enters upon a long purgatorial penance. Such is my construction of the cardinal epoch in our city's history, through which I myself passed, and of which I was a part—not a large yet an organic constituent.

Can I now reconstrue the phenomenon, as I look back at it with sharpened interest (by the events of to-day), and with revived memory? The irony of all existence was lurking in us, building our fantastic Babylon. Our faith in what we were going to get divinely gratis had no bounds, its rainbow treachery was enticing us blindly on to be present at the approaching triumph of the Future Great City of the World—which designation of us became axiomatic in every mouth on every street corner. But the Gods intended something very different for us, in fulfilment of their own ends—we being necessarily but a part of their total cosmos-drama. Me personally the time was driving to master all appearance, which had indeed over-

wrought and possessed my world-view just by dangling before me its false hopes, whose Illusion I was to pierce and undo by that system of thought whose purpose aimed to reach true being just through the self-negation of the lie. This was the chief merit of Hegel, and herein our Philosophical Society had its call from the time.

The grand problem of the World's Illusion was then strongly exemplified in St. Louis, and in me, and apparently in everybody else about us. It was a situation well known and characterized by the Great Books of all ages, the Bibles of the Race. Old Homer has shown it very strikingly in the lying dream of the Greek Leader Agamemnon, sent from above by the supreme Olympian God Zeus upon the mortal below, who "on that very day thought to take the city of Priam." So St. Louis and all its people dreamed of capturing the American Troy of untold riches and numbers; we kept for years, like fatuous Agamemnon, "musing on things that never were to be." And the bitter exclamation of the poet when he stresses the divine irony would apply to us: "Fool! who little knew what Zeus designed!"

A personal memento I may be permitted to add at this point. In 1880 while the Illusion was still upon us, I was teaching classes in the Iliad, and unfolded to my little St. Louis constituency the foregoing view of Agamemnon's lying dream, with illustrations from life and history. But I did not then know that we there, all of us, teacher and

pupils, as well as the entire community, were likewise the victims of an Illusion similar to that of the Greek Leader, over whose comedy we were inclined to have some genteel merriment. But really we were laughing at ourselves, and did not know it, though our Disillusion was already on its way and would soon arrive, in fact did arrive later during that same year. In the words of the old poet we too were "fools who little knew what Zeus designed," all of us being unconsciously then and there a living contemporary illustration of Homer's picture limned some 2500 years ago. And thus we are still realizing our old poet-prophet, wherein is found his best commentary.

So much for the antique Greek Bible, with a modern application to modern St. Louis, though the book be not of the usually accepted biblical canon. But there is the other Scripture, the authorized, which also grapples with the same problem. For it is Hebrew St. Paul who declares: "God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie"—a theology not so very unlike that of Greek Agamemnon's lying dream sent of Zeus. The apostle states also the purpose of this divine missive: "That they all might be damned who believed not," this unbelief or wrong belief being the sin which calls forth the penalty.

Thus we, even in our literary classes, were led to grapple with the testful problem of human Illusion, as manifested not only in individuals but also in cities and nations. It had become the prime

psychologic fact of the St. Louis soul-world, and I believe that we were sympathetically drawn by our communal instinct to these deeper studies of Literature, whose secret push must have lain in the time. Hence it belongs to the history of our St. Louis Movement that it give some account of this peculiar phenomenon, which affected us all, and helped to give tendency and even character to our future achievement.

Yet I must not fail to mention the fact that in the very might of our Illusion lurked the backstroke of its unreality, of its falsity. A lie can hardly help giving some dim intimation of itself, even in the innocent soul who may believe it. So I now construe that uncanny feeling which gripped us all at the mere mention of the name of Chicago, which had already become not only our rival, but our secret antipathy, nay, our ever-increasing terror. Somehow our people forefelt it the coming spell-breaker, the remorseless smasher of our Great Illusion, and we tingled with a spasm of jealousy which doubtless varied much with individuals. Of our own set, Brockmeyer could on small provocation fall into profane if not obscene anti-Chicago paroxysms. Harris did not care much, for I doubt if he ever intended to stay in our St. Louis; he planned from the beginning to return to his ideal Yankeeland, which was more like and of Chicago than St. Louis. As for myself I was pretty badly poisoned at first, but I grew better when I began fully to recognize the will of the Gods. This

recognition advanced very slowly at the start, and with frequent backslidings, till Illusion was wiped out in my brain by the one grand stroke of Disillusion. Complete restoration from interurban antipathy took place later through my long residence in Chicago, though I never got over my early attachment for even illusive St. Louis; I have remained ingrown with its Movement, and am now devoting a good shred of my senescence to writing its story.

The common epithet applied by our good people here was "bad town;" even our saintly newspapers would cry out in horror, "wicked Chicago!" A searching test of our hearts was offered by the great Chicago fire of 1870. Of course we with some public display sent money for the homeless and provisions for the hungry, and even resolutions of sympathy for the unfortunate city—all of which was of right appearance; but privately everywhere could be heard without unhappy tears the pious scriptural ejaculation: "Again the fire of heaven has fallen upon Sodom and Gomorrah; may it complete its divinely appointed work!"

Still such was not to be Chicago's fate, as we all see now. On the other hand, St. Louis in this way was proclaiming her own unconscious Illusion of supremacy to be under supernal protection, which, if need be, would help her out by arson. Let us now give a little study to that Illusion which deeply insinuated itself into the St. Louis Movement as well as into every wee urban molecule, not excepting me.

I

THE GREAT ST. LOUIS ILLUSION

St. Louis has a soul of her own, and has had from the time when I began to get acquainted with her—a unique civic Psyche, amenable only to the laws of Psychology. Toward me she stands in the relation of a Person who has gone through many changes since I have known her, that is, during more than fifty years. Her life is associated with mine in a greater or less intimacy, and has often determined it to a new turn of its labyrinthine errantry.

Hence the biography of Dame St. Louis will interweave itself into the present account at numerous points, and some picture or presentment of her character, at least as I construe it from my own considerable experience, will rise out of the frequent pencillings along these pages. Justly do we call our theme the St. Louis Movement, for this could not have taken place anywhere else in America, perhaps not anywhere on the globe, save in that peculiar communal conglomerate named St. Louis. Moreover even here the foregoing event could not have happened except at a given time, at the right psychological moment, into which the Fates of Life plunged me, without my knowing why or my having ever found out—which news of my original self I may expect when I step across.

So much by way of preface to a cardinal statement: this city-soul, as I may call it, was getting to

have one all-dominating psychical trait when I first breathed of its atmosphere, which trait I soon caught, and then it caught me. I quickly found the one faith universal, that St. Louis could not help becoming the largest, richest, most influential city in the land, with all the gain and glory and dominion resulting from such pre-eminence. In religion, politics, and love its multiracial polyglottic people might differ, but in one creed they were united, or rather fused to a kind of fanaticism: the doctrine of the future supremacy of St. Louis.

Of course I soon found myself a convert, and a very zealous one, if not quite purblind, and ready to do battle for my new conviction. Still further, I became warmly attached to the community under whose banner I had enlisted as a fighter, and with whose changes of fortune I rose and fell in my deepest heart-throbs. To this time and its testful experience I attribute my life-long underlying predilection for St. Louis in spite of many hurtful counter-strokes. If she slapped me out of her presence, I would in the course of years sneak back at least for a look. Take this example: after many an angry separation, here I am once more in her lap writing the present book on the St. Louis Movement, which writ I believe, after all the deductions which I with my frankest pen intend to make, manifold and searching, will be found to her credit.

Looking backward through the long trial of the years we can see that such a prediction or anticipation of her all-overtopping pre-eminence has

never been fulfilled, that it was in fact a huge mirage floating before the vision of a great population across the empty desert of the future. So the interesting question in folk-psychology pushes up with no little importunity in the mind: What pre-disposed the St. Louis soul to such a phantasm? Even more vehement is the interrogation with me at least: What were the effects of this prolonged communal self-deception upon the city itself and especially upon the St. Louis Movement? For we all lay under that spell of enchantment for years, veritably a kind of civic megalomania, from which the levellest heads were not exempt—not even the solidest mind in the city, and the greatest mechanical genius of the country, if not of the world—I mean the river-spanning bridge-builder James B. Eads. On the opposite side of the mental scale we philosophers, supposed to be addicted to topsyturvy idealism by nature and by training, and otherwise deemed not well-balanced of brain, took up with the glorious phantasmagory of our town's coming greatness, and philosophized it into a vast city ruled by philosophers, somewhat after the model of that ancient Neo-Platonic polity called Platonopolis. Our President Brockmeyer, whose easy-soaring imagination with a little goading could outstrip his philosophy, gave us many a far-flashing display of his fancy's fireworks, which we tyros believed to be the very truth of the new revelation, our modern Apocalypse of St. Louis. If a doubter from some Eastern State or from Chicago

should wag his tongue or even shake his head in question, there would at once burst up a violent eruption which would not only blaze white-hot but smell sulphurous with wrathful energy.

Such was to me the grand psychical phenomenon of St. Louis, pervasive, all-coercing, allowing no interrogation of its validity, certainly not when at its highest overflow. I remember my own discussions of the subject with skeptical outsiders; nothing could make me flare up internally sooner than the scoffing word of the belittler or even the quiet argument of the opposer. I shared completely, I may say devoutly, in this faith of the city's own soul as it went on dreaming of its multifarious grandeurs never to be realized.

Hence with some emphasis I jot down here in my life's narrative *The Great St. Louis Illusion*, which spell-bound me and the city, as I remember the matter, in a sort of dream-world for a goodly number of years. To be sure on all other affairs we were sane enough, but on the one topic we would fly off into a lying dream. How many years did it last? As I recall the time and its craze of caprices, the Illusion began to show itself shortly after the close of the Civil War, and must have maintained its tyranny for some twelve or fifteen years. Undoubtedly it started to wane after its first full effulgence, but the spell was not completely broken till the census of 1880 smote the somnolescent city with the awakening thunder-words: population of St. Louis 350,000; of Chicago, 503,000.

I can still see the old lady jump up from her sleep at the bodeful figures, and challenge the correctness of the Washington enumeration, with no little wrath, though with an undershiver of anxiety. Not so easily would she renounce her long sweet Illusion; so she resolved to take her own census. The best mathematician of her University was called upon to oversee accurately the arithmetic of the thing, and to insert all the omitted names, of which a number had been dug up in the slums and elsewhere. The result, however, was a practical confirmation of the first dream-destroying figures. Then followed a corresponding overflow of Disillusion and of general dismay, at first running toward despair. The outside world and Chicago especially failed not to enjoy what they regarded as the denouement of a great civic comedy, funning and bemocking the disenchantment of the badly fooled victim at the end of the play.

As for me, the original charm had been shaken by my absence from its direct influence when I took my trip abroad in 1877. In fact, I had already started unconsciously to question the Illusion before my departure, and felt quite willing to leave it behind for awhile. By 1880 I had indeed returned to St. Louis, but had won meantime a great new experience which had brought its inner and outer changes. I was now sufficiently aloof to be a spectator as well as a participant when the city-soul with no little tossing of itself had to undergo its grand Disillusion. I sympathized, but I laughed

too at the rather sudden dissipation of that dream-life of the past which had been also mine own.

In its humiliated mood the town began to look backward and to trace the source of deception. Those tell-tale figures of the census showed that it had been outstripped for years in the grand race for the urban primacy of the West. The confession had to be made: Yes, already in 1870 our rival Chicago must have surpassed us in population, though the census of that year had made St. Louis the larger by some 15,000. But can it be possible? Where is this thing going to end? The newspapers start quickly on the scent with a prodigious outcry all over the country: a national fraud has been committed; the Great St. Louis Illusion has had the power somehow to transform the United States Census Bureau into the image of itself, turning the same to the Great Illusion of a Census, the whole of which begins to look insubstantial. But in 1880 the trick is uncovered, and there follows a long penitential era with heart's sorrow and confession, and with an access of despairful lethargy. One estimate now before me places these illusory inhabitants of St. Louis in 1870 at not less than 100,000, a ghostly multitude who were duly counted for our city but had never lived here or anywhere else. Such we may deem the supreme tricky act of the Great St. Louis Illusion: it threatens to transform the nation, if not the whole world into a phantasm like unto itself. But mark the fateful consequence! Thus the city

is lured to believe its own lie, manufactured by itself and imposed upon itself, and the Great Illusion wins ten years more of life, till the next Census.

Dare we here try to conceive for a moment what might otherwise have happened, in the interest of eternal verity? If our community had only accepted the truth of itself, whose oracle was not hard to find just across the River, and if it had set its house in order and had lived according to its own reality it might have been a different St. Louis with its city-soul still here in full energy at the center of a continent. But can the leopard change his spots? So in a kind of defiant megalomania our urban folk is destined to gorge itself a decade longer upon the very vanity of existence, upon its own self-made Illusion.

II

THE PROPHET OF THE ILLUSION

As usual, this peculiar public consciousness had its most prominent individual representative and expositor, who was not only a fervent believer but a genuine apostle, offering himself a living sacrifice to the cause. He was the embodiment of that St. Louis Epoch, and made himself the voice of the whole community's highest faith and aspiration. I can still see him hobbling, puffing, indoctrinating whomsoever he could get to listen, while mopping the ever gushing perspiration from his brow with a sappy bandanna which had already gone through

many a similar campaign. I shall have to confess that I, looking back through the long avenue of the years, behold him now rising up before me as the typical urban character of that time, its truest representative even in his distortions, physical and mental. After no little contemplation of his career, of his writings, and of his intellectual outfit, he has grown upon me more and more as the best visible incarnation of the St. Louis city-soul during this era of the Great Illusion.

Hence I am going to celebrate him to the extent of my talent in a brief biography, for which I find the printed materials to be very scanty, though I have made some search for them in the place where they ought to be found. During these years he was the most prominent and best-known figure on the streets of St. Louis, though I deem it now my ill-luck that I formed no intimate personal acquaintance with the man and did not get to know him and see him directly in his work. For I do not deny that this my present review of his life with its adversities has roused in me a deep, strong fellow-feeling; in his career I can trace not a few lines similar to mine; his fate I gaze upon with sympathy and catch a strange reflection of mine own, though there were between us considerable differences. To take an example of the latter, his writ had an infinite publicity compared to anything I ever sent forth. He vanished first from our street-corners and then from the world some thirty years ago; his unique personality has passed into the

tomb of forgetfulness, and his books seem also marching rapidly thitherward. But I have not yet told his name. Old citizens, rubbing the dust off their memories, may still recall, probably with a titter of contempt, the form and fame of Logan Uriah Reavis.

I designated him the prophet of the Great St. Louis Illusion, because he had one presaging thought in his life, in his books, and even in his looks; this thought he formulated in the locution: *St. Louis the Future Great City of the World*. That was his preaching and writing text, the main title of his various works, his soul's inmost faith, uttered with the fervor and conviction of old prophecy. Alas! after his unwearied self-imposed apostolate of some fifteen years, he had to live through the pitiless disenchantment of the census of 1880, which seems to have struck him dumb (as it did many another St. Louisan), for his prophetic vocation became silent under that awful stroke, though he is said in secret to have still clung to his old faith.

Reavis was born 1831 in the Sangamon Bottom, not far from the famous Lincoln localities of Illinois. For a time he was a newspaper man at little Beardstown, but in 1866 he pushed on to great St. Louis, with his prophetic Illusion now in possession of him, or let it be called an obsession. He started his gospel in 1867 with a pamphlet entitled *The New Republic*, which is already attuned to grandiose prediction. But in 1869 he published

his *Removal of the Capital*, which he forecast was to be transferred from Washington to St. Louis. This book, in which he advocated the removal of the seat of the National Government, was composed in the topmost effervescence of the Great Illusion, and met with no small response in the city, but with jeers and cat-calls from all along the Atlantic Coast, and of course from Chicago. Still the work won for Reavis his Herculean title throughout the nation as the colossal Capital-mover, and he became one of our chief celebrities.

Let it here be noted by way of connection with our present work, that Reavis with his prophetic idea appeared among us quite co-eval with the birth of the Philosophical Society already recounted. Only a few months apart in the same year of 1866 came the two rather noiseless, but ominous arrivals. Were they in some secret way related—both being perchance the offspring of the same hidden demonic Power now at work in the city-soul of St. Louis? Reavis was not a member of the philosophic set, I never saw him at any of our meetings, though I have heard that he did once attend a lecture by Harris on the Immortality of the Soul, which I read afterwards, and for me it was just the abstrusest prelection I ever tried to fathom on that abstruse subject. I wonder what Reavis got out of it. From his writings I infer that he had no irrepressible hankering after Philosophy, especially after that of Hegel.

Skeptically to-day we are inclined to query: Did

the solid business-heads of our town really support this fantastic scheme of the Capital's removal? A committee of leading citizens headed by James B. Eads, our practical master-mind, gave their unstinted approval in writing. The County Court voted a handsome appropriation for the free distribution of his pamphlet of 1870, which was printed both in English and German. Reavis claims that 150,000 copies of his various books passed into circulation. There is little doubt that he voiced the city's illusive mania at that time better than any other man. Edition after edition was called for; he says that he printed no less than five different pamphlets on the one all-absorbing text between 1867 and 1870. That whole text was written, as he declares "to show the glory and greatness of St. Louis, and of the Mississippi basin"; here was destined to be not merely the national but "the continental Capital," "the great city of the Future," verily the center of the world's wealth and power and population.

The chief argument of Reavis stressed the geographical locality, round which were clustered the abounding resources of the Great Valley, and these he paraded with much statistical lore. Figures too shared in the Great Illusion, and proved again that the deft magician of numbers can turn even sour mathematics to sweetest dreams. The main appeal of Reavis was to the material side of man, with its resistless oncoming in triumph. He gauged his time and his audience correctly.

He tells pathetically of his advent: "a stranger without friends and without means." Privation he had endured: "I have walked these streets in poverty and hunger." Ridicule too he has had to face, but he has been sustained by his inner faith: "I have the promise from of old that my works shall live after me." Possibly Harris' lecture on immortality gave him this deathless comfort. Herein we see the enthusiastic prophet who believes in his call. But thus he shows himself as the very incarnation of his own Great Illusion.

Still to the St. Louis people, whose deepest aspiration he embodied and indeed voiced, Reavis was on the whole a comic character. His Falstaffian appearance was already a challenge to mirth for the street ragmuffins. His long scraggy red beard, and the furrowed canals in his face never failed to catch and treasure their due proportion of St. Louis soot. He had a great predilection for himself when unkempt and unwashed, not unlike Dame St. Louis herself. Then step-mother Nature had left him somewhat hunchbacked and hipshot, for which he was surely not to blame, though he became thereby a walking laugh. But chiefly whenever he dared take a step there would protrude out from behind an enormous haunch on which, the ribald scoffers of Chicago and New York said, he proposed to heave the Capitol from its foundations at Washington and trundle it away to the West, swimming with it across the Mississippi. St. Louis too laughed at him, but therein laughed at itself as beholding the

living body of its own Great Illusion in its visible deformity. So the old Athenian demos took its pleasure in jeering at its own grotesque image held up before itself by that prince of time's mimics, the comedian Aristophanes.

Now let it be understood that I was present at this comedy of the Great Illusion, and was one of the loudest laughers at its unconscious buffoonery and at my own latent folly; but my merriment, while shaking my sides, never shook my faith. When I now glance back at myself, I see me and the whole town as unwittingly comic as honest Reavis himself, who was more apostolic and disinterested than any of us. Still we were all pursuing an end absurd, nugatory, self-annulling, hence the right theme of a Cervantean world-comedy, of which the Don Quixote was the enthusiastic but fantastical idealist L. U. Reavis.

As for me, I was drinking down to intoxication the great experience of Illusion and its significance in human life. The foe I was sent to conquer had completely conquered me, but I did not know it, and great was my happiness. Personally I was stimulated to the most strenuous stretch of my gift, and won my highest and most enduring values in pursuit of a golden bubble soon to burst into nothingness. It was a lesson which I never afterwards forgot—a divinely planned course given me in the world's school by the supreme pedagogue trouncing into me the knowledge of what is illusory and ephemeral, and driving me to find the Eternal

in the Passing and the Past. Unto that end I became a writer of books, starting to do then what I am doing just now.

Even at this late moment in reminiscence I enjoy the high-hearted hope of that time, and would gladly recover a little pinch of it for present use. Fortune we dreamed pursuing us like a passionate wooer, the Future's full cornucopia was already pouring into our lap, verily St. Louis had a cinch on civilization, and could not help it if she would. In this mood we listened to our prophet with the laugh of faith, and drank down his books, slaking with delight our thirst at his ever-welling fountain of bombastic printer's ink. Really we were helping to make our own comedy, and we played ourselves a comic part even in our merriment over our unconsciously humorous spokesman, our grand hierophant of Illusion.

III

WHENCE

The spectator of life's drama, now myself peering down at mine own drama through the long gallery of the revealing years, cannot help wondering and interrogating: What could be the source, the antecedent development of the Great Illusion in the folk-soul of our dear St. Louis? For it must have been begotten, born, and reared on this spot, among these people—they furnished the inner pre-concep-

tion or spiritual potentiality, which was fed to its outer huge reality by the environing world.

When I first came into contact with the city's living peculiar self, I marked its exceeding belief in its own good-luck. The communal heart worshiped at the shrine of the old Roman goddess Fortuna with a deeper sincerity, aye sanctity, than at the altar of any other divinity, heathen or christian. Undoubtedly the formal religion of the various creeds was duly attended to as it ought to be; but the informal religion, having no church or priest (except Reavis), the deeper well-head of all speech and action was its world-overarching faith in its own triumphant destiny. And it believed that it did not need seriously to bestir itself; the boon would rain from the skies, the pure gift of the Gods to their chosen people. But the confession has to be made that to-day quite the opposite characteristic dominates the city—a deep perilous unfaith in itself, which may be heard in the ever-repeated question: What is the matter with St. Louis? So every citizen now turns doctor and is diagnosing the grand communal malady, which somehow refuses to be medicined to pristine health and hope.

This problem, not merely a civic but also a psychologic one, must be laid over at present, and we shall return to our first inquiry. There is no doubt that time's lottery once threw many precious gifts into the lap of St. Louis without any special effort of her own. She grew up the spoilt child of geographic locality. The sudden increase in her trade

and population, and her central importance between 1850 and 1860, the natural overflow of the surging Western migration, caused her to outstrip her only rival in the Great Valley, Cincinnati. The Kansas struggle which rose to be the chief national occupation in the later fifties, made St. Louis the cynosure of the whole country, located as she was between East and West, centered in the heart of the land, and halving by her site the Great River in the middle. This fortunate geographical position smote every imagination, but by its very excellence became probably for St. Louis a fateful asset. Still more emphatically, at the beginning of the Civil War she made herself the central city of the Union, having done the first great positive deed against Secession, and having furnished the first real military hero of the coming crisis, as already recounted. The city lay between North and South, and seemed the destined spot on which the Nation's reconciliation was to take place, the Union's best uniter physically and spiritually.

Surely Fortune has been blindly partial to St. Louis during these years; but will the shiftY Goddess continue her smiles, being notoriously fickle and even of treacherous Godhood? Then the problem comes: Has she pampered her favorite child, hamstringing activity by her over-indulgence, so that the town gets to thinking that Fortune will always take care of it without its co-operation? As I remember the urban psychology about 1870, in which I profoundly shared, St. Louis was

inclined to think that its greatness could not be halted by anything short of the universal cataclysm, that it had a hold on civilization itself, which Providence would not, or could not break. I do not say that such a view was openly proclaimed, but I can affirm that I have never since seen so much self-satisfaction at the approach of the ever-cloudy, ever-tetering future, never been deluged in such a Niagara of optimism, civic and individual. Life became one long intoxication, as we banqueted on the wine of the Great Illusion.

To be sure, there were ominous signs in the horizon plain enough to any eye except that of downright fatuity. Chicago had been already selected by our jealousy as our menacing challenger, very boastful but also very deedful. Still in those first years St. Louis was as contemptuous of Chicago as Chicago now is contemptuous of St. Louis. But already in 1870 the great line of migration had deflected to and through Chicago away from St. Louis. The vast North-West was filling up with Chicago's dependencies, while brigandage held sway in helpless Missouri, and drove the mover's wagon beyond the State's boundaries, far into the farther West. The railroad, the new bearer of civilization, showed a decided preference for the more Northern city, evidently for good reasons. But mark this fact: you could already hear every impartial observer emphasize the difference in the spirit of the two places. The census of 1870 showed a slightly greater population in St. Louis, but ac-

ording to other tests she was lagging. Still as already indicated, she had the magic power of turning the Census itself into a stupendous deception, into the very picture of her own Great Illusion. The curse of that fraud was that it took a decade longer to break the spell of her enchantment.

It has been my experience to watch many individual illusions rise, flourish, and break to nought in myself and in other persons. Crowds, too, I have seen driven devilward under the goad of some sudden phantasm, and more than once I have gone along. But three Great Illusions in which large communities, in fact whole peoples have been the victims, are deeply carved on the memorial tablets of this stubborn brain of mine. The case of St. Louis was the smallest in extent and in importance generally, but for me altogether the most impressive and immediately influential. But the second Great Illusion of my time I lived through with heart and head and will, deeply engaged in combating its challenge: this was the long and desperate Illusion of the Southern people when they sought and fought the Civil War. I only speak the word of some of the best Southerners who, once participating in that conflict, with perfect honesty, at present call it an Illusion. But it has passed on, and I and you are now witnessing the third Great Illusion of my life's period, the greatest Illusion of all History, veritably earth-defying in its minatory rage. This is the Teutonic Illusion of world-domination territorially and spiritually, which I am old

enough to have seen rise, grow to a globe-girdling magnitude during half a century, and then burst to fragments but yesterday—November, 1918. This Teutonic Illusion is deeply connected, I hold, with a kindred strand in the make-up of St. Louis, whereof something later.

Hence just now comes to me and to you the soul-burdening interrogation: What is the function of Illusion not merely in my individual history and yours, but in the World's History? Can we catch it, and put it under law and thus control it so that it will not the next time wipe out our personal career and possibly the whole Earth's hope? To-day the Great Illusion is not an isolated phenomenon of individual, of city, of State, of Nation, it seems to be involving in its spell the whole globe, and possibly the Cosmos, which is so subtly finding its appeal these days.

IV

SOME EFFECTS

Causes are dimmer, remoter, and hence more doubtful; while the effects we may often see in our presence, in ourselves, plain and fairly describable. The prime psychical result of the Great Illusion was Hope, limitless, and enormously stimulating; I was filled with the love and power of work, and saw the shut future open in a mirage of triumph. Given my mental germ, the Illusion drove me to pierce to the center of all this vast environment of

occurrences and appearances; beneath them I would penetrate to the Pure Essences and by their aid organize, that is, re-create the Universe, at least for my own self-expression.

It so came about that I in this searchful condition obtained a book whose supreme object was to impart me just the thing I wanted. My guardian spirit, I may suppose, caused to be put into my hand at the opportune moment Hegel's *Logic*, which showed me all creation stripped bare of its superfluous clothing; the naked prototypal Thought, as it were, before Space and Time, putting on its spatial and temporal vestments; the original genetic Demiurge in his primordial act of world-creating. Thus I, while whelmed overhead into the Great Illusion of my environment, was secretly seeking to penetrate to its universal generative source, so as to know it and perchance to master it at its birth-point. The two threads persisted in running along together through my present life: I acted the Illusion or in it, but I thought, or was trying to think, the Reality. I could not have done this alone, I would have given up the quest, unless I had been upheld and fed by the St. Louis Movement, now buoyed by its first blooming Hope.

So I believe this city gave birth to the Philosophical Society as a kind of twin counterpart or necessary antithesis to its Great Illusion. As already stated, the two appeared at about the same time, seemingly the products of the same peculiar ultimate energy. Nature is at her last turn sanative of

her own disease; to her maddest fever she has the tendency to beget the antidote; if I may speak in my own self-communing lingo, often bitterly negative she keeps meanwhile more deeply negating her own negative. Thus for me at least Philosophy had sprouted forth as secretly remedial of the general Illusion, in which I too was living like everybody else, even the philosophers.

I may note some instances of the mighty drive of these years which probably manifested itself most strongly in Harris, who now entered upon his highest creative period, say between 1865 and 1880. He founded in 1866 the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, as the vehicle of the St. Louis Movement. In the same year he became Superintendent of the Public Schools, and by his annual reports as well as by his addresses he made an epoch in education, not only locally but throughout the Nation. Thus he wrought with equal power on both theoretical and practical lines. Moreover he roused and kept active the community's interest in his work, which embraced the entire St. Louis Movement, including not only Philosophy, but also Literature and Art. He had private classes in Hegel and Kant, and also in Goethe and Dante. He interpreted the Sistine Madonna as well as the Venus of Milo. He poured forth a copious stream of articles, lectures, translations. His correspondence was extensive in various directions. In all this activity he was spurred by the great civic Hope, to which he responded by an equal ambition, till he too after many years saw

through the Great Illusion, and fled back to his native New England rocks.

With Harris I was closely associated all this time, and had my first and only personal experience of the colossal working-power resident in one mere man. I estimate that he had at his disposal three times the labor-fund that I owned, and he was able to summon it all in an emergency. Physically I seemed a weakling beside him; a dumb-bell which I could hardly lift, he could thrust out straight from his chest. I heard a palmist, who was testing his hand, once say to him: "You ought to enter the prize-ring; I would wager that with a month's training you could knock out Mike McCoole," an eminent Irish pugilist of those days. Still he then kept his pale cadaverous look, though he afterwards grew corpulent, and a thin reddish layer of hair covered his entire scalp, which soon became bare except a short white fringe curtaining monk-like his neck.

It is my opinion, however, that this unremitting and extravagant outlay of power during these fifteen years had practically exhausted his creative reserve; he had spent his originality, when perhaps he ought to have been at his meridian. It seemed to me that after leaving St. Louis in 1880, he always repeated what he had gained at St. Louis, of course with new turns and applications. He never recovered his St. Louis creativity either in pedagogy or philosophy, though he spoke and wrote not a little, and his literary style became less technical, or

at least less bristling with Hegelian categories. Hence Harris had essentially delivered his message between his thirtieth and forty-fifth years, which stretch of time covers the duration of the Great St. Louis Illusion, under whose stress, or in whose shadow he seems to have achieved his best. After he quit his position of Superintendent, I often heard him complain of a feeling of lethargy which paralyzed his once so easy and buoyant energy; he attributed it to "a dumb ague," which he had contracted in the malaria of St. Louis. But I think it was simply the reaction from his long overtaxed mind and body. His way of working would have killed me in a year, if not sooner. If he was to deliver a lecture, he would keep deferring it till the evening before it was due, when he tasked himself to sit up all night to write it out, staying awake and nerved tensely to composition by copious draughts of tea. For the same amount of literary work, I would require two weeks at least, slowly putting it together out of pages written at a dozen or more sittings of two or three hours each. So it came that usually in his productions there was a gradual letting-down in the last half till the close—just the reverse of what ought to be. Hence too a frequent unevenness in his work, owing to haste and lack of due revision.

I speak of these matters because I am often asked why Harris has left so little that can be read or even found to-day. He pumped out his thought in great lumps not well digested, really in the first un-

finished stage of composition; then he would throw them aside or often print them without subjecting them to a second or even a third redaction, which they often sorely needed for clarifying and for organizing their disjointed fragments. I often begged him, when at Concord he seemed to have leisure, to take in hand his multitudinous and far-scattered productions—articles, essays, lectures, reports of all sorts—squeeze out of them all the too frequent repetitions and superfluities, mend the style in many a dark and even torn spot, and then after such careful revisions print one or even two volumes of his *Miscellanies*. “Yes, yes,” he would answer, “I am going to do that this very winter when I am buried in the deep snow here at Concord”; but he never did it, seemingly could not do it. Why? That is a question not to be answered till the finish. But the result is, we must be satisfied with the long list of his writings printed by the United States Bureau of Education; if we wish for anything of his, we have to dig it out of the vast cemetery of dead periodicals, entombing forty years of his best literary activity. And even that list, I observe, is not complete.

Harris made himself the voice of the St. Louis Movement, through his *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and many essays, addresses, articles, all of them doubly reinforced by his winning personality. But it must be confessed by his friends, that voice of his never rose to the possession of a distinctive literary quality, never won a permanent

place through beautiful or original utterance. The Transcendental Movement still lives in the writ of Emerson, who took exceeding care to give permanent form to his central compositions, the Essays. Harris went to Concord with the purpose of becoming Emerson's successor, so at least I have always construed his act; but after ten years' endeavor he fell back into his old pedagogy, lapsed into the National Bureau of Education and almost quit philosophy. Another perplexing omission of his, as I look back at him and try to catch his spiritual vignette, is his neglect, indeed his refusal to publish in his *Journal*, when he had space and means, the original source and first inspiration of the St. Louis Philosophical Society, namely Brockmeyer's translation of Hegel's *Logic*, the *Book of Fate*, destined to stay unborn in the unprinted underworld during the whole life of the St. Louis Movement up to date. Thus Harris, though philosopher, was deeply and essentially the journalist, not the organizer; his spiritual unit was the magazine article, not the organic book, which is or ought to be something generically other than a mere collection of periodical writings.

But what about our President, the primal Titanic demiurge of our Movement, Brockmeyer? At first he intended to write out in books his world-making Promethean thoughts and experiences; but he gradually became neglectful of his first-born child, that fated *Logic*, and turned away from philosophy to politics, in which he had already begun to dabble

while living in his Warren County cabin. Moreover it was on this political side that the Great Illusion entered him, and for a long stay. In 1870 he was elected State Senator, which naturally made him dream of being United States Senator. This ambition required him to win not merely St. Louis but all Missouri, and the deed by which he was to capture the first place of statesmanship was the making of a new Constitution for the State. The old Drake Constitution was unpopular from the start, even with its own party; indeed there was a question if it had ever been honestly adopted. During several years I found him always thinking and reading on Political Philosophy, and ready to discuss its problems, especially in regard to the Missouri situation, which still labored under its war burdens. He won his first point: Brockmeyer more than any other one man may be called the father of the present Missouri Constitution, though it too is now showing signs of age. Then came for him a new promotion: he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the State, a rather neutral office, but it gave him the opportunity to be often chief Executive, owing to the ill health of the aged Governor, Phelps. As much as any other man, perhaps more than any other man of his party, he had helped to induct the Democratic Party into power, by admitting to suffrage the disfranchised Confederates. Now he was ready to take the next step: the national Senatorship. But it was grasped by a returned Confederate, and Brockmeyer, deeply dis-

illusioned, quit political life, and fled from civilization back to the Redmen of the forest, where he stayed long and formed a little philosophical Society. Once at Muscogee in the Indian Territory I heard him explaining the deeper philosophy of deer-stalking in a pow-wow with some Creek Indians. They all seemed to hail him as one of themselves: "Big Indian, good Indian." And he looked it—the massive grimace, the coppery tint, the wild eye of him.

Here we may ponder the significant episode that both these men, our leaders, took flight from the city and from us about the same time (1880), the one turning eastward, the other westward. Each of them in his way felt the stroke of the Great Disillusion, and gave his own characteristic response. Our Philosophical Society never elected other officers; indeed it had not met for years, as far as I now recollect. But the St. Louis Movement continued to live, and to make for itself new channels of activity. Not long before this time I ran off to Europe, but had returned, and began a fresh epoch of my own distinctive work. But this belongs to a later chapter.

V

THE ECONOMIC ILLUSION

Naturally Mammon played his diabolic part in the Great St. Louis Illusion; visions of untold wealth rose and danced seductively before the minds of the whole population; the entire Earth's

treasures, especially material prosperity had been decreed her by the Gods, and she could not alter such a supernal decree if she would. In particular her Real Estate was to become the most valuable speck of dirt on this terrene globe. Prophetic Reavis had proved the fact in his multitudinous processions of figures, which like George Washington could not tell a lie.

Accordingly in the year 1868-9 I, being only a poor schoolmaster with a growing family on my conscience, resolved to have my share of this coming distribution of wealth, which the city was certain would be showered like rain out of the skies above, and which everybody, the wholesale merchant as well as the hod-carrier, knew would soon begin to descend. I had been looking about and listening a good deal, and I found the judgment of experts nearly unanimous that any land investment anywhere in St. Louis city or county could not miss the approaching windfall, as it lay right in the path of the irresistible cyclone of prophetic prosperity. Accordingly I purchased a considerable piece of unimproved property in what was then a suburb, near the old Fair Grounds. The tract lay on and near Grand Avenue, the great future thoroughfare of the world's metropolis. Alongside of it was soon to be erected what at that time was declared to be the finest architectural monument of the city, namely a lofty Corinthian column set in the middle of the road and known as the water-tower, since it also served the utilitarian purpose of

being aqueduct for the people. Thus I indulged in a promising vision of myself as a rich man—which promise is not yet fulfilled.

Another detail of the situation I may add as it belongs to the Illusion. In the center of the tract, surrounded by high ground fit for building purposes lay a large deep mud-hole which was always covered with a supply of water since it had an ever-flowing spring in the bottom, so that it bred some little minnows and furnished a small crop of ice in winter. I often stood on the banks of that little lake with its wavelets rippling in the wind, and dreamed of the palaces which would rise over its depths when filled up with the city's ashes, brick-bats, tincans, and other rubbish—and I would live in one of those palaces, collecting the rents of the other tenants. All this magnificence would be then in the very heart of the Capital of the Nation, perchance of the World.

But there was delay year after year in the arrival of this urban greatness; the mudhole persisted in staying just what it was, a mudhole, with its sluggish waters merely laughing in my face, if I filliped into it a solitary pebble. What shall I do with it? Once as I paddled around its sedgy margin, there struck me for the moment a desperate idea: I would build a hut on these banks, and, like Thoreau at Walden Pond, I would quit the Great Illusion with its civilization, and go a-fishing, marrying perchance philosophy to pisciculture.

Of course such a scheme vanished as soon as I

turned my face the other way, and saw the same Great Illusion still wrapping the spires and chimneys and all the city in its grandly magnifying mirage of future splendors. The venture might have been worse, for if I never gained, I never lost. I had some cash to start with, sufficient to meet the first payment. Then I saved with desperate clutch from my spare earnings till at last after some seven years all the obligations were liquidated, and I was again a free man, free from debt, after a septennial servitude far worse than that of old Jacob, who at least won his Rachel. But I had gotten on my hands an elephant, white they call it, but mine was blue, which was destined to stay with me quite forty years, in spite of many wrenching struggles to get rid of it without its leaving me a beggar in my old-age.

Such was my great economic Illusion, the direct offspring of the universal Illusion of the time, with which I had become twinned in blood-kinship. But that was my first and last venture in the treacherous quicksands of Real Estate. Land itself became for me the most unstable footing on this globe through the Great Illusion. It was Brockmeyer who sold me this property, but I never blamed him, for I knew that he was under the same illusive spell, as well as myself, and everybody else in town for that matter. So I took my own discipline, for it was a trouncing of the Gods not only upon my back, but also upon that of Dame St. Louis for our sins—truly a purgatorial discipline unto our perfection.

I had indeed won my freedom from the galling economic slavery of debt, after so many years in the galleys—for debt was my hell, not war. Still I was not yet fully liberated; I continued to own the blue elephant stuck fast in the mudhole, but I could not dispose of him at any price, and I had to furnish him food in the shape of taxes. Once I thought I had sold him, but the buyer went crazy and was put into a madhouse, and the huge animal grew more voracious than ever of cash nutriment in the form of special levies for roads, sewers, paving, and fraud (the latter being in one case the largest item).

I tell of this economic Illusion, for its consequences bore decisively upon me at many an important turn during some four decades of the most active part of my life. Being within the limits of the Great Future City, that soggy piece of Real Estate lay on my economies heavy, helpless, pitiless, refusing to give back any value in money or even in hope, so that I had to adjust all my mind's fruits, as well as my board and lodging to its remediless poverty. Then it always kept threatening me with some fresh taxation, till I would wish it to sink down still deeper in its mire, to very Hades. At last it became to my sight and to my soul a kind of Dead Sea which I never liked to visit, since it would bring on me a spell of melancholy till I ran home out of its dismal swampy view. After my almost life-long schooling in disappointment, I was allowed one day by the Powers to graduate with

cheque in hand. The behavior of that Real Estate seemed to be typical of the city, which also was unable to recover in later years from its Great Illusion, but weltered in a sort of sunken lethargic mudhole for many a year.

Thus my land speculation in the city of Illusion found a strange yoke fellow in my philosophic speculation; indeed the latter was for me something far more solid and more remunerative than St. Louis Real Estate. Harris had in an inspired moment named his periodical the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, a daring venture which, however, had its subtle adaptation to the time and the environment, since a number of the philosophers were inclined to speculate both financially and philosophically, in materiality as well as in immateriality. Brockmeyer was again our heroic protagonist in both directions, our limit-transcending speculator in the soil and also in the spirit. Houses, lots, mines he seized and owned, as well as ideas, pure essences, and the Absolute itself.

VI

THE EADS BRIDGE

By way of counterpart to the Great Illusion of St. Louis during this time, I wish to emphasize the one Great Reality which came into existence just alongside or rather inside the city's phantasmal spell at its uttermost. This Reality, quite the greatest ever enacted at St. Louis in my opinion

except Camp Jackson, was the Eads Bridge, rightly named after its builder, or rather its creator. For me it was the solidest, purest, truest fact of the time, to which fact I clung almost as if it were an anchor in an ocean of froth on which I somehow was floating. When I saw those caissons, piers, arches rise up from old turbid Mississippi, not only from his bed but from the rocks many feet below his mud, saw them take shape and span the angry flood, I said to myself: There! behold now God's Thought creating the world, even embodied in one little man; see your gossamer abstractions turning concrete and practical; and just watch your Hegel's Logic with its intricate fine-spun web of Pure Essences realizing itself in yonder structure with all its turns, nodes, iron rods and braces. So I went to school to the Eads Bridge the whole time of its erection, some seven years, from 1867 till 1874. During these same years I was teacher of various branches, including Philosophy, in the St. Louis High School. Let me add that I did not attend the Eads Bridge to learn engineering, or mathematics, or the nature of materials, though such sciences of course made their necessary contribution to the great work. I sought to penetrate it as an expression of the time and of myself uttered by a master mind, by a supreme artificer who could catch the Genius of the Age and turn it into a bridge. Let me speak after my own extravagance which nobody need imitate: James B. Eads communed with the Great Creator of the Universe, persuaded Him

to drop down to St. Louis, and step across the River, then to make that one great divine step eternal in stone and iron, symbol and help of millions of little human steps like mine over the stream.

Now I came to understand why the old Romans, of whom I as a College Freshman, had read in Livy, made their bridge-builder (Pontifex) a divine person or High Priest communing with the Supreme God Jupiter for a structure to cross over even little Tiber. And their chief one in this business was called the Supreme Pontiff (Pontifex maximus). This office with its name descended into the Christian Church, whose highest functionary, as God's own vicegerent and bridge-maker from Earth to Heaven for men, bore the title of Supreme Pontiff, who is still held in veneration by many peoples, great and small, on our globe. So for me Engineer Eads has become the Supreme Pontiff of the Mississippi Valley, having bridged its huge dividing stream, and having furnished the creative germ or model of thousands of other bridges still to be born.

Every Sunday worshipful, week after week, and sometimes oftener, I would saunter down to the Bridge and contemplate it in a sort of adoration and with a soul-renewing wonder and sympathy. Everywhere else in the city I could hear and see only the Great Illusion, which the Bridge with its fresh, hope-inspiring outlook on the future might in its way seem to confirm, if not propagate. In

fact, the whole town was building that structure, and took the same up into its life. Chicago ridiculed the work and denied its feasibility; a rival engineer tried to supplant it with his own scheme; financiers questioned its ability to pay and steamboatmen were made to think it destructive of their craft and future interests on the river. Still the master builder pushed ahead through all obstacles, and completed the most monumental arch of triumph in the land, whereby he revealed the greatest mechanical genius of his time, verily the modern Archimedes.

James B. Eads was born at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, in 1820, on the banks of an affluent of the Mississippi, with which he stood in some deep intuitive intimacy, as his great deeds were in one way or other connected with the Great River, showing an insight into and a mastery over the very soul of the Father of Waters. Eads as a boy had strayed to St. Louis in 1833, and began at the bottom, starting as an apple-peddler; he rose to be steamboat clerk, and then became steamboat-builder in 1842, self-taught in mechanics, not a learned mathematician himself, but the controller of mathematicians and engineers, through his commanding creative power. The war found him engaged in removing obstructions from the Mississippi, and gave to him his first supreme task; this was to relieve the Great River of the naval obstruction sprung of the Southern rebellion, which he accomplished with prime success through his gun-

boats. Thus he first applied to navigation the famous dictum of Lincoln: our Mississippi shall not remain half-slave, half-free.

After the war, he proceeded to overcome the second and greater separation—that caused by the stream itself in its own Great Valley, cutting a line of division through the same quite from Canada to the Gulf, and making the long rift between East and West, now to be surmounted. The result was the Bridge already mentioned, in whose construction the communal spirit of St. Louis took part, winning what may be called a pontifical consciousness, perchance like that of hoary Rome of the eldest kings. At any rate Captain Eads held some original kinship with the spirit of the stream; it would appear that the Pontiff knew the mighty River-God personally in his deepest ultimate character as well as in all his petty caprices and sinuosities, his little eddies as well as his vast overflows.

Thus Eads built us the chief reality of that otherwise phantasmal epoch, though he too shared in the city's dream of future transcendency, inasmuch as his name stands highest on the list of sponsors published by prophetic Reavis to float the latter's dream-book. Perhaps Eads also needed the Great Illusion to spur him on to his deed. I was not one of his personal intimates, though I often saw him, and once talked with him somewhat; he had lofty imagination, his best expression, however, was not by word but by grand construction. He made

speeches clad with imagery, but more deeply poetic was always his grandiose conception, and then his monumental execution. Through his works he rose up before me as a kind of demiurge or world-builder; yet his look, his manner, his voice, even his dress seemed to me that of a sleek unctuous minister, with countenance reverent and reverend, seamed with drooping lines of humility. I wondered at his sacerdotal face, whether or not it sprang from his calling; perhaps it resulted from his being High Priest of the River God, a veritable Supreme Pontiff elected by Nature herself.

One more duty after building the Bridge he had to perform for the Mississippi: the removal of the obstruction at its mouth which was silted up by the deposits of mud. This work is known as his system of Jetties. Thus he completes the liberation of the Great River, devoting to it the three supreme actions of his life, each of which may be deemed a step in the process of freeing it of its physical unfreedoms. So he may well be pedestaled one of our Liberators.

After this fashion I went to school to the Eads Bridge, starting my course of instruction at the age of twenty-six, and continuing it with no little assiduity for seven years. I saw the huge body grow from member to member like a living thing before my eyes, and from this experience I date my deeper interest in construction, which has remained a permanent factor active through all my work. I was no practical builder, indeed the im-

mediate manipulation and carpentry of building never attracted me specially, and I never indulged in it for pastime, as I have seen many people do. For instance, Harris was a busy tinkerer around the house, and had a knack in making ingenious contrivances for his own amusement and that of his friends. He invented a new kind of skiff or row-boat to plow the Concord River, the most unique craft probably ever seen on that stream. It was made up of water-tight sections, which could be taken apart and brought home. An ever-menacing thing, shaky at the joints which often seemed on the point of breaking loose and letting the members sail off by themselves, it wobble-wobbled about as if preparing to duck us under, but never did. "Can you swim?" asked Harris when I first jumped into the boat with him for a ride; the question presaged me that he had his doubts. I assured him that it would be only fun for me to make the shore, and then after a little swim to dry myself in the hot summer-sun. "Pull out, I want to see you in your new role of navigation," so I cheered him on. The passing Concordites, paddling their old-fashioned traditional shells, laughed at us with a sneer of this sort, as I understood it: "Those St. Louis philosophers are trying to Hegelize our dear old Musketaquid."

Returning to my education imparted by the Eads Bridge, I have reason to trace to it several of my lasting tendencies. It impressed upon me not only its own outer structure, but also the inner one

everywhere and in all things, especially in my own mind-world. It was a mighty lesson in universal architechtonic, which I began to apply to all my knowledge. In a play of Shakespeare, which subject I was then teaching at the High School, I could not rest till I had found the principle and drawn the outline of its construction. Indeed I then dreamed of re-building all of Shakespeare's works into one vast dramatic palace, which, however, lay beyond any visible representation on the stage. Moreover the Bridge became to me a kind of singing poem, day by day, as it rose melodious over the waters. It was not merely a calculated mathematic mechanism, but it had a spontaneous, creative, quite incalculable music in its erection, as if it were something original at the first gush of genius. I feigned me to hear its symphony, as well as that of Beethoven, both being at last one harmony along with Shakespeare's.

The community also receives a unique spiritual training, whenever it beholds a noble structure, be it Cathedral, Capitol, Temple, or also the skyscraper, unfolding and uprearing in its midst. What a perennial school of the people is the presence of such an edifice as the Parthenon, looked up at continually from below by that most impressionable Athenian folk-soul? Still today we race across a Hemisphere to see it for a little while. The Medieval Gothic Cathedral was itself an ever-living priest lifting his look heavenward in prayer, whom all were to see and to hearken and to wor-

ship with. When I beheld in the distance the Dome of St. Peter's at Rome, I felt I saw the Pope seated on his throne, and calling his world-flock under his shelter there for an universal orison. My real education in architecture began when I communed with the Eads Bridge during its entire construction, and continued when I could look upon the great original edifices of Europe, whose spirit I found and could still trace in the little Kindergarten with its little building-blocks for little children. Still I never did build or could build with my hands, but only with my mind; architecture was psychological with me from the beginning, and remained so till I had ejected it out of my mind into a book.

And now I am to pass to that other far deeper and greater, and really more massive construction not merely of some outer sense-edifice, but of the Spirit's inner structure itself—mine own as well as Nature's, and our Creator's also. The central and all-absorbing study during these years was Hegel's System of Thought, in its genesis as well as in its manifold applications and embodiments: which of itself was a vast construction truly more spacious than any Egyptian Luxor and Carnac, being the universal philosopher's architectonic of the Universe.

Still I would not forget that the Eads Bridge became to me a real physical Logic as counterpart and visible confirmation of the ideal metaphysical Logic of Hegel. Or I may call this Bridge a little echo or

prototype of the original Logos or Creative Word in the Beginning, whose science, unfolded and organized, is or ought to be just the aforesaid Logic or Doctrine of the Logos, wherein is often supposed to lie the remedial religion of this our illusory mundane existence.

VII.

THE ILLUSION'S ANTISEPTIC

Philosophy was the spiritual antidote, or to use our modern more specific term, antiseptic, discovered and prescribed by old Greece for the World's Illusion. The form of this prescription varied much according to the time and the doctor; still it always sought to lead the errant mind from the deceptive mazes of the outside show of things to the truth lurking in all appearances. The Greek philosopher had before him the grand dualism between Illusion and Reality, or between the Ephemeral and the Eternal. There is little doubt that Philosophy meant more to those antique times than it ever has since, for with cultivated people it had to take the place of religion, especially in the later years of the Greco-Roman period, when the old heathen faiths had lapsed.

Philosophy, however, did not die with classical antiquity; there were still minds born who needed it, and to whom it alone could give healing and hope. So the philosophic line has continued from oldest Thales to modernest Bergson, always seeking to medicate the same trouble, which belongs to man-

kind indeed, but which has hitherto been specially prevalent in Europe and its civilization. So it comes that Philosophy is distinctively and creatively European, hardly Oriental, in spite of numerous Oriental Philosophies of which we read in many a book. The Orient is fundamentally and genetically religious; hence its original contribution to the world's spiritual treasure has taken the form of religion. The question rises here: Is our America, this third continent, also to have its grand continental discipline of the Spirit, like Europe and the Orient? I may whisper now a thought of mine, which will be developed later, that our American science universal is not Philosophy, whose ultimate viewpoint we have already transcended practically, if not yet theoretically. Some of our American Universities and their Professors have tried and still are trying to philosophize originally, but how pale seem their efforts! At best we hear in their theories some faint echoes of Europe and its supreme world-discipline.

Still Philosophy has won its educative place in the grand human training-school, and is going to remain as the true corrective, or as we have labeled it above, the antiseptic of the World's Illusion, preparatory to the complete positive recovery of the mind's wholeness. Such at least was its place in my own education.

Thus our Philosophical Society had its origin and function in the existent circumstances. For it so happened that we, in the midst of the St. Louis

form of the World's Illusion, took to the study of Philosophy by a kind of instinct, by a feeling of our deepest spiritual need; we grasped for this discipline as remedial of the time and specially of the city's malady, with which we also were deeply infected, for we in some way by means of it were made to "believe a lie," if I dare employ the Scripture's pitiless tongue of truth.

The philosopher whom we chose as guide, or rather, who was chosen for us by Brockmeyer, the only capable chooser among us all, was the German Hegel, really the last entire philosopher of the Great Entirety, inasmuch as the philosophers since Hegel are but piecemeals in comparison with his wholeness. We cannot except even Herbert Spencer, in spite of his pile of books, for his system leaves many wide and deep gaps in the philosophic Universe; indeed does he not abandon the Universe itself as unphilosophical? Spencer, accordingly, we could not follow as spiritual leader; really he hardly believes in spirit, certainly not all the time. The first essay of his own I ever heard Harris read was a refutation of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, whose works were then in the process of publication and discussion over the country. Thus it may be said that Spencer gave the primal impact which pushed into print the *St. Louis Journal of Speculative Philosophy* by way of opposition.

So I began my long desperate grapple with Hegel whose eighteen volumes in the original I ordered from their old homeland (two or three unimportant

volumes, being out of print, I never succeeded in getting, but Harris owned them, having combed the antiquarian bookstores of all Germany to catch them). I confess that I alone could not have done the work; I would not have persisted in it unless aided by our associated group who were wrestling with the same task. Particularly I had to be reinforced and underpropped by Brockmeyer's philosophical genius, equal to that of Hegel and more poetical; but he lacked Hegel's industry and organizing power, which Brockmeyer's wild and wayward but very inspiring effervescences spurned. And so it comes that he has left little or nothing finished and ordered for the future reader. Hence the final complete self-realization of his master he did not, perhaps could not, attain.

Thus I had my distinctive, I may say, my exclusive Hegelian era, when my whole intellectual effort was concentrated upon acquiring the philosophy of the master and working it over into my own mentality, and even into my own vocabulary. This absorbing study lasted some five or six years (1865-1871) when I not only thought Hegel, but lived Hegel, was Hegel. All that I had ever known or done I Hegelized with a sort of desperation. Undoubtedly I was obliged to look after other things in the meantime, among them to make a living for my family. Then Philosophy required me to be nerved up to my top stretch, else she would not impart any gift worthy of herself. Hence it was necessary to sift my unworn hours from the wear

and tear of practical life and to win, as far as possible, their creative treasures. Desire of knowledge I felt undoubtedly, still that was an old feeling; but why just this new form of knowledge here and now? Let us turn back a leaf or two of life.

At College I had studied Mental Philosophy (good theological Hayens gave name to the textbook) in the usual routine which made this subject a sort of curiosity or metaphysical gimcrack. Its superficiality I dimly saw through, and resolved to take a deeper dip, and so I procured Sir William Hamilton's big books on Logic and Metaphysics, which, recently published, were then deemed the sovereign word of philosophic speculation. Their learning, their ingenuity, and their infallible dogmatism captivated me, even lulled me to a sense of their finality. But on a day I cited them to Brockmeyer, who with one lightning flash of his consuming dialectic (as he called it) shriveled for me Hamilton to a cinder, and started me to building my own world over again. Then too I caught in the flash a bare glimpse of that subtle sport of the Negative of which we all were captives held fast in our city's Great Illusion, Brockmeyer included. I may here add, however, that since then slow-burning Time has taken many years to do to Hamilton what Brockmeyer did in a minute.

Hence I kept clutching at Hegel for dear life. Can I impart to my readers a brief outline of my task? In the first place, I explored in detail those eighteen volumes which showed Hegel creating the

Universe and projecting it into his categories of thought. Secondly, there was one work of these volumes, which was the originative center of all the rest—that was the Logic or generating Organon not only of Hegel, but of all philosophies, as well as of all sciences. Hence this Logic has been called God Himself thinking the Universe in the pure forms of thought, or the science of the Divine Logos. Thirdly, I had to re-think the philosopher building his system from its innermost creative center to its outermost created circumference—the mightiest mental architectonic ever yet conceived and executed by a human brain.

I have already alluded to this Logic as the heart of our philosophical enterprise, and on the other hand as our unique Book of Fate seemingly hanging over us from then till now, ever unrealized. What all this means cannot be explained here, but is thrown out as a kind of keynote often to be struck hereafter, till the whole tune be composed to its finale. At present, however, I may tell somewhat of my early grapple with the brain-confounding labyrinthine book. It flung me right at the start into the most abstract swirl of human thought: Being, Nothing, Becoming. These conceptions would run into one another, then out of one another, then make a ring around together, like a vast Hegelian vortex in which I was dizzily whirled, till I feared me I would never get out of that spiritual maelstrom. I would flee from my narrow rotating room into the steady open air, still my mind

could not escape from the whizzing wheel of Ixion, on which I seemed pinioned, and which kept careening around through its ever-repeating vortical triplicity: to be, not to be, to become. Hamlet stands fixed from start to finish in the dualism of his famous soliloquy: to be or not to be. That was his question, he declares, but it was only a part of mine, for I had also to become, and so my cyclonic brainstorm continued revolving through innumerable triads, largest and least, from the Universe down to the microscopic cell.

The fact came out, in this unique experience, that I was really becoming, being born over in the painful process of spiritual parturition. I would wander astray through the streets for miles, seeking to walk off that logical vertigo, till sleep might put it to rest; but even in dreamland my brain's Flying Dutchman would start to whirl around, driving ahead under less control than when awake. So I would resolve to have nothing more to do with that infernal Logic, it was a devil's dance anyhow, a juggle to steal my time, or perchance to rob me of reason. I threw the book aside, hid it from my sight, would never open it again to let out its demonic brood; I even thought of burning it, flinging it into its own torturing Hades. But the next Sunday afternoon I would speed to the philosophers' Academe located then in Salisbury street, and listen to their discussions and translations of the master; again I noticed the all-coercive universal training which our two leaders manifested

through the influence of that one writ, although each preserved his own individuality in their common doctrine. Harris was more formal and pedagogical; Brockmeyer never failed to break over defined limits, and to revel in some startling ebullience of thought and fancy. He could make all the fettered nomenclature of Hegel's Philosophy dance freely in its heaviest chains—an astounding feat of mental prestidigitation in seeming, and still at the same time most real. How did he do it? Logic. Again I would hurry home and take from its hiding the same fatal book; again the brain-swirl would begin but less tyrannic. So I kept on battling for weeks, months, years; finally came a certain mastery, or at least disentanglement from that vortical labyrinth of ever-spinning and interlacing triplets of categories; that is, I could now spin them better than they could spin me. Thus I had become, and my microcosm could at once start to handle the macrocosm, having won the tools and learnt the trade.

Then from the central genetic book I would pass to its children, that is, to its elaborations in Hegel's other works, such as Aesthetic, History, State, together with Nature and her sciences. But of these prolonged but easier studies, though of great influence upon my future career, I need now give no account. It was a time of pure acquisition; I appropriated tradition in its universal form, the philosophical; I was still repeating, not creating, though possibly getting ready for the latter. But I had solved inwardly the Illusion, even if out-

wardly I remained caught in its toils; theoretically I had found the time's antiseptic, while practically I was still its victim, till there fell on us all the awakening blow of Disillusion.

Having told my own experience with this central book of our St. Louis Movement, I may here give a brief indication how it has affected some typical intellects, which in one way or other have come under my observation. Premising the mental outfit, Hegel's *Logic* works upon people even philosophically minded, in quite opposite ways, from utter disgust and rejection to a devoted loyal acceptance. All these various attitudes I have witnessed and heard, and to some extent shared.

1. Thomas Davidson, the Scotch wandering scholar, when he strayed into St. Louis about 1867, and began to take part in our Movement, soon fell upon this fore-fronting book, had his tussle with it, and got badly thrown. I saw him begin it, and watched his reactions. The result was a kind of fury against it, a fixed mania at hearing even the name of Hegel, over which he could easily fall into a convulsion of damnation. Something of this rancour he imparted to his soul's special comrade, Professor William James. The psychology of his case I construe thus: Davidson was a born contradiction; if he could not contradict he was not only unhappy, but a zero, which he would not allow himself to be. Now one of Hegel's emphatic points is the mediation of all contradiction; or let us call it contradiction's own inner self-undoing—

a theorem which simply undid Davidson himself at the very bottom. This he felt, though he probably never reasoned the matter out. Hence Hegel he deemed the devil, the arch destroyer of himself and specially of his kind of intelligence. Still Davidson obtained his chief philosophic training through the St. Louis Movement during his eight years' stay; it was his second University, altogether more universal for him than his first Scotch University of Aberdeen.

2. Emerson also had his strong objections to Hegel, for distinctively Emersonian reasons. Especially the Logic he looked upon with a kind of horror, as a hideous array of skeletons of once living thought, a kind of death's dance of osseous categories in which he could hear the dry bones uncannily rattle. He shrank from such an osteology of the spirit. The splendid literary stylist, for such he is, wished his philosophy always to be covered over with beautifully tinted metaphorical flesh, like an Emersonian essay for instance. In some such manner I heard him express his courteous disapprobation which he has also frequently set down in writ. He probably obtained his knowledge from Sterling's *Secret of Hegel*, which work he had read with some care at the first stirring of the St. Louis Movement, in which he had become interested through Harris, who told me the foregoing fact. Then I conceive he felt another repulsion; for the close organic texture of Hegel's writings was not Emerson's, even if he longed for some

system in his work, as we see by his recently published Journals. It was a later day when Emerson must have been exposed to a good deal of chaffing about Hegel at the Concord School of Philosophy, especially when the St. Louis Hegelians, headed by Harris, were there in the philosophic saddle, and failed not to ride with some exuberance, and perchance at times with a look of triumph.

3. Professor William James, whom I listened to at Concord, has printed his somewhat vehement rejection of Hegel's Philosophy which, he declares, "mingles mountain loads of corruption with its scanty merits." And so forth very often. What is the trouble with Professor James? Without going into his long list of exceptions, we may find his mental attitude condensed in the following passage: "The sense of a universal mirage, of a ghostly unreality steals over us, which is the very moonlit atmosphere of Hegelism itself." (See essay *On some Hegelisms* reprinted in his *Will to Believe*). This doubtless expresses the psychological condition of James after trying, or being tried by, Hegel's Logic. And it is one of the stages, genuine, I know by experience, through which the student passes toward the mastery of Hegel. But it is a stage to be transcended, which James never did, possibly he could not. Thus the book for him, instead of piercing and dissipating the given world of Illusions, creates a new one and really a worse one, made up of a procession of ghostly unrealities, which he cannot get rid of except by flight. So the

Professor, in unconscious self-criticism, proclaims that he did not, and possibly could not, work through the second or apparitional stage of the grand Hegelian world-discipline.

4. The Hegelians proper, agreeing about the philosophical mastery of all mundane Illusions, and stressing the eternal verities of thought against the fleeting appearances of sense, differed not a little among themselves. Our two leaders construed Hegel diversely, in accord with their spiritual needs and their distinctive mentalities. Harris clung naturally to the fixed insight, or the separate aperçu (as he was fond of calling it), while Brockmeyer's native force was the swift ever-flashing dialectic (as he designated it after Hegel and the Greeks). Still to both these friends the master's Logic was the one book of the Universe, their real Bible, to which they always came back for recovery after any divagation.

I can truly say that this book never became to me what it was to them—the book of Life and Death, of Time and Eternity. Still I had to work through it with them and by their help, and then to work out of it, quite by myself, into another world-view. But without my knowing it, that Logic, backed up by the St. Louis Movement and its philosophizing, was my rescue from the mightiest negative force of the age, since it demolished for me *Kant's Critique of Pure Reason*, which was deeply fermenting in the philosophic spirit of the time, and undermining its belief in all

intelligence. Germany, however, went back to Kant, denying that man has or can know truth, and she practically realized the Kantian negation in the recent war, with what destructive consequences to herself and to the world we have barely begun to glimpse.

Such was my five years' siege of the most inexpugnable fortress of writing that ever arose from the mind of man, challenging the best human brain to daring mental escalade. Veritably it is a world book of Philosophy, the most difficult book of the most difficult science; it may well be designated as one of the great Philosophical Bibles of the Race, the last one so far, and the final summation of them all, several other great ones being strown down the ages like the Literary Bibles hereafter to be considered. I have already called it our Book of Fate, particularly in relation to our Philosophical Society and our two leaders, whom it fates, and who in turn fate it for us, as the outcome of our philosophical drama must show, when this gets played to the end.

But at last I felt that I had fought myself free of it by intense persistent struggle, and that it lay behind me a conquered, or anyhow a transcended domain, from which I was destined to push my way to a new cultural province in my life's journey. Whereof later. At present I may repeat that Hegel had emancipated me philosophically from my inner world of Illusion, but not from the outer, upon which the blow now suddenly descends.

VIII.

THE GREAT DISILLUSION

Already attention has been called to the particular stroke of time and of fortune whereby St. Louis was quite suddenly whisked out of her long deep Illusion into a longer and deeper Disillusion. That morning when the first report of the census of 1880 fell from the newspaper skies down into the city, there rose and rolled through it a huge wave or rather a seismic convulsion of dismay, a tidal deluge of mortal disappointment overpowering us somewhence from the dismal chaos of the Beyond. It spared nobody, not even those who knew of its coming, or those who like myself did not know, but had forefelt something of the sort in the dice-throw of the time. It was a panic which seizes the disciplined soldier, and carries him away in its flood, as well as the raw militiaman. A gloom then settled down into our very souls as if we were listening to the crack of doom. Some or perhaps many people here never felt this pulverizing experience of the mighty hammer-stroke of Disillusion, but the city did, and she shows today the lasting impress or scarification from it upon the urban character. Indeed the stronger statement may be made, that St. Louis still carries not only the cicatrice, but the running wound from that fateful blow of Disillusion, with fresh regurgitations after the hoped-for healing of years nearly two-

score. For is she not calling out in a kind of self-trituration this very morn: What is the matter with me, O Doctor?

The city was in love with its Illusions, which it kept dancing before itself with a hypnotized fatuity; or more sternly may run the indictment that it was infatuated with its own lies, which it persisted in telling to itself, or in encouraging others, like the prophet Reavis, by applause and money, to repeat for its delectation. Can one help thinking again of that scriptural example which warns of when there is sent from above upon men, communities, nations, "a strong delusion," so that they are "made to believe a lie," just their own lie, whereupon follows divine judgment. And there was no Savonarola or even Peter Cartright to thunder to us the Lord's warning.

But turning aside from biblical interpretation, which is not my field, I hope to become more modern and explicit, by confessing myself to four fascinating shapes of Illusion, which I delighted to hug; or, if you prefer the undraped word, four lies common to myself and my fellow-citizens, fabricated by ourselves but religiously believed, and even propagated with a kind of fanatical zeal—four instances of our fatuous self-mendacity.

1. Always must be first set down our Illusion of unbounded wealth, of commercial supremacy, of a vast population. Material prosperity was held up as the grand goal of the city's life and ambition. The kingdom of Heaven here became a world-em-

pire of Dollardom, often declared to be the great American ideal (but I do not believe it, particularly now after the recent war). The newspapers, as was natural, put stress upon the immediate, sensuous, worldly St. Louis, advertising all its wonderful saleabilities. Meanwhile the prophet Reavis, who wrote books or at least pamphlets, piled up its statistical advantages in columns of figures which he had the alchemy to transmute into solid gold right before our believing eyes. And the yellow Mississippi, bearing dissolved mud-mountains in its shaggy breast, seemed with its whole mass of yellowness to turn auriferous the moment it touched the St. Louis wharf, and to renew the old story of the shining sands of river Pactolus. Of course these falsehoods never could be realized, but it required heavy-fisted Disillusion to smite them into truth, that is, into what they actually were out of the appearance.

2. The second piece of jugglery, fabricated for us indeed, but accepted by us in all faith, was the fraudulent census of 1870. Who got it up? Practically we demanded it, prayed for it, and it was furnished by the devil, for just that is his business. But in any view of the case, this fraud was the direct act of making us believe our own lie. Well, who made us do that? Look again into the old Book of Books and ponder its view of the problem. So much, however, may be now said: the Great Disillusion, as a possible remedial medicine, was put off a decade, and our prophet could keep on re-

cording grandiose predictions to the faithful under the shelter of a colossal deception, promulgated and vouched for as true by the United States Government. As late as 1876 Reavis issued his largest book, gilt-edged, morocco-bound, as a worthy memorial of the Centenary of our national independence, with title-page still wafting to us his old prophetic mirage: *St. Louis, the Future Great City of the World*. And he cited just that lying census as part of his proof.

3. In company with all St. Louis, I was made to believe the fiery falsehood, truly infernal, which seemed to be proclaimed to us from above by the great Chicago conflagration of 1871. On a royal October afternoon of that year I was descending the High School steps with a mind toward home, when Principal Morgan approached me holding a newspaper in his hand and pointing to some massive head-lines themselves aflame: "Chicago burning up." Morgan, who with the peculiar strabismic twist of his eyes, and the nasal snarl in his voice, re-inforced by the vitriolic burn in his words, could take-on the leer and the sneer of Mephistopheles, when he had the right provocation, showed me somewhat startlingly one phase of our reception of the rival's grand fatality. I hurried down town for further information, and passed before a newspaper office where hundreds were reading the bulletins. The crowd was not boisterous, but wore the silent smile of self-gratulation; I thought it felt a secret awe at the providential

catastrophe, yet not without an exultant hope. Reavis was there, streaming, puffing, limping through the mass, and slapping his sloppy bandanna against the little Artesian wells which kept bubbling up along his front and running down his cheeks in the quite vain attempt to wash his face of St. Louis soot. In fact, Reavis always had to me a sooty appearance, not that of old Nick, for he was fanatical honesty itself, but he looked as if in his love he had appropriated the very garb of his darling, the coal-smoky head-dress of his dearest Future Great City of the World. I did not hear him speak one word, though he was often challenged; he was too kind-hearted to exult openly in the misfortune even of his enemy; still when the other man would crack a hideous joke over Chicago's new business triumph as a crematory, he could not help wheezing out one of his huge-chested guffaws which would wind up in a prolonged laughing cough unique of its kind and perchance symbolical. Still he was the central figure of the crowd, whose eyes would wander after him, though with a comic smile; but I in body followed him, as the prophet of the time, till at last I heard drop from his lips one brief passage: "I told you so; the Lord is on the side of St. Louis."

So I had listened to both the scoffer and the prophet upon the burning text of the moment. As I sauntered meditatively away, I said to myself: "Now I must consult the final and greatest oracle, the philosopher himself, since his response to life's

enigma has always in it for me more sunrise than that of any other human luminary."

Accordingly in the evening I went to Brockmeyer's unpretentious dwelling, which, nestled in a somewhat obscure street, was for many years my shining Delphic temple of Apollo more light-giving than any other edifice to which I ever pilgrimed. I found the philosopher at home; we took our seats on the small verandah of the second story looking to the North-East, when I interrogated him perhaps somewhat oracularly: "Do you see that devouring illumination over yonder behind the river's bluff, some three hundred miles distant along the lakeside? Tell me, what does it signify to us, and to itself, and to the future?"

The philosopher never looked up but lit his aged pipe, took his seat upon his easy tripod, and wrapped himself and me, who did not smoke, in the dreamy philosophic clouds of nicotine, out of which issued the paternally toned voice: "My son, it is the most striking practical instance of our oft-discussed, little-understood, self-undoing Dialectic. Chicago was the completely negative city of our West and indeed of our time, and now she has carried out her principle of negation to its final universal consequence; she has simply negated herself." The tobacco clouds reacted certainly on my brain, and probably on my vocal chords, and made me hiccough out in spite of myself a kind of opposition: "Yes, I see, I see; but then the negation of the negative usually brings forth a positive result

stronger than ever. Even in Mathematics the minus of minus gives plus; and there may be a big plus under all this minusing of the minus in yonder conflagration". But the St. Louis philosopher replied, radiating some heat, with a scorching streak in his tongue against what he deemed in me a sort of treason: "By no means, not at all; the positive result of that negative is bound to arrive, as you say, but not over there in the same place again, but here, here in our St. Louis." "I believe it," I cried; "yes, so it must be." Therewith he passed to a subject which was getting to cuddle next to his heart, namely, the making of a new Constitution for the State of Missouri; which deed if by him highly performed, might land him in the Senate of the United States. He did not whisper me any ambition of the kind, and I then did not divine it, but somehow the future always persists in being secretly pregnant.

Thus we clung loyally, aye pathetically to our city's Great Illusion, even after the fraud of 1870, which our Philosophy, if it had been equal to its opportunity, ought to have detected or at least suspected, for which suspicion there appeared many bodeful signs hanging out of the horizon everywhere around us. Indeed the newspapers flagged them forth from all directions in the distance. But the Great Illusion had the power of making the philosophers pervert and even deny their own Philosophy, as seen in the above instance; practically we too were spell-bound by the lie, even while we

held to the truth of our doctrine. The charm of self-mendacity required the quick gigantic sledge-stroke of the Great Disillusion to knock us out of our lying dream into the possibility of living awake in the world once again.

4. Already has been recounted the dizzying falsehood of Fortuna, the Goddess whom we came to believe in more than any other divinity, heathen or christian. Our irresistible Good-luck, whatever be our folly or neglect, rose to be the prime article of our faith. How such a creed saps human energy needs no illustration, not even that of St. Louis. And how utterly faithless to her most faithful worshippers Fortuna turns at a caprice, has been celebrated by historians and poets old and new; we all recollect what ugly irrepeatable nicknames our Shakespeare has heaped upon her, satirizing her female fickleness and infidelity. To this belief was joined the cognate one, which maintained the fate-like fascination of our city's personality. At least I heard it spoken to others as well as to myself: You cannot quit us; if you go away, you will have to come back; our spell is upon you. "Flies buzz where the honey is," said one beautiful St. Louis lady to me, with a conscious smile not only of her city's but also of her own magic power. The prediction turned out true in one case only, that was my own; the other philosophic fugitives never resumed their former residence.

Some years later, when I too had been compelled to take flight to Chicago, and was at work there, the

attitude of St. Louis toward the Great Fire had not been forgotten or even forgiven. More than sometimes I was challenged to the purgation with a spice of humorous resentment. Once especially a zealous member of one of my classes, a prominent lady, recalled with deeper flushes of wrath growing aflame how she, returning from Europe at that time, was insulted on shipboard by a group of noisy St. Louisians celebrating the glorious extinction of Chicago. Somehow thus my answer used to run: "The census of 1880 has amply avenged you, O Chicagoans, without your punishing me. You can afford to be merciful; you have more than magnified into solid reality the ancient legend of the Arabian Phoenix, which rose from its ashes once in five hundred years, whereas you in five have accomplished a much grander palingenesis from the mightiest urban conflagration that ever took place on our earthball, with the possible exception of fiddling Nero's back in old Rome. Look at me, now a miserable fugitive from our St. Louis fire slowly but surely edacious of all vanity, out of whose ashes I can see at present no sign of resurrection to former glory. Yes, the Phoenix has become a Chicago bird, perched alongside the American eagle."

CHAPTER THIRD

THE GERMAN ERA OF ST. LOUIS

Several times in the course of the preceding narrative it has been intimated that St. Louis had its pronounced period of Germanization, when it became in many of its most decisive characteristics a German city. On the whole this time parallels the Great Illusion, which we have just considered, and the two occurrences are connected together in a far deeper sense than in their mere synchronism, which might be almost if not altogether an accident.

It has already been noticed that the Philosophical Society drew its main doctrine out of the work of a German master, and had a German founder. From this point of view it was a manifestation of the place and the time; nowhere else and nowhen else could it have had quite the same significance. And the St. Louis Movement, regarded in its full sweep from then till now, has its distinctive Teutonic epoch of discipline and achievement, which it passed through and beyond, but which has remained ingrown with its character and work.

Personally I flung myself into this fresh outpour of the German spirit in St. Louis, and took it all up into my thought and action to the extent of my ability. The greatest products of Teutonic genius were the almost exclusive objects of my study dur-

ing these years. In our modern world Germany has won and has held three grand spiritual supremacies, the poetical, the musical, and the philosophical. Goethe, Beethoven, Hegel were the sovereign creative souls whose works I sought to know, to live, and also to impart. Let it always be understood that I was not alone in this tendency, for it was shared and propelled by our circle and to a large degree by the community. My opinion is that just during this German Era St. Louis gained and maintained the cultural primacy of the West, and showed a higher intellectual aspiration than ever since. This was at least the case within my horizon, which of course had its limits. St. Louis for me possessed a soul with its definite character and psychology, which I am going to construe as distinctly as I can, through all its stages of development, as far as they have come into my experience.

It may be further observed that this German Era culminated in its Great Men, pre-eminent German-Americans we may doubly hyphenate them without offense, who were born in the old Fatherland, but migrated to America and came to their supreme bloom in St. Louis, the Germanized city, during these years. No similar strong towering individualities of German origin has our city produced since; indeed such a phenomenon could occur but the one time at the favoring conjuncture. These Great Men of Teutonic blood, I saw rise here, flourish in their season, and then quit the city. Their time was paralleled by our St. Louis Movement,

which along with them sprang, as I probe it, from the same far-down underlying cause.

In fact, this German Era of our city, though it may appear single and accidental on the surface, was not merely the outcropping of local conditions, but was a manifestation of a far larger energy; it belonged to a great world-drama of Illusion and Disillusion which has just completed its last act. When I read the works of General Bernhardi and other German militarists blazoning their conception of Germany's universal domination, I am led to couple them with Reavis exploiting his grand illusive dream of St. Louis the Future Great City of the World. Of course this conjunction I could not have made till today when History is recording the deed and the destiny of Germany overseas, where the era of the mightiest Illusion and Disillusion of civilized time has just now spent itself with appalling energy, carnage and suffering. So much we all have to say, however we may apportion the blame, or take sides.

I

THE GERMAN OVERTURE

I have already indicated that when I reached St. Louis in 1864, I came upon the German possession of the city—political and to a degree economic possession it could be designated. In fact, the Camp Jackson surrender from this angle of survey might be called a German victory, and the prize was the

city's control, material and spiritual. The conquerors were not only soldiers but voters, and could select their own leaders, even those of highest rank, who at the start had been Americans. Already a rupture between the two nationalities had taken place; Blair, the hero of Camp Jackson, had been completely discredited; Lyon had fallen at the battle of Wilson's Creek; Fremont had been removed as both incompetent and insubordinate. The cleft between the Union men of native birth and of foreign origin was already gaping wide and deep when I took my first glance down into it on my arrival, and pondered upon it with a throb of anxiety. To be sure, some American leaders still tarried with the German or radical side, like Mayor Thomas and Representative Blow; and on the other hand some Germans began to protest against too much Germany, from which they had once fled, and which they did not wish to see reproduced so fully on free American soil. Of the latter the intellectual head was doubtless Colonel Brockmeyer. Still the German party was the stronger, and kept increasing in strength and aggressiveness.

At the close of the war the German soldiers came home with a right exalted sense of their part in the great national victory, as well as of their political power in their own locality. Many civil offices were naturally and easily taken by former military officers as the just reward of their patriotic and perilous services. Soon the city council could muster only two or three American or Irish names; a Ber-

lin House of Delegates or the Reichstag could hardly be more Teutonically labeled. The Constitution-makers of the State in 1864-5 chose a German as their President, giving an uncanny shock to the older autochthonous lawyers chiefly of Southern extraction. The German language was introduced into the Public Schools, and a bilingual citizenship was stoutly advocated with a possible outlook upon compulsion, which, however, did not reach fruition. For a while the political and social prizes were busily gathered at home; but the Capitol at Washington was bound to be captured in time, which triumph dawned in its highest glory when Schurz was chosen United States Senator, and Finkelnburg national Representative. Such was the topmost height and overflow of the German movement or rather renaissance on the soil of Missouri. Moreover it rose up a unique phenomenon in the nation, if not in the world. I may say, an early view of it in the distance was what first started me for St. Louis.

This upburst and domination of Germanism in an American city had its budding, bloom, and decline like other sublunary happenings. I followed it not from the outside but from the inside; I not only studied it as an object, but felt it and appropriated it till it became a part of myself. And there were many natives here like me—many who experienced it as the uplift of a new strange spirit not elsewhere to be found, as the revelation of the peculiar racial consciousness of old Teutonia well-

ing forth just now on the banks of the Mississippi, after having swam like fabled Arethusa underneath ocean and continent from the other side of the earth. A great opportunity sprang forth for me, furnished by the time and flung down before me simply to be picked up: so I then saw it and still see it. If I had traveled to Germany and studied there in a University for years, I could never have seen and become the Teutonic folk-soul, such as I now saw and became.

The duration of this German Era of St. Louis, as I observed, felt, and shared it, can be put at about twelve or fifteen years, without exacting too sharp time-limits, which may well be deemed somewhat elastic according to varying viewpoint. This distinctively racial energy at its dominance may be bounded as lying between the Camp Jackson deed (1861) and the retirement of Schurz from the United States Senate (1875). To be sure, there was a before and an after to this Era, a germinal preparation there and a transition into a new phasis here. But dropping these remoter outlooks, let us concentrate upon the one fact just set forth.

That which now we seek to emphasize is that the St. Louis Movement corresponds with the greater European Teutonic Movement, paralleling the same in time, in energy, and to a degree in character. Let us compare. In 1864 Prussia started the distinctively modern sweep of Germany toward unity by the conquest of Schleswig-Holstein. In 1866 followed the overwhelming defeat of Austria with the

formation of the first German Confederacy. In 1870 came the Franco-Prussian War winding up in the forcible annexation of Alsace-Lorraine and the renewal of the German Empire. In the short space of six years, or even four, the work was done with a sudden cataract of elemental strength which shook the Earth. I recollect how we sensed sympathetically the quake in St. Louis, and watched the rapid gigantic upspring of ancient Teutonia, who, it was felt by her sons far off in this little corner, was revealing herself here by a rise to power and greatness somewhat similar to that which we saw in the Eastern Hemisphere, even if much smaller. Still further may the analogy be carried. St. Louis just during these same dozen years was passing through her Great Illusion, that strange psychical malady of imagined future grandeur, the civic megalomania of her history, when Reavis was her real spokesman, even if frequently ridiculed and disowned. This was the time, then, in which the Teuton held sway in St. Louis, not by external conquest, but by honest superiority of voting strength at least here in the city, even if disfranchisement was more fully resorted to elsewhere in the State. The whole community was borne along in the flood-tide of German spirit. The majority of the inhabitants was composed of Germans, German-Americans and Germanizers, of which last class I was a right specimen. Many native flowers of German life could be seen and plucked in the suburban beer-gardens which enwreathed the whole city

round about in a blooming circle. As to public manners and amusements the people turned German; I joined a German club in which English was tabooed and in some cases unknown. The beer-house was then in its glory as a popular resort, especially Tony Niederwieser's Valhalla, and George Wolbrecht's Tivoli. In the latter Gambrinus effloresced or rather effervesced with the highest overflow of his divine frothiness, melodiously attuned to the notes of the largest and best orchestra in town. What a music-drinking folk, one had to exclaim, for the rather bitter liquid would not go down unless mingled with sweet sounds. Here I saw the real Teutonic people in its heart's attunement to life's ills and joys: There was a triumphant swing in the crowd, a consciousness that it was on the time's top just here in St. Louis as well as on the other side of the globe. Very different is the present urban feeling, as I construe it, rather that of being the under dog. At any rate we now hear nothing of the Future Great City of the World.

Was there some deep undercurrent of connection between German St. Louis and the old or rather the new Fatherland in Europe? I now believe that there was a spiritual transformation going on during these years, an inner change common to both. Through its massive display of victorious energy, the German spirit all over the world began to deem its blood-kin the superior race, which was destined to rule other peoples, to possess the wealth and even

to mold the mind of the rest of mankind after its pattern. Such was the Great German Illusion which then arose in Europe and is just now (end of 1918) breaking to pieces in one vast cataclysm of Disillusion. It was natural that we here in St. Louis should get some echo of the mighty world-historical upburst of our racial congeners across the ocean. Every year hundreds, yea thousands of the more educated and wealthy class of Germans went over to the re-born Fatherland, and drank of the new spirit at head-waters, bringing copious potations to be dispensed on this side. Every such traveler was a sort of missionary of the new Teutonic gospel, and formed a link in a vast chain of unconscious propaganda. I wished to start as a pilgrim to the German Holy Land across the seas in spite of my nearly empty treasury, but I got caught and held in another kind of web; then I consoled myself: What is the use of going over yonder to find Teutonia, when you see her naked soul before your eyes just here in St. Louis every day on the streets? You may well doubt if you will be able to observe her in her old covered home so completely at first hand, as you can right now, while she hovers about our central Court House in hundredfold forms of self-revelation.

Another chief vehicle of Inter-Teutonism at that time was the surprising circulation of German Literature here in the West, both periodical and permanent. No less than three considerable German book-stores, well-stocked and doing good business,

were in the city at the close of the War, not to speak of many lesser shops ever ready to send orders to Leipzig and Berlin for old and new volumes. All these places were manned with a trained German book-seller, known over the entire globe as the unparalleled of his kind, and as the main pillar of the vast German book-trade, being found in Asiatic Tiflis and African Timbuctoo as well as in our Western cowboy town of Hardscrabble. But alas! in St. Louis now, after fifty years, when it has perhaps four times as many inhabitants for readers, I wander in melancholy reminiscence amid his old haunts and find him not; only one pale ancient survivor off to one side I may trace, and he discloses me his business to be more English than German. Nor is that all. No sooner had I taken my first sleep in St. Louis, than I, as insatiable book fiend, crawled out of bed and swallowed a bite, then drew or was drawn to the English-speaking book-stores, of which I found three good ones, independent and self-sufficing, all of them prominently located on the main thoroughfares. Of these three not even a ghost is left to hint of previous existence. To such a vanished non-entity has red-blooded Literature been here reduced by envious old Time wreaking for some guilt his intellectual vengeance on St. Louis, whose supreme literary utterance is now reduced to our newspaper, confessedly the ephemeral record of the Ephemeral.

The once unique and powerful individuality of the city had then the charm to attract many men of

talent who saw here their future in glowing even if in illusive magnitude. Afterward our town became noted for putting to flight its ablest and most eminent characters under the maddening strokes of the Great Disillusion. But at the time I speak of, when we were propelled by the demonic energy of the Great Illusion, the city seemingly turned to a vast magnet which compelled to its bosom all the floating genius of the land, in every stage of reason and unreason, moneyed and much oftener moneyless. So each little piece of human ambition came flying as it were through the air to the center of attraction, where it might drink its fill of the strange power which seemed here bubbling up from the very cobble-stones of the wharf. This living stream of choice spirits has by no means quit us wholly, still its mass has turned away, we all know whither and for what reason.

Predominantly this was the German Era of mighty effervescence quite belting the globe. The result was Teutonic St. Louis drew unto itself by its own native energy during this epoch, besides many lesser luminaries, the two most gifted and distinguished German-speaking men that ever landed in the United States, as time has shown. Both of them, laying their foundation in our city, were destined to build for themselves wonderful life-structures which may be said to have overarched our whole country. Pulitzer in heavy-soled army brogans trod our paving stones first in 1866, the birth-date of the Philosophical Society; Schurz came to us a

year later—both of them in the upswell of the Great Illusion, and doubtless borne by it skyward to loftiest outlook on futurity, whose highest favors they afterwards clutched.

I am aware that my selection of one of these men will be sharply challenged, especially by many good Germans of St. Louis, who differ among themselves about their greatest American representatives. I may say, however, that I, though living in the same city, was wholly detached from both these persons, owing them nothing, no special love or hate, but only a right human appreciation. For years I watched them both with interest, but at arm's length, in their local as well as in their national careers, to which each of them rose under the fierce search-light of political fame. Neither of them was directly connected with the St. Louis Movement, though they and it were offshoots of the same Teutonic Igdrasil or earth-tree which was then sending forth so many vigorous sprouts over land and sea around the globe. To me each of them had an educative value, which I believe is significant still to-day. They are our greatest foreign-born, not only as German but as European; and each of them developed a strain in American life seemingly impossible to a native.

Accordingly of the German Era of St. Louis, and I may add, of myself also, I select these two eminent personages as the most distinctive and best-known representatives. I was here when they came and when they left, thus my presence at least

spanned their St. Louis careers, of which I knew the public acts, and I heard privately some of the secret ones in my unobserved corner of observation.

II

CARL SCHURZ OF ST. LOUIS

Can we strike the keynote of his character at the start, even if it rises and falls through many startling variations? Let it now be said that Schurz was more critical than constructive; a much greater moralist than institutionalist. In his booklet on Lincoln, often called his masterpiece, he reveals himself even more fully than his hero; he sees and stresses Lincoln's moral and emotional nobility, but has little insight into the institutional achievement of the Union's Savior. From what has been already said, such a preacher, however eloquent and personally worthy, could have had not much Gospel for the St. Louis Movement. About Philosophy Schurz seems to have known little and cared less; I find in his *Reminiscences* only a few shots of derision at this great world-discipline. And I remember one contemptuous broadside against Hegel, probably second-hand. Still he, as a German could hardly help imbibing somewhat of the philosophic spirit of his land and time; wherein he appears to me to have appropriated more of the Kantian destruction than of the Hegelian reconstruction. I can recall no career that becomes so completely the

incarnation of Kant's Categorical Imperative with its triumph ever bringing on its complementary defeat. In fact Schurz's whole life might be condensed into this everlasting jolt between his own self's opposites.

Still let it be emphasized that just such a man with just such limits drawn tyrannically upon him along with his unique oratorical gift, was the tonic then most needed in American political life. I first heard Schurz in 1858 while I was an undergraduate of Oberlin College, where I was going to school openly to the ancient classics, but far more deeply to my own times, in which Conscience and the Constitution or the Moral and the Institutional had gripped each other by the throat. Both principles were fighting inside me, a boy of seventeen, as well as outside me, in the whole country; and both sides, the country and myself, were getting ready to appeal the dispute to the last tribunal, which renders its decision through fire-arms. Schurz then made a more vivid appeal to me than ever afterwards; I heard him often a dozen years later in St. Louis, but there had been a change, possibly in him, certainly in me. He was still under thirty when he delivered that first speech at Oberlin, and his English language was hardly five years old, for he had come to America in 1852 at the age of twenty-three, whereupon he naively jots down in his *Reminiscences*: "My first task was to learn English." He had found the most congenial field of his life in the seething anti-slavery agitation of which little Ober-

in was rather the most violent maelstrom in that time's turbulent ocean. I read his speeches in translation with responsive thrills, and obtained his German ones, whose meaning I tried at the time to dig out by aid of grammar and dictionary. Especially his critique of Squatter Sovereignty ecstasied the boy-politician, who never could get to be so political again in all his life.

It was therefore an interesting fact for me when Schurz came floating into St. Louis some three years after my arrival, probably in response to the same strong undercurrent of the time which was drawing both the little and big fishes to the one whirling center of population, now lashed to the height of strenuosity by the Great Illusion. Undoubtedly the German element of the city had prepared the way for him, inasmuch as he at once became a chief editor of the *Westliche Post*, then probably the most influential German newspaper of the country, since it voiced the largest purely German constituency in America, which also had its own life and goal. This step however was only preparatory to the greater ambition, namely the Missouri Senatorship, which was foreseen to lie in the hands of the Germans, could they but find the proper man. After the Civil War Schurz seemed to be drifting, and was ready to hear and follow his people's call to St. Louis.

He was elected Senator by the Missouri Legislature in 1869, and his sexennial term was the highest fulfilment of himself as well as of the German

Era of St. Louis. He was then forty years old, at his best physically and intellectually. He never quite got rid of a German accent in his English speech, though he improved much; at Oberlin I recollect he would still Teutonize strongly certain words like *poobleek*, almost to an indistinguishable sound-jumble. The prize he won of being the national spokesman of his German folk, especially in the field of newspaperdom and stump-speaking, for he hardly rose into the higher region of Literature. His English ran correct and fluent enough, though not fully idiomatic and easily limpid except when he broke into denunciation. In the use of negative speech such as satire, irony, sarcastic retort, he could tap the original well-head of English; but when it came to the more subtle figures of poetry, he could not command them from their first gushing sources. Even when he employed them, which was not often, they were something second-hand, though elevated and appropriate. So it comes that his eloquence has no enduring literary note.

Still I am inclined to think that the most wonderful and lasting part of his career was Schurz the orator. We must recollect that he learned his English after he was fully grown, and that he ranked with the best American campaign speakers in their own tongue, and at the same time he was supreme in his native German. And he always gave a genuine moral uplift, not very congenial with practical politics, even if in his own career he turned now and then a surprising political somersault. For

with all his moralism he could round a sharp corner at a pinch. But nobody ever justly thought him corrupt or only a time-server, even when he served time a little. Still his unique feat and ever memorable was the linguistic, though keen pedagogues might think they could detect in his word-gift that his English was not his mother-lisp, and that they could hear the German accent not only on his tongue but in his style. Something of the kind about himself he implies once at least in his *Reminiscences*.

Even before the War educators propounded the question to Schurz: How did you acquire your mastery of oratorical English? His answer went the rounds: chiefly from the study and appropriation of the *Letters of Junius*. I remember hearing that statement at College, and bought at once the book, reading it with diligence and committing the thunderous invectives to memory. Now I hold it deeply characteristic of Schurz that he chose as his stylistic model the damnatory *Junius*, not the conciliatory *Burke* nor the institutional *Webster*, the two greatest English-speaking orators, both of whom had the gift to elevate their temporary political utterance into lasting literature. *Junius* is indeed the English classic of invective and malediction, with which Schurz had but too much psychical affinity. *Junius* only intensified in Schurz a mental quality of which nature had already given him more than enough. He was an innate fault-finder; he confesses to a natural love of contention (so we

may translate his somewhat veiled Latin phrase about himself, *gaudium certaminis*). In Missouri his was the hand that shivered into fragments his own party which had elected him Senator, and so completely did it droop asunder that it could not pull itself together again for a generation, with force enough to win a victory in the State. He was right in opposing disfranchisement, which ought never to have been enacted, certainly not in the way it was. Missouri had shown herself overwhelmingly loyal to the Union from the start without disfranchisement, which thus could have no true meaning outside of hate and corruption.

Accordingly Schurz, the German interloper as he was often called, soon fell out with the old leaders who had sustained the battle of emancipation and of the Union, such men as Governor Brown, General Blair the hero of Camp Jackson, and especially his fellow-senator Charles D. Drake. Well might the returned Confederates erect to Schurz a monument, for through him chiefly they, a decided minority, won what they never could win on the battlefield, the political control of the State, and kept it for decades. To be sure he cut his own throat in the process, a feat which he succeeded in performing more than once; and he witnessed his own triumphant self-negation when he was succeeded in 1875 by Cockerill, a former Confederate General.

Still I hold that Schurz was the greatest Senator Missouri has had in this her nearly finished

century of Statehood, with the exception of Benton. He performed the very highest service of the time to the country, courageous and almost single-handed, in his criticism of President Grant and the militaristic party, assailing corruption, nepotism, and all sorts of insolent extravagance. Schurz's term coincided with the Reconstruction period, in some respects a deeper menace than the Civil War itself. I know that I was more discouraged at the political outlook then than ever in Lincoln's day. The voice of Schurz seemed almost the only hope, even if it was chiefly critical and negative, hardly constructive and positive. But his bold incisive surgical laceration was just what was needed for the time's cancer. Our native Sumner, his chief Senatorial yoke-fellow, though vitriolic in his denunciation of abuses, was not equal to the crisis, since he was fatally wrong in his attitude toward the Southern problem. Thus to my view for a while Senator Schurz towered up the greatest Public Man in the United States. Blair, once our heroic figure of St. Louis, then seated in the National Senate beside Schurz, appeared diminutive in comparison, though he too was hostile to the Administration's misdeeds.

Schurz felt the ephemerality of his newspaperism and of his stumpification; hence he wished to write a work of permanent worth. He favored the field of History, and chose one of its American phases. But the book could not get itself done, since the immediate conflict of the moment had too great

charm for him and catered to his innate delight in controversy—a temperament not well fitted for sedate impartial History. Then Schurz was intensely a man of the present, not of the past. His work on Sumner also refused to finish itself, probably for a good reason. He did complete a life of Henry Clay, for which he received a good deal of praise and some money; but I do not like to think of Schurz writing such a book for pay or fame; he never lived the life of Clay, never believed in Clay's main doctrines, and hence could not exalt his own work into an expression of his deepest selfhood. Perhaps, however, just his love of opposition, his professed *gaudium certaminis* made him write such a book.

Dare I now look back and try to choose for Schurz his grandest theme for an immortal work? It is evident from his Reminiscences that he longed to leave behind himself some lasting contribution to American Letters. My selection for him might be titled: "Six Years' View in the Senate of the United States," recalling Benton's famous and enduring book. The subject would be in essence: the dangers produced by the military mind when put in charge of our or any civil government. Such was the underlying thought of Schurz's entire Senatorial term; he poured into its utterance all his powers of argument and invective; he reached therein his own highest point not merely of eloquence but of self-realization. He lived his theme with all his might, and I believe the best part of

the nation, not excluding his political opponents, lived it with him. On his seventieth birthday (1899) when he was toasted with so many flatteries let him resolve to himself: "My immortal task is yet to be done; in my coming seventies I shall pass in review what I did in my Senatorial forties, softening the personal asperities, but preserving the original energy of conviction."

But he did not, perhaps could not, do it. His theme was essentially militarism as our national problem. We have the same word and thing today with an enormous widening of significance, verily earth-embracing. Indeed it threatens just now to rise with increased might in the United States. You and I would be reading Schurz at present, if he had written such a work, and it could have been made a world-book, for all times and for all lands. Truly his conflict with Grant (whom we all honor and admire for his great military services) has become universal—the right theme for a great writ. Doubtless, Schurz had his petty personal grievances against the President, who took away his Senatorial patronage and otherwise stung him to resentment; still he had the sense to keep to himself his private chagrins, but stabbed all the more savagely the public abuses of the Administration, whereby the people received the benefit.

No, he did not write it—the work of all his works, and so he falls rearward of Benton, to whom, however, he stands next. He stops short even in his

Reminiscences with Grant's political appearance, after three big volumes of interesting, but often insignificant details, so that his book shows us again a kind of Hamlet un-Hamleted. He gives his excuse, but it accuses him the more. That greatest deed of his he should have seized and recorded first of all, then he might celebrate his youth's valorous adventures with Kinkel, in all the delight of old-age's reminiscence. I have to ask: why did the veteran Schurz, still active on the battle-line, show the white feather at the ghost of Grant, when he had once bearded so courageously the living reality right in the Presidential chair? Several answers possible, but let them pass.

Still I like to recall Schurz riding on his highest wave of influence, making himself for a while the personal pivot of his whole adopted country. This concentrated itself to one deed in the Liberal-Republican Convention at Cincinnati in 1872; as a born alien he could not become President, but he could make Presidents. Hence the scoffers dubbed him our American Warwick, the King-maker of old English History, kept famous by the stage of Shakespeare. But Schurz, the fault-finding moralist, could not control the political forces which he had set to storming; his own convention became a wild runaway even with him holding in hand its reins, and tumbled him over headforemost into nominations which utterly disgusted him, but which he had to stomach as his own bitter medicine. Later he continued to show some signs of the President-

maker, but he never again had the same pre-eminence in that field.

Schurz was often the lofty stimulating moralist, but he could drop back into the platitudinous moralizer, especially when hard pushed for a stop-gap to fill out some vacancy in his oratory. From this side of him came his sympathy with New England, mental and even physical, for to me Schurz looked more like a Yankee than a typical German, being meager-fleshed, thin-faced, with a glance of Puritanic severity almost cutting from behind those blue-eyed spectacles of his. He was always featured to me with an overcast of critical melancholy, which never failed to throw down into my face a glance of condemnation from his tall rather skeletoned stature. This feeling may have been my own reaction of a bad conscience. Certainly Schurz never appeared to me the burly Teuton, still less the jolly Rhinelander given over to infinite gustation and imbibition, though Schurz was from the Rhine, and could brighten up in praise of its *Johannisberger* and its other appetitive delicacies.

Thus the German Era of St. Louis attracted and evolved to his highest self-realization our greatest German fellow-citizen. But the other Teutonic genius of our city, my special friend, could never extricate himself from his own handicaps, and so remained unrealized in the best of him till his evanishment. Brockmeyer and Schurz knew each other and even brushed against each other at the aforesaid Cincinnati Convention, but they were mutually

repellent in their deepest. So I try to compare them: Brockmeyer's ultimate command was the enacted Law of associated Man, Schurz's ultimate command was the categorical Imperative of the moral Man. Brockmeyer ignored or rather defied too much the moral element of his own spirit, while Schurz was weak in the institutional element of human progress—another reason why he could not have written a great history.

But already has been darting before my imagination another representative of the German Era of St. Louis. Let him appear.

III

JOSEPH PULITZER OF ST. LOUIS

As I set my pencil on paper to jot down my views under this caption, I can hear protests against them from friends and foes of Pulitzer, for he had a sufficiency of both. My first proposition about him will rouse a bitter denial and probably some profanity, though my words may not be worth a curse when I say: Pulitzer was the greatest master of Journalism that has yet arisen in these United States. He saw its meaning and realized its power and place in American life more fully than any other man of his guild; indeed if America has produced the greatest newspapers in the world, as is sometimes declared, Joseph Pulitzer must be acclaimed the world's greatest journalist.

His, then, is a world-historical position, and demands our best consideration in its own right.

Still I would have no call to mention him here, if he had not been in his way connected with the St. Louis Movement and with its chief sponsors, and indirectly with myself, though for him personally I never won any intimacy. Moreover he was a familiar figure on our streets during many years, in fact during the whole period of the Great Illusion, in which he deeply shared, blowing gaudy journalistic bubbles of the Future Great City of the World. His spectacled look and his aggressive swing, along with his unique olfactory development would single him out among hundreds as a striking individual phenomenon. Reavis alone might rival him in power of producing personal publicity through his very appearance, both also being originally newspaper reporters, as well as Nature's own self-reporters.

Pulitzer, it may be averred, was professionally born in St. Louis, serving here his earliest apprenticeship, and rising gradually to mastership, which he bore with him to New York. Thus he too along with many others fled from the Great Disillusion, when he had found it out, to try for a new reality under other skies. And it must be confessed that he more fully realized himself than any other St. Louis man within my horizon, except possibly the great bridge-builder Eads, who was rightly the Supreme Pontiff of our river city.

I first roundly observed Pulitzer in 1868, and had a brief dialogue with him, when he came as smooth-faced reporter to the old Central High School, where I was a teacher. It was commencement time for us, and he wished to drum up an item for the German *Westliche Post*. He stepped into my classroom unheralded, which was his right, as the door stood open and the public was invited. One of the girl-pupils was inclined to giggle, as she saw that tall somewhat grotesque figure with large goggle eyes staring through big-rimmed spectacles at us rather quizzically; then he whipped out his note-book, clutched his pencil, and somewhat brokenly asked me, who had taken my seat beside him: "What study is this?" "Mental Philosophy," I answered. "Philosophy, eh!" Then began a surprising drama of his features playing on his face's stage for a moment his whole reactive subjectivity. Serio-comic was the interlude as I gazed at it, for it had as its most prominent and most versatile actor a huge demonic nose gifted with a language all its own, yet smitingly universal. He gave a strange Mephistophelean scowl, and grunted out in contempt, I thought: "What good can you get from that?" "Some knowledge of the human mind, we hope to have gained," I replied; "come, examine us, and perhaps you will be kind enough to show us a sample of your own mind." From wide-open eyes through huge glasses he flung a stare which made us all wince a little. Then he put up his note-book, and started for the door. I fol-

lowed, saying: "Glad to know you." His curious reply was: "I know you already."

What did he mean? I certainly was both small and obscure in the city, and could have had no public standing. So I am led to theorize now, looking backwards: Pulitzer was already making himself acquainted with every little current in town and with those who took part in it; even the private conduct of the citizen was to be brought under his inspection. He was getting ready for his new Journalism, which is to know, and if occasion arise, is to expose the inner life, yea the under life, and especially the double life of each public man, however minute, even that of the ordinary schoolmaster: in which function his newspaper gave me the shock of my life by its exposure of our High School Principal though I knew not a little before.

I have ranked Pulitzer as German, though he was born in Hungary of a Jewish father and a Christian mother, according to his biographer. What was the earliest speech lisped by the child—Hungarian, German, or possibly Iddish? Not told, as far as I know, but his native dialect was probably German, which was also the language in which he received his youthful education. In St. Louis he started as a German reporter; and during his last hours, as narrated by his biographer, Mr. Ireland, he called for a reading in German, which seems to have been his final as well as first native utterance. In the main he hired his English written for him; his newspaper's opinion and policy he ruled auto-

cratically, but its expression he bought in the market; in fact he selected and purchased the literary style he wanted; then he ordered to be put into it what content he chose. To such a servitude Journalism is reducing Literature as the once independent self-expression of the human soul. Herein, however, Pulitzer showed himself the coming man of Great Newspaperdom in its triumphant evolution; its task is to subject to its own autocracy independent Literature, of which, I may here autobiographically interject, I have persisted an irreducible atom, defiant of the time's behest, and hence wholly negligible. Still even thuswise I have dared live my own life.

But we have not come to that time yet in his career, he is still the young reporter barely of age. Note him as he marches out of my room; his stride is strikingly aggressive, he knows just what he is going for and how to get it with some hurry. In every motion he pushes out as a man of prime initiative, giving a kind of ideal knock-down to any obstacle. His stay was brief and his information rather short; but like a good reporter, he can make up the rest of the article. Probably he needed only that one word *Philosophy* as a kind of cocoon for infinite repertorial spinning.

One of Pulitzer's attractions for me was his resemblance, both physical and spiritual to our Brockmeyer of the Philosophical Society. The same sort of body, lithe but heavy-muscled and strong-boned;

both loomed large but lissom at least in their younger days, yet with this emphatic difference: Pulitzer seemed always on the spring, ready to pounce, while Brockmeyer would settle back at ease in his chair, cock up his heels, and keep wabbling his pipe around in his mouth from corner to corner in a perpetual lazy smoke. But their most striking visible similarity lay in their weird mobile physiognomy, with its dramatic play ranging from uncouth grotesquery to perfervid tragedy. And right at the heart of their features throbbed and lifted and sported the towering organ of Cyrano de Bergerac.

But their deeper kinship I deemed to lie in that secret elemental power often called Demonic, but also Angelic or even Satanic, namely the downflow of upper energy which takes hold of the man for a while and makes him greater than himself as mere individual man. Both possessed, I believe this unique gift of genius, each in his own way. But just here rose up a great difference: Brockmeyer never trained his genius to do its work but let it run wild, and to waste, and hence he has left little or no sign of his gift; Pulitzer, however, harnessed his genius in the first place to his pie-cart, and tasked it to the topmost so that he left behind himself a vast fortune as well as a great work done; thus he realized himself at his highest. So here again in comparison, Brockmeyer stands forth as the Great Unrealized—a colossal potentiality, a kind of Illusion somewhat like his own dear city of

St. Louis; while Pulitzer is by contrast the self-achieved soul, the man made actual.

Did these two men, kinned deeply in a common genius, ever find each other, and recognize their joint affinity of spirit? The fact is, the first appreciation of Pulitzer I ever heard was thundered from the lips of Brockmeyer, who on a time suddenly erupted in one of his Vesuvian outbursts. "That young fellow cinches the future: they think because he trundles about with himself a big cob-nose, a whopper jaw, and bull-frog eyes that he has no sense; but I tell you, he possesses greater dialectical ability than all of them put together—I know it for I have felt it; mark me, he is now engaged in the making of a greater man than editor Danzer, or editor Pretorius, or even Schurz." So fulminated once Brockmeyer in vivid ejaculation, meanwhile rising to his feet and emphasizing with a gesture that unusual locution *dialectical ability*, laden by him with a still more unusual meaning. Evidently this was his wording of Pulitzer's peculiar nascent gift, which he had detected, doubtless by his own cognate endowment. To understand the foregoing we must remember that Pulitzer never could win the respect of those high-toned German editors who made fun of him while exploiting his talent, till he set up for himself in an English newspaper. Nay, English-speaking St. Louis never would accept Pulitzer, though it bought his journal. For that matter, it never accepted Brockmeyer, nor me, nor the St. Louis Movement, and still the world moves,

and St. Louis—let the reader finish the sentence with a hopeful benediction.

On the other hand, I happened once to catch a whiff of Pulitzer's laudatory exuberance over Brockmeyer's work in the Missouri Constitutional Convention of 1875. I was walking with Judge Woerner on a hot day; we turned in to take a cool sip of philosophic Germany's beverage at Tony Faust's, when Pulitzer came up to us somewhence out of the beer-fragrance of that worshipful temple of Gambrinus, and he began quite an oration before us, whom he knew to be sworn friends of Brockmeyer. Of course the speech was intended for Woerner, who was a great man and a first citizen, but I got the benefit, too. I recognized at once a number of Brockmeyer's political thoughts as well as some of his thunderous words and drastic illustrations. And the profanity was not wholly omitted. But just behold! Brockmeyer's look and stature! his grimaces and Rabelaisian grotesquery, followed by serious long-faced statements of profound constitutional principles! Then his smiling urbanity toward everybody, and especially a chivalrous courtesy for the Southern members of the Convention. In short, Pulitzer became Brockmeyer then and there, and rehearsed the whole lesson which he had gotten from the Convention, for of it he too was a member. He, like me, though in a wholly different department of lore, had gone to school to Brockmeyer and had learned somewhat, even down to (or rather up to) his peculiar scream-

like vociferation, when becoming a little eruptive. That was at least my view on hearing his discourse, though he might not have thought so himself.

Thus Pulitzer, in spite of himself, took up into his composition a strain of the St. Louis Movement, of whose training he was probably unconscious. But that secret subtle demiurge Brockmeyer laid his spell upon the young receptive genius—there being some twenty years of life-experience between their ages. Pulitzer quit his own political party and finally joined that of Brockmeyer, where he stayed for the rest of his life. I heard Brockmeyer claim (I know nothing of the matter myself) that through his influence Pulitzer was appointed Police Commissioner, by which office the latter won power, knowledge, and money, wherewith he could start his independent newspaper career.

Pulitzer, however, never showed any turn, as far as I am aware, for Brockmeyer's other supreme endowment: Philosophy, which was the passion of Harris and of the rest of us. The immediate sense-world of politics and city-life was his chosen element, being the prime material for journalism, in which he must have already felt his great career throbbing towards fulfilment. In 1883 he quit St. Louis for New York, after a stay of some seventeen years. He chafed against his journalistic limits on this ever-narrowing spot, and longed to get away from his past, so as to start over again.

Can we delve to the ground of his unsurpassed achievement, genuine I hold, and so far still endur-

ing? He picked up at once that orphaned bankrupt sheet, *The New York World*, and tossed it to the front of all newspaperdom, keeping the lead as long as he lived, even when blind. How did he do it? Barring the advertisements which are but an echo of its circulation, Pulitzer's *World* represented and exposed in the most glaring form the inherent dualism which exists at its deepest in New York City, and in the Democratic Party, but is found also in American life everywhere. The editorial page favored all good things, attacked corruption of every sort, and preached the ethics of public and private conduct with an unction which smelt of sanctity—and I believe the man was honest. But now look on the other page, the repertorial—there is a drop from Heaven to Hell. All devildom is there set forth in huge black head-lines, propped on columns of lurid details in smaller type—murders, rapes, lynchings, frauds, seductions—Pandemonium broke loose in print and served up for breakfast. So the *World* dualized humanity to the very bottom in every issue, compounding Dante's Inferno and Paradiso in one all-embracing dose, giving each half of Human Nature and of God's Universe its due representation in a single budget every day.

Thus Pulitzer reflected in his dual newspaper the Creation's own dualism into good and evil, and therein hit off an image of the dual personality of the folk and its democracy. "Horribly ugly picture, and two-faced" says the folk looking at itself, "but on the whole it is true; yes, it is I myself and

none other, and I'll buy it." So we witness a Klondike stream of gold pouring suddenly into the hitherto empty treasury of a dying newspaper. Most wonderful feat of hoary magic alchemy turned to literal present fact! The magician seized that little old moribund *World* and recreated it out of two new living Worlds, namely the Overworld and the Underworld of Human Existence. He clapped the halves of life together into a new visible work of art, and made them appear one vast bi-lateral organism, full of young energy. Call it the earth's new-born monster if you will, perchance it is the old Egyptian Sphinx, half man half animal, propounding still its riddle, rejuvenated as the modern Newspaper, half human half bestial. Is that to be our last huge Literary Megatherium, which is actually now swallowing all other Literary Forms of prose and poetry, as being inadequate, worn-out, and indeed quite exanimate? Let the question stand, for it comes up again and again in the course of this petty narrative of ours, as well as in Universal History.

On account of such newspaper duality, or if you please, duplicity, many people and not a few of his fellow-guildsmen have maintained that Pulitzer was unprincipled, Machiavellian, in fine a downright hypocrite. I do not construe him thus; he was honest, bitterly honest just in his dualism, and because of its depth and mightiness in his soul. He carried it out in his deed to the last consequence, and he could not have done that without its being

his deepest character and conviction. In fact Pulitzer was himself the journalistic dualism incarnate and he possessed the genius to fling it out of himself into his *World*, whose very name turns double in meaning through his presence. His internal life ran two-fold probably (for we have not his autobiography); his outer life also seems cut in two: the first part was his long St. Louis apprenticeship, the formative experience sprung of the Great Illusion, which he at last pricked and fled from; the second part was his New York time, that of realization, lasting more than a quarter of a century.

Pulitzer himself thought that his repertorial page, the bestial body of his Sphinx, needed defence, or at least some explanation. Biographer Ireland broaches the topic repeatedly, giving opinions from headquarters. He also intimates that Pulitzer at times entertained the idea of writing his autobiography, possibly incited by the example of Schurz. That would have been, if open-heartedly confessed, a very significant American document. But Pulitzer had his secrets and kept them, nay he could fabricate and play off his mystifications when he needed them. Would he throw open to daylight his hidden St. Louis career? But Pulitzer really did not care to write an eternal book, as did Schurz. He felt, I think, rather a contempt for Literature as such; he had bought too much of it for his own ephemeral ends to esteem highly or to believe profoundly in the eternal record of the

Eternal. Writ could only be a purchasable journalistic means with him, not an end for its own sake in human self-expression. So there is no autobiography of his, at least up to date.

Again St. Louis lost in him a great man, who had the insight and the power to seize and to exploit more fully than ever before the possibilities of the mighty social weapon, the Newspaper. Indeed his success called up in many minds the anxious query: Is this possible monster, now nobly named by itself the Freedom of the Press, to be subject to no law except its own impersonal unconscioned conscience, or perchance except the weak statute of libel, which Pulitzer openly boasted he had the means of turning against the person who might invoke it against him in a court of justice? Are the great Pulitzers of Journalism to remain autocratic and irresponsible, while all mankind is subjecting Emperors, Kings, Presidents, Governors, and Mayors to the rule of a self-determined institutional order? The problem is rising.

But after such troubled premonitions, we always come back to appreciate the marvelous achievement, despite Fate's furious envy, of the man with his dual personality realized so colossally in a deed. And quite at his greatest he wrought during twenty-four years of blindness! Is he then our modern sightless Milton or Homer, the new sort of blind maker or poet of the new Iliad? Pulitzer must have known how to select the human instruments for his definite ends better than any other seeing

newspaper Napoleon. And still after his death, his constructive power runs on in his work with a sort of perpetuity. That which is most ephemeral on this earth (the newspaper) he makes eternal just in its ephemerality. Has he not kept his soul immortal and active even after his physical evanishment? It looks as if he has created a new and lasting body for his departed spirit, as we may call it tentatively as yet. But as for me, after all his drawbacks, I like best to contemplate his best, which is to my mind that he keeps on proving through time the immortality of his own soul.

And finally I have to repeat to myself that here is a man who has realized himself more completely than any other striver within my speaking or reading knowledge, in spite of Nature's most heinous handicaps, with one possible supreme exception. Let my reader guess, Who? Only let him not take himself as this exception, nor myself.

IV

A BOOK WRITER'S LIFE LINES

The German Era of St. Louis graved upon me certain life-lines, which have continued to run through my whole career down to the present. I then found out with some distinctness what I was to do in this earthly sojourn of mine, and how I was to do it, and I made the beginning. Still more decisively I discovered what I was not to do, and marked with clearness the limits of what I had to

escape, if I was ever to get anything done. This negative task, that of avoiding dissipation of energy was for me one of the hardest, as I loved exceedingly to wander at mind's random through the Elysian Fields of omniscience, and to spread me out over them to a vanishing thinness. Nature's indolence found in the periodicalism of the time the supreme temptation to a dissolved, that is, dissolute mental existence. What strength I had, hardly more than that of a half-man, I kept me under strict training to concentrate and to organize. After many lapses and relapses I would gather up the pieces of myself, and penitently start again to build life's tabernacle.

Can I give some vague notion concerning this German Era of St. Louis which took part in my very self-hood and its coming evolution? I sought to know and to feel the beat of the old Fatherland's folk-soul which I then deemed quite the Earth-soul, everywhere around me, to share its thoughts, its amusements, its speech, even its prejudices. But all this effort was hardly for its own sake, even if I wildly enjoyed the novel experience; I was more or less conscious of another and higher end: I sought to know and to commune with the Genius of the Age which had at its best embodied itself in a trinity of great Teutonic souls—the philosopher Hegel, the poet Goethe, the musician Beethoven. There was the time's consensus that the nineteenth Century, yea all the Centuries at least since Shakespeare, had found their highest cultural expression

in the works of these three Germans, and my present call was to make mine this sovereign discipline of the period. So I became a student in the University of Civilization, highest of all Universities. In other words I was now to get acquainted with the World-Spirit, the supernal Power over History, in its three latest grandest incarnations manifesting and voicing its message to us earth-dwellers here below. So during these years I especially studied Hegel, Goethe, Beethoven, separately and together, all of them being at last one mighty contemporaneous utterance of the Age's Genius, who then spoke German. Thus the German Era of St. Louis gave me my flood-tidal opportunity, furnishing incentive and harmonious environment, as well as the native speech of the soul universal of the Century. How otherwise just now!

Then let it be confessed that I was whirled along on top of the surge, and I jubilated to the height of my mood, echoing the new hope, which especially attuned itself to music. My house became a little center of melodies instrumental and vocal, in which I took practical part, and I reached the point of playing a flute in the city orchestra—an experience which inducted me into the sound-painted temple of the Tone-God, where I could hear all the finest concordances of the Earth. From this harmonious time a musical accompaniment has kept singing underneath all my unmusical days, often breaking up to the surface in some form of poetic expression. The *Marsellaise* refused to hymn me any longer,

while heavy-throated the *Wacht am Rhein* rose in exultant sound-waves over the city.

Still I had now and then a pulsation of doubt. I recollect that I questioned especially the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, the fatuous act of the Franco-Prussian War (1870). I had read enough of history to feel the nemesis of such a deed, in whose sweep nationality, seeking to assert itself, was really contradicting itself, to its own self-undoing. Such an old claim, if carried out universally, would tear Europe to pieces. In a company of friendly Germans I once expressed this view, when they turned on me with angry reproaches, and almost mobbed me. The time's Illusion in them I did not then perceive, though it gave me a smart tweak of the nose in secret irony.

Through my devotion to these three spiritual sovereigns of the age and their similars, my work broke into two life-lines; in other words I had two vocations, the first of which nourished my body, the second my spirit. That is, I earned my bread by my professional business, school-teaching; but my labor of self-development and self-expression had to be its own reward. Thus two vocational strands arose and intertwined themselves through all my years, the remunerative and the unremunerative; my highest work brought no pay, only expense; indeed I became unwilling and unable to sell my best self for a price. It is true that I tried to make these higher studies react favorably upon the daily routine of the humble instructor; in fact,

my theory was and still is that the deadly mechanics of the school-room can only thus be raised into living reality; that the teacher, to be at his best, must have his own private universal discipline perpetually overflowing into the particular official task of the day. So there was developed in my life what I may call my Super-vocation distinct from yet inter-wound with my vocation proper, which also had its distinctive training.

I was not yet a writer of books except in a very small tentative way. But already some such goal of my endeavor seemed to be looming up dimly in the distance. More or less consciously I began to throw off all encumbrances to such a pursuit. Experience was first to give me her lesson as to what might favor or hinder; then I was to act if I had the will power. During these years I was brought face to face with several questions of future destiny, to which I had to give decisive practical answers. I had to make choice of my life-lines, going this way, shunning that; in other words the time had come upon me when I was to select not only my vocation but my Super-vocation, as I now baptize it, the most difficult move in life, often never taken and often never even known.

1. One of my first renunciations was that of professional promotion. All of us teachers were supposed to be in line of advancement whose highest goal was the official headship of the whole school system. One day a bolt of lightning fell at my feet in the shape of an offer to be Assistant Superin-

tendant, a position next to the highest. I did not try to pick it up, but declined the for me dangerous task; I knew it would be the end of my Super-vocation which had become already my upper, and perchance my saving life-line. I was close enough to Superintendent Harris to see and partly to share the vexations of his high position; perhaps I may have caused him one or two myself. Administration, in return for its pile of gold, would demand the sacrifice of my creative power; and I was determined not to commit that sin of simony against my Holy Ghost.

So I resolved to forego all administrative work, and I have pushed that resolution ahead of me through half a century. But in such a purpose I had to relinquish the prizes of the world, which are all, or nearly all, given to the administrator—the glittering prizes of money, fame, power. I deserve no pitying commiseration, since I made my choice consciously, and have persevered in it with eyes open. For along with the glories I escaped the horrors of Administration, to pursue and to realize by peaceful development my Super-vocation in the company of Chum Poverty who has always kindly, though sparingly allotted me food, raiment and shelter.

2. An unimportant paragraph I may here devote to a brief interlude of this time, during which I saw somewhat—not much—of that peculiar time-killing bauble known as general and even genteel society. A few prominent college men came to-

gether and formed an organization which was baptized under the name of the University Club. I happened to be present at the first meeting, and we all pledged our best assistance to the enterprise, which was successful in bringing together a considerable number of the educated people of the city, lawyers, doctors, ministers, teachers, business men. Thomas Allen, an eminent and wealthy citizen, head of the Iron Mountain Railroad, we chose as our first President, who plumped into our lucky treasury a thousand dollars for a start. Social entertainments were frequent, lecture courses were given, receptions for distinguished visitors were held, eating and drinking were not neglected.

During two years or so I was an active club-member, for the first and last time in my life. I saw a good deal of certain high-placed urban characters, and heard them speak out in conversation as well as in oration. On the whole it was a new kind of humanity in my experience, and I drew much enjoyment, and I think profit, from the intercourse. Our two chief philosophers, Brockmeyer and Harris, were not members, still there was a little sprinkling of us in the Club, and a subtle streak of Hegelism would occasionally flash out to the bewilderment of the Philistines, who were the large majority. I even started little talks off in a cosy corner on Shakespeare, with whose excellence I was at that time overflowing verbally if not mentally. I begged Harris to join us—Brockmeyer was impossible—and we would start a hot campaign, for

which I thought there was a unique opportunity. But he would not, giving some poor open excuses, and hiding his real decisive reasons as he often did. His heart he never wore upon his sleeve for daws (like me) to peck at.

At last in 1874, the blow of fate smote me with a great domestic loss, which simply snuffed out all pleasure in pleasure, and wilted to sorrow life's ambitions. I gradually withdrew from the University Club and never re-joined. Twice afterwards, once in New York and once in Chicago, I took a little nip of Club-life, but soon flung away the cup as alien to my work and to my character. So I lost my gift of comradery—I could never have had much; but for this little while at the University Club I was fairly sociable, never again. This must be accounted one of life's drawbacks, from which, however, I gathered, as I believe, a considerable blessing for my Super-vocation.

3. Every teacher thinks of changing his vocation, or at least he used to think so in my time. The prizes were on the whole smaller than in other professions; the social prestige was the least. Hence teaching was accepted as a kind of half-way house on the road to something higher. In my early pedagogical environment, the better half of the more ambitious young men were studying law for the future. We had a class in Blackstone made up of teachers. Since then the professional spirit of the teaching masses has doubtless improved; but the

chance of escape, when once in the mill, has become less.

I was one of those who began to teach school till I could move out of such an intermediate condition into the legal profession. The temptation still hung over me when I entered the High School. Judge Woerner, then a practising attorney, of his own friendly accord once offered me a starter's position in his office with a small salary. At home the household queen urged me boldly to accept, and offered herself as a living or rather starving sacrifice to a diminished income, already small enough. Then beside her lay a babe in the cradle, whose smile became my very enigmatic oracle. For many a month I stood at the crossroads staring at the two sign-boards which pointed in such different directions, and I tarried will-lessly interrogating the Future. At last the Future suddenly turned and interrogated me sternly: "Are you willing to give up your Super-vocation, which now runs along peacefully with, yet above your vocation?" No, was the answer, and that upper life-line of mine has sped on its way unswerving till now, while I have remained militant pedagogue in the battle against the fates of physical existence.

4. Another phenomenon peculiar to this time was the large number of magazines which sprang up mushroom-like, throughout the city. How many, I cannot tell; but in my immediate vicinage I may count four with which the St. Louis Movement had some connection. The ground for this frantic but

evanescent growth of periodicalism, as I look back at it, lay in the intoxicating draught of the Great Illusion, whereof we all were guzzling to the last drop. I reveled in the drunken dream, and so did everybody else in town, that ours was to be the Future Great City of the World, and hence there must arise just here the Future Great Magazine of the World. Thus took place a kind of rush to be first in the new field, like the flood of eager settlers racing to pre-empt some vacant rich territory. Another Illusion by the way.

Perhaps the best sample of this fresh outbreak of illusory St. Louis was *The Inland Magazine*, edited by Charlotte Smith, though people generally supposed that Reavis and his Idea were the secret mainspring of the enterprise. Certainly he wrote for it, and now we had an organ of the Gospel according to St. Louis (the American Saint not the French), which was to be propagated over the earth from its right center through the words of the prophet himself. Moreover Reavis was beginning to look to a new field of activity, for he says in one of his final prefaces, "this pamphlet is to be the last which I shall prepare and publish upon the material interest of the country and St. Louis." What can he mean? Is he getting a first stroke or glimpse of the coming Disillusion? He gives us a glimmer of his fresh task, "wherein the great problems of the world are to be solved and man's highest life on earth is to be attained." Is Reavis then going to turn philosopher, and join

the St. Louis Movement? He never did, as far as I know, even if he once asked Harris to lecture for him on immortality. His object is now, as he says, "moral and intellectual development," seemingly quite distinct from his former glorification of "material St. Louis," for which he had coined a sort of universal cognomen "The Future Great"—this short cut becoming for a while our city's abbreviation at home and abroad. At any rate *The Inland* had a perceptible tincture of Reavisism, and so did our newspapers as well as ourselves. Still it contained something else, whereof I can recall one rememberable instance: this magazine first showed me to myself poetically in St. Louis type, having printed in its columns my youthful drama *Clarence*, which Reavis had heard of and asked for through Harris. Thus it started my little cataract of printer's ink, which even in book-quenching St. Louis, has continued its downpour into this year, and into this book.

Of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, founded by Harris during this same Era, I have already spoken. I contributed first to it some translations from the German, and then my early Shakespeare articles. At the start it had the unique character of being the only magazine of the kind published in the English language. I desired to help Harris in his daring enterprise, and so I kept on writing and printing my Shakespearian essays till a book had evolved, and pathetically begged me for publication. I took pity on its distressed fragmentary

condition and yielded. The Journal was continued for many years and won a name. Harris clung to it through life, or nearly so, and it must be deemed his means or form of self-expression. It remains his monumental work; he spent a good deal of the best energy of his best days upon its exacting requirements. I could never be reconciled to giving my creative moments for such a result; thus our life-lines ran different. As this Journal was more or less interwoven with the St. Louis Movement to its last number, it will be mentioned repeatedly in our narrative. I may call this, together with his other philosophical work, the Super-vocation of Harris, kept up at a great unpaid and unpayable outlay of money and mind, alongside of his bread-winning vocation, which, however, it deeply influenced.

A school periodical called *The American Journal of Education*, edited by Major Merwin, was another journalistic offshoot of this Era, which had its link of connection with the St. Louis Movement through Harris and other local educators and writers. I do not remember furnishing to it any direct contribution, though it reviewed sympathetically a number of my productions.

But the magazine with which I stood in most intimate personal relation, and out of which I drew a hot living experience of periodicalism was *The Western*, which, starting as pedagogical, rose to be mainly literary. On the whole it had a very shifting and at times shiftless history through its many

tetering ups and downs. My chief part I have not forgotten: I took a pledge to furnish an article for every number, and at the same time to pay five or possibly ten dollars into the magazine's ever-gaping treasury for my own article. An ambitious literary lady once asked me how much I received for my contribution, and she intimated that she had something of the sort for sale, if she could get a better price for it here than in the East. My rejoinder must have run somehow thus: "We writers here in St. Louis are far ahead of all others known to the World's History in ability, for we are not only able to write articles, but also to pay a good price for them when written. Such are the terms, if you wish to join our guild." She declined becoming a member, with the modest statement: "I own no such ability as that."

During this stage of *The Western* (for it had several other stages), lasting possibly a year, we the contributors, also courteously called stockholders, were likewise the editors in a kind of common parley, which settled the affairs of the publication. Thus I came to experience somewhat of the nature of Magazinish and its rewards, which I slowly made up my mind to forego in this life. There certainly was need of unity in the conduct of the business, and finally I was chosen editor. I declined the honor with becoming modesty, I thought, when an attempt was made to foist the office upon me anyhow. But I stamped No with decision, and the editorship went elsewhere, and at the same time

my direct connection not only with the *Western*, but also with the vast and ever-growing magazine-world closed for good. I never afterwards took part in periodical literature, though I have occasionally sent articles and a little cash in response to the editorial cry of pain such as I used to hear in the sanctum of *The Western*: "More copy, more money."

Thus during this German Era and through its peculiar opportunities I developed my two most strongly marked and permanent life-lines—the upper and the lower, the ideal and the real, the moneyless and the moneyed, and so on through a long string of dualisms. The name for the first I have already minted as my Super-vocation, self-rewarding, self-contained, self-sufficing, whose chief function was to bring me into some closer contact or clearer vision of my supernal acquaintance, who to my mind bears the lofty title of World-Spirit.

And I may add that this for me exalted communion began, during the present Era, to insist upon some kind of utterance in my native speech. What I had gained I was driven to express for myself, and then to give away to others. Thus a secret impulse started in me toward becoming a Writer of Books, the goal and the fulfilment of my Super-vocation.

V

THE BOOK TWINS BORN

Two conceptions started about the same time in the early seventies, and began to push into ink through scattered penstrokes, which then would cohere and form articles, whose collection and arrangement finally made two volumes, twinned in origin yet quite different in character. So I recall their synchronous birth to memory. Their names have quite a disparate sound—the one being titled *The American State*, and the other *Shakespeare*. What can they have in common? They sprang from the same brain on the same general birthday, doubtless from the same general cause. I had written a good deal before this, but at random; these present writings, however, were products of the St. Louis Movement now working in me and through me for a new self-expression.

The deepest and most distinctive thing in them, as I now review their purport, was my persistent effort to grasp the World-Spirit, which I may designate also as one form of divine manifestation to the human mind, or even of God Himself. Philosophically I had wrestled with the pure Idea of it for years, all the way from Plato down to Hegel, but the time had come for me to see it in the living present, of which I was a small but active part every day, and to unfold it as the ultimate vital factor in our American political system. Still

further, at the same psychological moment, as I may construe it, was born the imperative push to trace this elusive but super-eminent World-Spirit, the presiding Genius of History, in Great Literature, especially in Greatest Shakespeare, who must have the highest if he be the highest.

1. *The American State.* This was originally a series of essays written about 1871-2, when the national excitement over the so-called Reconstruction of the Southern States which had been in rebellion, was at its topmost. For me personally it was a time of intense mental upheaval, inasmuch as I had to reverse my life-long attachment to a political party whose guidance I had followed in peace and in war. Could I make the bitter change to which more and more my conviction was driving me? I had hitherto accepted without much serious challenge the policies of the Republican organization, whose principles and professions I had inherited from my father, re-inforced by my College associations, and by the Civil War. It is true that after the death of Lincoln I was deeply dissatisfied with the party's leadership, still I waited in hope. But as the second nomination of President Grant drew near, I fell into open revolt, in spite of old affections and comradeships. Thus I was brought to break with my political tradition along with my other traditions. I think this gave me the hardest wrench of them all. For I had been a Union soldier, and an enthusiastic supporter of Lincoln, and I had already taken a very sympathetic even if boy-

ish part in the Fremont campaign of 1856, and also in the Oberlin battle of 1858.

Now what was it that caused such a furious commotion within me? I think I can best sum it up after the language of today in the word militarism. The military spirit at the head of our civil affairs was disregarding, if not jeopardizing the freedom of our government. I am not of those who believe that General Grant purposed the overthrow of our institutions, but he had and he had to have for success in war the soldier's absolute will to command and to obey, according to which he could not help acting unconsciously in political matters. Lincoln saw with anxiety this tendency in the soldier, saw it in Grant and once at least sent him a sharp warning on this very point. The feeling of some such peril was what caused the split of 1872 in the Republican ranks, and gave to Senator Schurz the theme of his life.

Thus the conflict over the political reconstruction of the South drove me to a political reconstruction of myself and of all my former transmitted preconceptions of party. Of the philosophical set two members, Brockmeyer and Woerner, were practically engaged in the politics of the time; both, though original supporters of Lincoln, were now in strong reaction against the existent Republican party. We often discussed the impending problems, which necessarily involved the fundamental nature of the State. We studied famous writers on

the subject reaching back to old Plato's *Republic* and Aristotle's *Politics*; but especially we poured over Hegel's Philosophy of the State and freely discussed its worth and its weakness. Above all documents of the past we delved into the Constitution of the United States, upon which Brockmeyer once planned a great philosophic book, but it remained like his other works and like himself, and somewhat like his city, unrealized and perhaps unrealizable. Still we were struck by his lightning, and charged with his personal electricity, which made our brains sparkle and whiz with new activity.

Thus the St. Louis Movement had its political strain which grew out of the time's circumstances. Well do I remember the informal meetings which usually took place Sunday afternoons at my house in Targee street, or rather alley, where stood what some people called the Philosophers' Row, one of whose dwellings Harris also occupied for several years. The drift of the discussion was in general concerning the relation of the Federal Government to the Single-States which composed it, and the means to prevent each side from devouring the other, to which act both sides had shown a violent appetite within less than a single decade. We all had witnessed and most of us had fought the attempt of the Single-State to destroy the Union, and we had rejoiced in the latter's victory. But now a few years' turn had brought to us just the opposite danger: the victorious Union, grown insolent in its triumph, was threatening to undo the Single-

State, by which deed, if successful, it would simply undo itself.

It was truly an anxious time for our patriotism, and we invoked to our help especially our philosophy, which meant to us not merely a soothing consolation in life's pain, but the very instrument of our salvation. Prominent men used to come and take a part, not many indeed, but all of them marked characters. Brockmeyer and Harris, the two Judges Woerner and Jones, Principal Morgan and myself, made the core of the group. Only one member, as far as I know, had been in the Confederate army, Dr. J. H. Watters, then a Professor in McDowell's Medical College.

But the curious coincidence emerges at the present moment, almost fifty years later, that then our little coterie of a half dozen or so, wrought over and wrestled with practically the same problem which now is challenging the whole civilized earth with even greater intensity than ever before. Our thought was concerning the true federation of our relatively small States; today the world's thought is concerning the true federation of the Nations of the globe. The political theme of the St. Louis Movement has thus become universalized by time. Our little microcosmic discussion in a little parlor ran surprisingly similar to the great macrocosmic discussion lately held at Paris and round the globe pertaining to the universal League; the one wee atom has grown to be the one world-organism. I do not mean to say that our St. Louis

Movement brought all this about of itself; it simply saw and grappled with what was already the deepest trend of the age, in which we also shared. Really the Government of the United States has risen to be the earth's political model; History itself seems now to be moving toward or along the lines of American History, of which, however, there is needed a complete re-writing and spiritual recreation, for all our chief American historians are still colonial in locality and in consciousness.

The result of these discussions upon myself I may briefly chronicle for the sake of my autobiographic Ego. The whole subject I seized upon and threshed over to the limit of my powers. Then I began to write it out into the essays aforesaid, which were somewhat later printed in *The Western* and afterward gathered into a booklet. No other person has left any record of those colloquies; here first I elected myself by some unconscious ballotage to be the scribe of the St. Louis Movement, which office I am still filling. I may add that after a few years' fierce wrestle, the problem of Reconstruction began to be practically settled (in 1876), and my booklet fell into a kind of oblivion—it had almost lapsed from my own life and memory—till after several slumberous decades it suddenly wakes up today with a new prophetic meaning.

The treatise first unfolds the theory of the State as such, in which Hegel is mainly followed. But Hegel's ideal was the Prussian State, at which point I began to break away from him, and to

philosophize our American political system in a way quite different from that of the master. Especially the meaning of our Federal Constitution and its place in Universal History was set forth with some emphasis and with an import quite unknown to the great German thinker. There are scattered glimpses of the new political Order which "must will the existence of the individual State as universal principle, must realize this principle in a new form of government, and must define that form of government in a new Constitution."

I need hardly say that Europe is trying to do something of that kind just now with much questioning and somewhat of terror. But all her History, when rightly seen and overseen, shows itself evolving toward some such federated State. And here in this Essay rises another conception which has followed me through life: that of the presiding Genius of History, or of the World-Spirit, a very old thought—I can trace it already in ancient Herodotus—but whose name here is taken from German Philosophy. Yet its significance is to-day far more commanding than ever, though little realized in present historical literature.

2. *Shakespeare*. I began about this same time a scrap heap of jottings which in the course of years organized themselves at first into magazine articles, and thence into a book, which is the best known of all my writings, and on the whole the bulkiest. Circumstances threw into my hands the High School's instruction in Shakespeare, and therewith

started a new and almost continuous strand of my life's work down to the present, with intervals of suspended interest.

There is no doubt that I was getting somewhat tired of my excessive philosophical immersion in Hegel, which had already lasted several years. Philosophy had delivered to me its message, or as much of it as I could take, for the present at least. That another world-discipline had begun to germinate underneath all my Hegel, I may have dimly forefelt, but I certainly did not then recognize. Still I longed for a new expression of myself and of the universe, less abstract, more living and concrete, that of life itself, if possible. Hence I seized with all my might the opportunity to change my masters and their universities, to pass from Hegel the philosopher to Shakespeare the poet, acknowledged to be the greatest of his kind and to have built a world wholly of his own, which my task was now to rebuild in myself. And some transition of the sort was also working deeply but secretly in the St. Louis Movement.

Still it must not be thought that I flung away philosophy entirely and forever; I could not. On the contrary, I took it over with me into Shakespeare, who also has his philosophic substrate, as his deepest students have always noted. I hold that he would not be the supreme poet that he is unless he were in his way at the same time the supreme philosopher. Thus in my case my Hegel

was the forecast and the preparation for my Shakespeare.

It so happened that my pupils took as their first study *Julius Cæsar*, a political play, in which we see the poet grappling with the loftiest world-historical character of all time at one of History's supreme nodes. Such was for me the right cue for interpreting the whole drama, which, rippling along so buoyantly and on its surface so easily understood, has been so grievously misunderstood in its depths, for it is the deepest work of Shakespeare, with one possible exception. The poet probably conceived and wrote this play at the very culmination of his genius, somewhere about his thirty-seventh year, and hence it contains his sublimest, his one most ideal conception and characterization, that of the World-Spirit itself, the immortal soul of History, incarnate in a poor mortal, who sinks to death in its conflict, and therefore represents the supreme tragedy of the individual man in his earthly career.

Another personal touch which brought me at once into the closest intimacy with *Julius Cæsar* and its author is that there are no less than four acknowledged philosophers in this play, of whom one is a woman, Portia, wife of Brutus. For her I have to think that Shakespeare had a tender affection, as it is the special privilege of the poet to fall desperately in love with his own characters. Thus Philosophy is not merely introduced into this drama, but is domesticated and joins the Family.

Still it must be added that all these philosophers perish, and they alone perish of the prominent personages, so that seemingly Philosophy itself, of Greek birth, turns tragic in old Rome according to Shakespeare. And, indeed, to look about us just now, has not German Philosophy been marching toward tragedy along with its peculiarly philosophic nation? Will it ever revive to its former life and influence? Or has it passed on as has the old Greek philosophy, though still indispensable to be known as a part or phase of the race's grand historic discipline? The answer of centuries must be awaited.

The ordinary view of *Julius Cæsar* is that the play has not been rightly named, that the hero is Brutus. Such a conception destroys for me the supreme purport of the work, lopping off the grandeur of its thought, as well as grievously misunderstands the poets psychology. Indeed, Brutus is relatively a common-place moralizer whelmed into the vortex of Universal History to his utter confusion. Hence he is the prototype of the purely moralistic mind, be it orthodox in religion or agnostic. So I challenged in my first essay the whole trend of the traditional Shakespearian criticism as regards this most popular work of the poet. Moreover, Shakespeare, in passing from his English-historical to Roman-historical dramas had a great personal experience: he became himself universal, rising out of his limited national consciousness and communing with the World's History in one of its highest manifestations. In my humble, very different life-

line I had gone through a similar experience, and had come to know, philosophically at least, somewhat of the World-Spirit; hence I recognized it with no small wonder and interest in its poetic appearance.

Next, another philosophic play dropped down on my pedagogic path, *Hamlet*. Here, then, I found not the ancient but the modern philosopher set forth with his unique tragedy. The resemblance between *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet* has been often noticed, and it runs very deep, starting from the outer style and structure and reaching down to the very soul of all these dramatic souls on the stage. *Hamlet*, too, has felt the philosophic limit: "There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in our (not *your*) philosophy." So this foreboder glooms his dark questionings to his next friend and fellow-student. Here I seemed to feel Shakespeare as a profound and intense student of philosophy, now dramatizing the results of his considerable discipline. He, too, must have had his philosophic epoch, and transcended it, having won its culture and put it into his poetry.

I had often read these two dramas before my present school-time, and had felt their power, especially in their single scattered grandeur, for I had early plucked their gorgeous lollipops for school-boys. But now I began to recreate them through and through, not only in feeling but also in thought, of which I even discovered Shakespeare to be as great a master as Hegel, if not greater, though using a

wholly new kind of expression. Moreover, the realm of institutions upon which the St. Louis Movement had put so much stress in theory and also in practice, I found permeating Shakespeare everywhere as the basic presupposition of all his characters and of his social world.

In like manner I continued to tackle one by one the rest of the works of the poet, to organize them internally, and then to unite them externally into groups according to what seemed to me their deepest principle. Moreover, I kept writing out and working over my results till I kneaded them into the shape of essays, which were printed in St. Louis periodicals, then blooming but now wholly defunct—notably *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and *The Western*. Also, though a full-houred teacher in the High School, I found time to propagate my ideas to little coteries at the University Club and to various literary societies elsewhere in the community, thus starting unconsciously the Communal University, which still is sending forth in a very quiet unnewspapered way its living sprouts and some happy but modest flowerets. After the growth of years, about half a dozen, I think, all these writings, scattered singly and looking very lonely in the old magazines, persisted in celebrating a general harvest-home, which brought them all together into one associated work then called *The System of the Shakespearian Drama*, whose title even flung a word of defiance.

The publication of this volume, when I was

thirty-six years old, marked better than any other incident the close of one large long Period of my life—the first. But other and greater enterprises were budding in the meantime. Shakespeare to my mind could not help calling up his fellow-giants of the World's Literature, of whom I then had begun to see the huge outlines of three more—Homer, Dante, Goethe. Were these Goliaths also to be encountered by little me after my long desperate battle with the one, probably the greatest? The thought kept rising, but I shrank from the task; I felt myself unprepared for this new Gigantomachia. I had read each of these supreme poets after the usual fashion, and looked into not a little criticism of them; but all that amounted to a mere speck, for now I was to re-live them, talk their native dialect, rebuild their world, and, as far as possible, recreate in myself their very consciousness. At first I skulked out of the fight, but I could not escape the ever-haunting idea. I must go to Europe and there speak and hear spoken the mother-tongue of Italian Dante and even of old Greek Homer. This, I may premise, was one of the incentives driving me to the European Journey which is soon to start.

These two works of mine, then, I dare baptize my Book-twins, my first printed contribution of any consequence to the St. Louis Movement. Both have been somewhat prolific of their kind, having scattered a considerable line of progeny along my much bewritten orbit of books down into the present, with still other kindred embryos struggling in my brain

for daylight, though yet unborn and possibly unbearable. They both plumped forth into the black sunshine of printer's ink and got themselves dressed in the beautiful white rags so wonderfully transfigured at the paper-mill, breaking from their humble source in Philosophers' Row, where Harris once dwelt, and Childs, and Kroeger, but now an ancient African rookery domiciling many playful but sometimes saucy picaninnies. Still the life there was quite plain even then; rents unpretentious, salaries very moderate, social standards not exacting, symposiums frequent but wineless, though not always beerless. So we indwelt our little temple of Philospholis located in a St. Louis alley, pursuing dutifully our daily bread-winning vocation, but also cherishing whole-heartedly our breadless Supervocation.

I should add by way of connection that these two preceding books of mine arose in the height and overflow of the German Era of St. Louis, and to keen vision still show its traces. We all were under the Teutonic spell, which won an earth-circling new glamour by the sudden dazzling triumphs of the Franco-Prussian War, whose event centered in this same time. To German Philosophy I have already ascribed my acquaintance with my ideal life-long friend, the World-Spirit. And our ever-spurring ambition to rise and to sail over the world's top was only keeping pace with our city's Great Illusion of being just about to become the terrene central metropolis of all futurity—an access of urban

megalomania which infected and puffed up every petty civic Ego in every little alley, especially in that of the Philosophers, who are usually supposed to be peculiarly liable to the disease transcendental.

Under such conditions we philosophized and interpreted Literature and Life, and then taught our spirits' winnings wherever we might catch a stray listener. Moreover, we began to write ourselves out into self-expression, which could not be deemed complete till it stood forth in the world as a defiant reality fighting its own way through the printed page. Thus we centered round about us a considerable activity of thought and its applications. But alongside, or rather underneath, this more open philosophic endeavor was flowing a less obvious but even more persistent and, perchance, deeper stream of tendency, of which a few forecasting items may be next set down for sake of the Future.

VI.

THE POETIC ELEMENT.

Yes, the confession has to be made to this prosaic time and people, that in the St. Louis Movement lurks a poetic strain which has continued to sing through it, often in an almost inaudible undertone, but at times with a sudden outburst of melodious energy, from its birth in the days of the first Philosophical Society down to the present moment of its white-haired senescence. Pure Thought, even in those its young years, had a way of getting weary

of its own excessive purity, and of taking flight from itself down into the more tangible, but more earthly and concrete forms of the Imagination. On this score also I shall briefly call the roll.

I never knew Harris to strike off a verse from his own poetic mint, if he had any; only once he submitted to me his English translation of an Italian poem, which was intended as I remember, to be sung at the old Philharmonic, and which he for some reason wished to be fairly accurate in meaning and meter. This he did on account of my supposed superior knowledge of Italian, which he had heard me jabber with peanut venders at street corners. Still Harris read and studied the world's great poems, especially Faust and the Divine Comedy, of which the latter became deeply ingrained and intergrown with his own spirit. He had also the curious habit of memorizing and declaiming to his friends Bronson Alcott's transcendental poetry, especially before his departure from St. Louis to Concord, for which this may have been a preparatory exercise. Several of our members would poetize upon occasion chiefly for their own pastime. In this line the best-known and most successful production was that of Judge J. G. Woerner, who wrote a drama, first in German and then in English, which was played on a number of stages throughout the West. Besides this drama two novels are to be set down to his credit. One of our lady-teachers wrote at least one very acceptable little lyric, from which she gathered many

flowerets of laudation. As far as I am aware, Miss Blow never dallied with the Muse creatively, though she was certainly well-versed in other great people's verses, notably in those of the Literary Bibles. I judge that she hardly dared trust herself in meter, else she would have made her own translation of the quite simple and rather prosaic rhymes in Froebel's Mother-Play Songs, when she was getting out her new English edition of that work. But she turned over to another hand even that not very exacting requirement of versification.

Still we had a poet in our midst, a genuine original elemental poet, I maintain, but whose poetic gold remained as usual in the natural nugget, or was strewn about at random underfoot as so many shining sands mingled with so much dirt. Again the unrealized, perchance the unrealizable genius of our St. Louis Movement, Brockmeyer! Without this poetic power he could not have barbed his weighty philosophy with flashes of lightning which would pierce and illumine for a moment at least the dullest and darkest brainpan. He seemed able to reach down to that first fountain-head where Philosophy and Poetry, or the Abstract and the Concrete are one, and, tapping that prime creative course, to draw off each into its own conduit of utterance, distinct, yet mutually illustrative. Not always could he do so by any means, but only at his best.

Indeed, I am now inclined to think that just this poetic element in Brockmeyer was his deepest and

most original gift—deeper and more original than his philosophic endowment. For his philosophy was not his own but derived, not his inner creative self but something accepted from the outside, a very good European affair but at bottom not ours or his, not finally the St. Louis Movement's when this has come to full maturity and realization. However, such a result belongs to the future. At present I may add, that Brockmeyer, the completest incarnation of our whole Movement, could always be observed passing from his abtruse thought and speech to his vivid poetic imagery whenever he was stirred in the depths. His conversation would flash up at times ablaze with metaphors, so that the mind would blink bedazzled at his fire-works of fantasy, even when freighted with his heaviest philosophemes.

More than once I have intimated that Brockmeyer would never smelt and turn into pure coin the crude but rich ores of his genius; rather he would let them lie scattered around, quite as Nature threw them out in her primordial upheavals. The final human touch of art to the original cosmic creation of worlds he seemed unwilling or rather unable to give. Still I must note the exception, partial though it be, for it seems to hint the deeper and truer vein of his originality. He did actually finish two dramas in his way, though they were born more than thirty years apart. The first was named *A Foggy Night at Newport*, a most nebulous message, as if sent down directly from old-Norse

Nifheim, the primitive Teutonic fog-world of the North. It shows, however, a goodly study and not a little straight imitation, even in words, of those two greatest skaldic descendants, Shakespeare and Goethe, both of them Northern in origin and tongue. It was written about 1860, printed, paid for, and distributed by a few philosophic friends who were poetic enough to hail it as the new avatar of Poesy herself in America, a young Faust at least. That was some four or more years before my arrival in St. Louis, so that Brockmeyer and the philosophers had been allowed time enough to be cured of this first little illusion, and to get obsessed fully of the second, the great St. Louis Illusion, under whose spell I found them, and not long afterwards myself. Brockmeyer then lodged somewhere on the old South Market in a single bare attic, boarding himself and sleeping on the floor, (so I have heard him with humor dilate). He had been frugally pensioned with bread and roomrent by the fore-mentioned group of friends, whose leader was Harris, and who were themselves at that time a set of poor vagabonds in the city, to make the translation of Hegel's *Larger Logic* (the *Book of Fate*), which was also intended to be a world-stormer. I should here add that Harris was then a wandering teacher of Ben Pitman's shorthand. But Brockmeyer after a time grew sick of tracking and mapping that vast Sahara of Hegelian abstractions, grew so desperately image-thirsty that he took sudden flight one day from anhydrous

Philosophy to upwelling Poetry as the green oasis of salvation, from whose fountains everywhere began to bubble out this fantastic drama, the whimsicalities of which he patched together into a rather crotchety whole. In 1866 when we were forming the first Philosophical Society, I heard of it and tried to drum up a copy, but could not; Brockmeyer told me he had kept none himself, and I thought somehow by his nose-sign that he never wanted to hear anything more of it. Soon, however, in rummaging over an old dirty mess of second-hand books in a book-stall, I came upon six new copies and at once filliped down the small price in the Civil War's paper money then still current. I showed them to Harris who on the spot claimed three of them as his own precious treasure; the other two I gave away, while the third I kept for a time but must have loaned for good, since I have these many years moused after it in vain among my book-refuse scattered along the path of my travels in Chicago, in St. Louis, and even in Cincinnati.

The inaugural of Brockmeyer as President of our Philosophical Society, which I heard, made the announcement that he was then writing a drama "with an American content", but he never finished it till a quarter of a century later, when he was getting to be an old man. He read it to me from the easy chair of his back-room, with many side flashes of metaphorical humor, often more telling, I thought, than his text. For I have to think

that the cream of Brockmeyer's genius usually got quite skimmed off when he squeezed it through his pen-point into ink. It is too bad that he never found, or provided for himself a human phonograph, like the talk-recording Eckerman, as old Goethe did. Strange to say, this second drama seems to have spontaneously uprisen in him as kind of poetical relief or counterblast, while he was making, about 1890-5, his second translation of Hegel's *Logic*, (a kind of translation of a translation), reviving thus the ambition and the task of his thirties in his grayed sixties. Again I have to think in this case also that his larger and more creative nature was asserting itself as the poet against the philosopher, who was simply revamping an old transmitted doctrine of a past and alien time, instead of creating out of himself an original work of his own spirit and age. Still these two dramas are his only finished first-hand products, and seem to suggest that he might have achieved some work massive and organic in poetry, if he had only kept up the training of his wayward genius.

The present autobiographic *Ego* may be permitted here to append a few brief notes upon his own small poetic household. So I shall mention that a stream of verses would gush up to the surface of my best daytime, and insist upon some form of expression for a spell, then it would quietly sink away into my unvoiced underworld, like a Greek *catabothron*, where it would seemingly sleep a wee

dark life of its own, not by any means dying, but secretly dreaming. In the present period I responded to my two closest associates, Brockmeyer and Woerner, by writing a drama also upon an American theme. This was my first-born production of any size or consequence, to which I gave the quite neutral name of *Clarence*. The skillful observer, if he takes the trouble, can discern in it everywhere the traces of the St. Louis Movement, to which it was my earliest independent contribution. And here I may note that Brockmeyer's aforesaid drama, *A Foggy Night at Newport*, was, as far as my knowledge goes, the first preluding note of our coming St. Louis Movement, the first printed document forecasting its possible birth, which thus had something poetical in its very genesis. Now I believe that it was this fundamental imaginative power which drew me and clasped me to Brockmeyer, who could be otherwise very unattractive. Harris had no such ultimate poetic element in his nature, as I construe him; though he used imagery often with effect, it appealed rather as an outside illustrative decoration; he was first and last the philosopher purely, wherein lay his power. Of these two life-friends of mine, I have to conclude, therefore, that Brockmeyer held me by a deeper, more innate spiritual bond than Harris, though both I felt to be symmetrical and integrating halves of one common brotherhood of spirit, whose kinship with me ran deeper than that of blood, and was twined insepa-

rably with my immortal part, whenever I dared think I had any.

In my own poetical history, the earliest remembered composition of mine expressed a sudden spontaneous upgush at school, when I was some nine or ten years old, being a perfervid boyish harangue in verse inspired on the moment by and imitated from Shakespeare's speeches, which I found in M'Guffey's Fifth Reader. At College there was an occasional versified outbreak—not many, for another more crushing question (the national) menaced the time and me. But when I reached St. Louis at the close of the War, there arose a rather steady stream of versicles for a couple of years or more, inasmuch as the young man's emotional nature insisted upon its God-given right of tuneful expression. At a somewhat later time both love and sorrow burst furiously, I may say tragically, upon me and broke up the even course of existence, so that they could only be placated by the corresponding utterance in poetry, which thus had for me always a healing, remedial, vicarious function, though upon others it may have produced an opposite effect. So through all this first Period of mine kept trickling at certain intervals as far back as memory can grope drop-lets of rhymes from my perturbed soul-world, whose little gushes would intermit after an overflow, but would in time begin again. Of their strictly poetic value I took less account, as I never sent one of them to newspaper or magazine; but their relieving, reconciling power became the deep-

est need of my spirit, which never failed to find in them a self-sanative, even a self-fulfilling virtue. Poetry in my case always paid its own bills in advance.

It must, however, be granted that the poetic element in the St. Louis Movement never brought forth any great or lasting literary work; no verse or phrase of its production is rememberable to-day, unless dug up by a special antiquarian excavation. Nothing of ours ever approached in universal fame those winged words of Reavis: *The Future Great City of the World*, which seemed to be flying around the globe. But at the time this poetic element of us performed its good part for a small circle. Then poetry was here in deep eclipse; the man who dared the Muse was by the majority deemed badly rattled, if not irresponsible outright. At best the jingling lilt of verse was handed over to the school-age, more or less in imitation of Longfellow, true poet of adolescence. Very different is the situation to-day. Poetry is challenging the attention of the world, and is performing all sorts of new gyrations and somersaults metrical and otherwise, having risen to rival even the novel in public vogue. Verily every man and woman, high and low, seem now verse-bitten; each self will be its own poet. Thus is poetry getting truly democratized along with the rest of the world, being no longer the aristocratic art of some solitary genius, but the universally attuned expression of the folk itself. So it may be said that the poetic element

of our St. Louis Movement even in its well-leveled mediocrity, has its significance, its germinal fore-show of the coming efflorescence, piping its small-voiced message almost inaudible from its first moment. As for me, during a life-time I have cherished it as one of my striving spirit's chief liberators into the freedom of my own self-expression, which, being fully realized, is the fulfillment of a man's having lived.

So it may be prognosticated that underneath all the philosophy and the literature, and even the psychology perhaps, of our St. Louis Movement, lies an underworld of poetry which has never yet been able to form itself and to push up to the light. Let the forethoughtful reader take note.

VII.

LIFE'S CENTRAL NODE.

When I had broken away from St. Louis and from America and was tossing toward Europe up and down on shipboard along with the shoreless ocean's uncertainties, I dimly felt myself making the unique change of my life, the central transition of it from a considerable amount of the past to a possible considerable amount of the future. I was no longer young, nor was I exactly old, but on the road somewhere between; the first half of the human drama seemed over, the second half seemed about to start playing. I had just quit my own past, and was going toward my race's

past—a deep separation both in space and in spirit, as it turned out. Thus I sat on deck mooning over myself both in backlook and in forelook, having scored six and thirty in the tale of years; whereof I find the record jotted down in a little diary which still bears the spray marks of the plunging steamship. Evidently I felt the presage then and there that I was undergoing the pivotal transfer of my career, rounding into a new stage or sweep my life's chief node. I did not then glimpse what time has since taught me, that this was quite an universal human experience, though it stood out the grander always in the grander spirits of the centuries.

A theory or rather an ingrown conviction of mine has slowly matured that somewhere about the middle years of his third decade, the man makes the supreme orbital turn of his whole life's cycle. He then evolves into and across his most signal and decisive line of demarcation between what he has been and what he is to be, even if he is always drawing similar lines with the years. Still there is, I believe, one such all-comprehensive land-mark or turning-point in life. The fact is of such general interest and, I think, of such far-reaching significance especially in biography, that I may be allowed to fortify the doctrine with some details.

To begin with the highest examples, Dante clearly indicates such a change of himself in the first line of his great poem, where he tells openly of the strange new condition in which he found

himself "at the middle of the journey of our life," when he was about thirty-five years old. Even more emphatically and directly Goethe points out the grand climacteric of his total career, bringing forth in him a new birth of the spirit, which took place through his journey of Italy, starting when he was thirty-six. Thus these two supreme poets have told on themselves in so many words; but I hold that even the self-secreting Shakespeare has revealed the same leading life-line in his works, as these move out his first stage into his second and greatest stage, that of his mighty tragedies—which transition must have taken place between his thirty-fifth and fortieth years, though it cannot be precisely dated. Even oldest Homer, whose single personality has been doubled and even manifolded, and whose century cannot be given with certainty, has left us two books, which with all their objectivity are likewise autobiographical to the open-souled reader, who will feel and also see that Homer himself in his spirit turned away from Greece and went to Troy with Achilles when a younger man, and then returned after twenty years' separation, with old-wise Ulysses to "sunny Ithaca and prudent Penelope." Thus the greatest human world-makers, authors of our Literary Bibles, show this distinctive crisis or turning-point both in life and in writ.

Some celebrated people have not made the grand passage, into this new stage, but have been halted by death at its entrance: such we may re-

gard Byron, Raphael, Shelly and I would add Margaret Fuller. Our Emerson achieved, as we construe him, somewhat earlier than usual, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three, his transit into his characteristic period, becoming the recusant of his age, revolutionary, transcendental. His friend Carlyle had a similar periodic turn-over when he passed locally from Scotland to London, and spiritually from writing magazine articles to composing Great History. And our humble unobtrusive Johnny Appleseed upon his wandering path manifests a similar essential change in his career.

In like manner the leading worthies of our St. Louis Movement, of whom this book specially seeks to bring four to the front, show an axial, all-determining turn in their lives. Brockmeyer had several momentous crises, but the central one, in my judgment, was his return about his middle thirties, out of his Titanic estrangement in the Missouri backwoods, to civilization and to institutional life, whereupon among his varied achievements he founded our St. Louis Philosophical Society, which otherwise had never existed, and without which this book of mine could not have been written, and probably some others. Harris had also his nodal separation from St. Louis, and his return to New England, which actually took place in his forties, though spiritually it was manifest years earlier. In a similar way I conceive Davidson's main life-stroke, which came about when he quit his St. Louis schooling, more significant for him than his

Scotch University, and thereupon turned back Eastward, as he circled around his thirty-fifth year. And Miss Blow had her profound separation—doubtless more deeply rending and painful than either of the others, for it nearly killed her, being a rupture from home, friends, social rank, and especially from the scene of her great personal achievement—which event occurred somewhere near her middle thirties; so we dare vaguely guess in the sensitive matter of a lady's age.

In fact the St. Louis Movement itself manifested in its history this same breach or rupture, as we have already portrayed it, in the flight of its leading early members, and their scattering, like a flock of blackbirds shot into and flying asunder toward all points of the compass. And it may be here foresaid, that long afterwards there took place a kind of return to the city, not complete certainly but perceptible. Whereof somewhat may be told in a later chapter.

Nor should we forget to remark a far-reaching inference from the foregoing instances: all these particular biographies suggest or perhaps enforce the idea of an Universal Biography; there are many lives of many men of the widest diversity, but in them all lurks the one life of the one Man, life of Genus Homo, of the true Super-Man (not that of Nietzsche). Emerson has now and then, but not always glimpsed this Universal Man incarnating himself in the myriads of individual men, and named him the Standard Man, who is the real cen-

tral creative source of interest in human biography. And here may be permitted another brief inference: this universal principle or all-pervasive process of every man's life may yet be unfolded as the law of Biography itself, thus transforming the present biographic chaos into the order and transparency of a science.

Part Second

Renascence

I would gladly now take my reader, if he be willing, into my confidence and whisper to him with some trepidation, my present object: I am trying to periodize myself. What is that, he may well ask. In general, it is to survey and, if possible, to define a Period of my entire life—not the whole cycle of it but one of its great arcs. Such a task is, in my view, fundamental for every work of biography.

The widest, deepest break in my existence, or the grand node of my life-work, was when I turned away from St. Louis and started for Europe a few days before I was thirty-seven years old. As I look back at my deed now, through the intervening trials of nearly half a century, I almost tremble

at what I then dared, merely throwing some inquisitive glances into the dark chasm ahead. Of course I did not, could not foresee what a long discipline lay in that seemingly insignificant act, whose direct effects were to run through a full generation of my years. At least so I now mark out and construe, from my old-age's height of retrospect, the Middle Period of my life, which started with my first departure from St. Louis in 1877 and lasted till my completed return to the same place some three decades later. Let these dates be set down as the two temporal limits, fore and aft, which can be made elastic according to need.

The next problem is to find some brief phrase or even single vocable which may suggest, even if remotely, the meaning or general purport of this protracted and somewhat diversified Period. Can I compass it in a passably intelligible term or foreword which may always be recalled when wanted, as a kind of clew mid the tangled labyrinth of life now to be explored, and ordered if possible? Such a word, after some search and repeated changes, I have found in the term *Renascence*, or New Birth which at least hints the spiritual process not only in myself, but also in the St. Louis Movement, and, as I believe, in the time. Thus I began to be born again through my European Journey, and I kept up this my Renascence till old-age started to steal slyly over me, upon whose advance I have placed the foregoing limit of a date which may be only artificial and perchance temporary. Ob-

serve that I avoid the corresponding French term *Renaissance*, which bears a different though related significance.

Two other expressions in the preceding account may need a brief comment. I have alluded to my Departure from and my Return to St. Louis, which I would again emphasize. Thus is hinted the spatial round, or it may be the encircling orbit of the Period sweeping through its time. Now this Departure and Return, outward in Nature, has also its inner counterpart in Spirit—both in me and in the St. Louis Movement. Both of us went away and came back. Birth is the first great separation which ushers the individual into the light; my Renaissance was my second birth into the world's illumination, for which I had to quit my immediate environment till I had wrought out my restoration. The infant coming from its immediate sinless and sunless home into sunshine, has made its first new Departure, typical of others in after days, so the original human nascence becomes the foreshow and the primal expression of all later human Renaissancees.

Accordingly, this my Second Period, opens with a great separation from my previous immediate American life, which I had hitherto lived, umbilically as it were, remaining unborn in a sense, till I pushed out across the interjacent ocean to my regenerating home. Even from my last-acquired St. Louis discipline, Philosophy, I must part; I had gotten all it would give, at least so I thought, and even more deeply felt. The philosophical

world view I had absorbed, wrought over into my mentality, and applied to a number of intellectual realms in my own private workshop, and especially in my instruction at the High School. Nature, Art, History, Institutions, yea Philosophy itself from old Greece down to the present, I had Hegelized. I felt the surfeit of abstraction and of tradition as well as the prison of my locality—of St. Louis, yea of America. Finally the circumstances of life had so squared themselves to my Departure that I seemed to hear the urgent invitation of Providence Himself: "Now is the time to go—pack up and be off. Forward to the other side of the World, or of the Universe, and see what is there."

I felt it also to be a going back to my old antecedent pre-American self in distant lands and long-ago cultures. Still, in a sense, I could not run away from the St. Louis Movement, I had to take it with me, and through it look at my fresh experiences. It had become integrated with my life, with my very consciousness.

Departure, then, is the word and the thing which I have to stress at this point. Doubtless the term sounds strange on its first hearing—Departure—by which I seek to designate the break into an entire new Period of my own evolution, and also of the St. Louis Movement, in so far as the latter proceeds along my lines of activity. Moreover this Departure from St. Louis, or separation from its local and cultural life, continued toward thirty

years, till the Return came and with it a kind of rejuvenescence of the old Movement. The preceding Epoch, which shut down somewhat abruptly as I leaped on a railroad train and crossed the Mississippi River, speeding in an unbroken time-line for Europe, embraced my stay at St. Louis lasting some thirteen years. But now I am off, on this December day of 1877, having passed just beyond the middle year of the journey of human life, as Dante records of himself when he steps out of his previous world over into his Inferno. So the old Florentine poet preludes his famous Departure, as we may call it here for the sake of a moment's comparison, and proceeds to sing, through his three Canticles, the marvelous experiences which befell him after his Grand Crossing. And every man has his Grand or Petty Crossing in life's journey; this European trip I hold to be mine.

In the present Departure, then, I quit St. Louis, but I take the St. Louis Movement along with me over lands and seas, and then bring it back home again. Hitherto I clung to the immediate locality of the Movement, to its city and people and to its studies; but now the breach has come, that separation, spatial and spiritual, which seldom is wanting to any complete human discipline.

In the larger sense the Departure was along its entire course a Departure from Tradition, and indeed a new and deeper Departure therefrom. Already we have indicated that the St. Louis Movement had its first push in a strong spiritual revul-

sion against the four prescribed cultural elements which it found already seeded and greening in St. Louis. Hence arose the fifth cultural element, home-grown, distinctive, sprung of the time and the city's native character; this we called our own St. Louis Movement, which never failed to assert its prime originality. And yet it too was based upon Tradition; it prescribed a European philosopher and his philosophy just to attack and supplant European prescription. We followed traditional Hegel in order to become anti-traditional. And this negative service, very necessary at the start for clearing the way, the German thinker performed for us, and along with it conferred other great, though perhaps lesser benefits.

But in time the lurking contradiction strove to work itself out, and it made itself felt at first unconsciously by me, and, as I believe, by the Philosophical Society, which began to waste away through its own inner self-attrition and to pass over into something else. Now it was primarily this feeling of discord with myself and with my accepted philosophic doctrine that drove me out of my first exclusive cultivation of it, so that I betook myself to other forms of human expression, such as art and poetry. I may add, in view of what occurred long afterwards, and will be recounted in its place that I must have begun to catch the undertone of contradiction not only in Hegel but in all Philosophy, from old Greek Thales down to the present. Hegel had indeed answered

the so-called antinomies of Kant, so I believed; but he had left in his own work a yet deeper antinomy, in fact the deepest of all, the one inherent in Philosophy itself as the supreme European world-discipline. This ultimate philosophic antinomy was seething itself out in my laboring mind, as thought's final self-negation, when I seized my opportunity to run away from it in search of some more harmonious utterance of myself and of my time. And to-day the reflection keeps echoing within me that Europe now is working out in the blood of her peoples the original contradiction of her spirit as expressed most deeply in the whole line of her Philosophies, from Thales to Bergson.

Thus in a far-away retrospection I try to explain myself, looking through a commentary of forty years. I was then unconscious of what was impelling me, now I believe me conscious. So long it has taken me to know the cause which I then dimly felt, and which was driving me to solve the philosophic dualism of Europe, which I had inherited and laboriously overwrought, and to replace it by a new world-discipline born of our own country's deeds and institutions. In other words universal Psychology was throbbing embryonically underneath my Philosophy, but the embryo would require many a long year before it was ready to spring forth into the light of day.

So I in review have to think my journey abroad was the creative urge to a new and protracted stage of my career. Meanwhile what be-

came of the St. Louis Movement? I can only repeat that I bore it along with me, what of it was mine; what of it was not mine, I naturally left by the wayside. I could not wholly escape from all that I had been and done; it still murmured along within me as an underflowing current of influence throughout this fresh voyage of discovery. But I can truly say that Philosophy was subordinate during these travels; my mind was turned outward, not so much inward.

Even in my reaction against Tradition, I found I had been all the while absorbing the traditional culture of Europe which had come to me through various channels from the outside, and which I had duly appropriated as my first education at School and College. But just this outsideness of my spirit's most precious aliment made me feel unfree and even unhappy, and I resolved to find the remedy by going back to the prime cultural source, and there observing life afresh, and, if possible, living it in its very origin. So from St. Louis I started for the head-waters of European civilization in old Hellas. The prescribed Greek tongue I had learned in the school-room after the prescribed way, but now I would seize it unprescribed by drinking of it at its first throb from the hearts of the people who still spoke it attuned to their mother's early lisp. And I would make Castalia's fount gush into spontaneous English. Thus the mere erudite tradition of classic lore with its dead grammar and dictionary I would re-bear to

new life from my own spirit's genesis, and endeavor to transfuse the same into my modern vernacular for my own self-expression, as well as for impartation to others who might be willing to listen.

But this Greek revival was only the first act of the present Period, which was to be followed by others in due evolution both of myself and of the St. Louis Movement. For the Greek Renaissance in me was to rise to the European, and beyond Europe it was to become universal. All of which is first to be lived and achieved, and then to find expression.

The interest of this deepest Departure of all my days turns on the fact that while I was all unaware of its meaning at the time and whither it tended, I still was carrying out into reality the true purpose of my existence. The total round of life within was simply drawing one of its largest arcs without. As I trod contemplatively the steamer's deck, the first sunset on the boundless ocean, when the ship had lost sight of land, made me feel the depth of my present crisis, so that I jotted down: "I have come to the end of something and now I am beginning something else; but what it is, I cannot tell." So I rode over the seas peering out for that future of me which my whole life, still implicit in me, had to unfold to its fullness, whereof I am here trying to give some account. For now I can see what I was then about, inasmuch it has attained a certain fulfilment in the deed, which is fairly discernible and describable.

What, therefore, was I seeking to accomplish during this whole generation filled with middle life's best? Can I summarize in a far-hintful concept that long sweep of the busy years, each of which is full of its own separate details? As far as I may be able to construe my own life-task, I would recreate within myself, express in speech by voice and print and impart to others whom I might get to hearken and to read, the cultural evolution of man. This considerable labor I dared tackle in my own limited environment, and perform to the extent of my powers. The race's civilization I was to re-live and make mine; then I was to formulate it anew in my own terms, whereby I might be able to share my best with the like-minded. Or, to employ a different nomenclature for the somewhat elusive thought, the World-Spirit as manifested in and over the course of human History I was to appropriate mentally, then to express in my own speech, that I might give away my excellence if I had any to give.

The three portions of this life-task, or its three duties may be briefly categorized: (1) Acquisition, or the getting to know; (2) Expression or the forming what you know; (3) Impartation, or the giving away what you know.

For me, as this living individual existence at a certain place, in a limited time, and under a given social and institutional order, the second of these parts was and still is the most significant and imperative; that is, mine is the supreme need of ex-

pression. Such a part, accordingly, is that of a mediator, a gosseller, or perchance an evangelist, whose function is to become in a small way or large, the voice of all time to his own time, to unite self-expression and world-expression in the one act of utterance.

And now with this general outlook upon what I call my Middle Period, embracing inner development, literary production, and active promulgation, I wish to recur to the statement of it as a continuous Renaissance of myself, and along with me of the St. Louis Movement. Neither of the twain can escape the other, so intergrown have we become, though I am not by any means the whole Movement. Others, indeed many others, contributed to it their own distinct lines of achievement; and still more may yet take the chance of adding to it somewhat of their work, worth, and word.

But of this long and complex Period there should be subordinate groupings or stages with their landing-places as joints of the total organism. So in my purview I think I can discern three considerable sweeps or waves with rise and fall over this sea of time, which reveal in outer form the inner process going forward in the soul of the man and the movement. That is, of the one grand Renaissance there are three lesser Rennascences, which may be measured from crest to crest, somehow as follows:

First is *The Renaissance born*, or *The Classical Renaissance*; the Epoch of the acquisition of Greek Spirit, with its varied expression in Art, Litera-

ture and Philosophy. This is the prime germinal deed, the fruitful embryonic Renaissance of all future Renaissances. Here, then, is the genetic starting-point of the Period, which in my case continued some seven or eight years (1877 till 1884-5).

Second is the *Renaissance evolved and propagated*, or its double development. That is, it moves along two distinct, yet parallel lines: on the one line runs its internal growth till it embraces all four Literary Bibles together with my expression of them in writ and print; on the other line runs its external dissemination in various forms (lecture, class, school, the communal institute). Now the seed has to be sown far and wide, which calls for a time of wandering in the propagator or missionary, along with elaboration, extension, and expression of the work. This Epoch, full of journeyings interspersed with a number of writings, lasted toward a dozen years (1884-5 till 1895-6).

Third is *The Psychological Renaissance*, or the New Birth of the Psyche, Self, Ego, which has hitherto secretly lurked and wrought in the foregoing Renaissance, but now becomes explicit, unfolding itself into its own forms through its own activity, and so making its own new science. Thus that which created the previous Renaissance is now to create itself, or is to bring forth its own Renaissance, whereby it passes from appropriating or fabricating alien forms for itself, (such as Art, Literature, Philosophy) to producing and ordering its own native form for itself, with all the varied

manifestations of the same—such we name The Psychological Renaissance. The course of the present Epoch at its beginning may be dated about 1895-6, and continues for a decade and more.

So this total Renaissance rounds itself out when it returns into itself from other-creating to self-creating. Thus too it has periodized itself in its long evolution lasting some thirty years. The general sweep has been in this wise: from Philosophy, through the Classical world and its evolution, to Psychology. All this seems a strange development or education of a human soul, but it is mine, being my life's achievement, and constituting that which I truly am, my very individuality. Of course the more significant details of this long process are to be set forth in the account which follows. But here let us add that not only the old Greek seed is to be re-planted, but a new kind of seed is to be evolved; Man's Renaissance has now to take place not merely in and through its outer expression (Art, Literature, Philosophy), but turns to the inner creative Self, which must henceforth make its own expression in a new science (Universal Psychology). Whereof the full exposition lies quite a distance ahead of us.

Thus in vague foreshadowy outlines the reader may glimpse the sweep of the present Period with its three Chapters or Epochs. Of course my inseparable companion in all these rounds was the St. Louis Movement, not St. Louis herself, who did not go along, but seemed to sink down into a

strange barren lethargy during these years. As for me in this crisis, I had to separate not only from my urban life but from my American or Occidental world, and flee to its opposite on the other side of our earth-ball, that I might win my spirit's Renaissance, I in person beholding the Hellenic folk in person, talking with it in its own primal spontaneous dialect, thereby taking up its first creative soul into mine, whereupon I could return home and give out whatever of worth I had brought back, to those who might feel the same need of a New Birth.

Nor could I stop and settle down contented with my mere appropriation of the most beautiful and best in the world—that were indeed the death, not of it but of me. So I had to impart in order to be. And not only impart through the voice but through the pen—this being the eternal impartation. And still further, the thing imparted and penned must be the Eternal as adjudged by the Tribunal of the Ages. So I chose the Literary Bibles of the Race as the true vehicle for my own ever-renewing Renaissance as well as for that of my time.

I may here append that this cultural Renaissance (as it can be qualified) is not merely mine, but also the world's; and the world's cultural Renaissance had its start in time and place as well as mine, and the latter must be nourished from the former. In other words, the race's civilization is the prime genetic source of the spiritual training of the individual. So I must be culturally re-born

from my race's first cultural fountain, which is ancient Hellas whose Nascence is the original well-head of all Renaissance since then—Latin, Italian, German, French, Shakespearian, Goethean, and perchance American. Indeed our last world-poet, Goethe, has become conscious of this fact and has poetically set forth his own as well as his time's Renaissance springing out of the old Hellenic spirit, in the Second Part of his *Faust*—the truly prophetic Part of his poem, and the one yet to be realized. Moreover he lived this Renaissance, starting with his Italian Journey, and evolving it after his return and expressing it in verse and prose. And every man, great and small, is to pass through somewhat of the same process, if he wishes to win an universal culture. So I from my little far-away nest make a journey to antique Hellas for its eternally creative Renaissance.

Let me again emphasize that the significance and the sweep of this renascent starting-point lay wholly unconscious within me from its first germination, and that it unfolded itself according to its own native law of growth. And remember that I am now trying to trace its course through the perspective of a life-time.

CHAPTER FIRST

THE CLASSICAL RENASCENCE

First it was a flight on my own part to the immediate outer locality of Rome and Greece, and to the external sense-arts of which they were the masters and transmitters. So I became a fugitive from too much of philosophy, poetry, music of the introverted North to the architecture, sculpture, painting of the extroverted South. I had begun to feel myself painfully but a half of our whole Human Nature at its highest achievement; hence I quite instinctively made a move to complete myself by seeking the other moiety of me in its sunny home by the Midland Sea. I migrated like the fowls of the air, when my winter came upon me, toward the summer clime both of space and of spirit. Or from my modern one-sided Teutonic development of more than a decade, I reacted to the antique Mediterranean culture of Classic times. I repeat, this break came of no conscious intention; it was the spontaneous thrust of the incomplete soul struggling to make itself complete; it was the entire life of my race, born within me the implicit, as it is in every man, pushing to become the explicit and real. Thus at present I construe to myself my instinctive drive to the cultural Past of my race.

This Classical Epoch, as I call it, lasted distinctively some eight years, as the dominant factor of my activity, beginning in 1877, with my first step toward Europe across the Mississippi, and continuing till 1884-5, when another and greater interest subordinated but did not destroy it by any means. During this time the Greek world was uppermost with me in thought, instruction and literary creation. Three different localities, each with its task and its training, play into and through this Epoch: Europe, St. Louis, Concord, whereof now we are to give the account.

The St. Louis Movement had also its Classical phasis, which differed a good deal with different members. Brockmeyer, our President, was not without some trace of Greek, which he picked up at Georgetown College and Brown University, both of which he attended as an undergraduate. But I never saw him look at or cite a Greek text. Still he showed a keen appreciation of Classic form, especially as revealed in the dramas of Sophocles, of which the *Antigone* was his favorite. I have heard him say, that the only true Art is the Classic, and he belittled the distinction into Symbolic and Romantic Arts of his master Hegel. He gave me a great surprise in his old-age when he wished me to study with him Aristotle in Greek, saying he could easily brush up his former knowledge of the tongue. We never started, and in a year or two he had passed away of himself into the Elysian Fields, and left me behind.

Harris studied the old Greek philosophers somewhat in the original, and he would cite rather totteringly now and then certain brief Greek philosophic terms, like the Aristotelian *Nous poieticos*. Greek poetry I do not think he cared for. But antique Sculpture he worked at theoretically a good deal; especially I remember his elaborate study of the Venus of Milo with illustrative drawings. In the main, however, he took his Hellenism at second hand, namely from Hegel, who for real mastery was one of the greatest of modern Hellenists in the sphere of Aesthetics as well as in that of pure Philosophy.

But confessedly the transcendent Grecian both as to erudition and activity among us and in the whole town was Thomas Davidson, our professor of Greek in the High School, graduate of Aberdeen University, Scotland. He would even claim upon occasion to be a Classic Heathen in religion; I once heard him at Rome berate modern Christian degeneracy, as we paced the world-tragical ruins of the Villa Hadriana. He was very learned, and had read much of old Greek poetry, though I never knew him to allude to the Greek historians, Herodotus and Thucydides, who meant so much to me. His overflowing knowledge streamed mainly into the literary and the etymological channels at this time. There is no doubt he stirred up a good deal of interest in the community by his public lectures and discussions on Greek topics. His discourse on Aristotle read at the University Club was

the triumph of the season. By way of opposition to our Hegelians, he adopted Aristotelianism, for Davidson could not help being contradictory and critical—delighting far more to kick in the traces than to pull the load.

After his stay in St. Louis, Davidson went to Greece in order to drink at the first sources of his favorite Hellenic antiquities. When I was at Rome in 1878, who should appear at my quarters one day but my old associate of the St. Louis High School, Thomas Davidson, now in a retreat from his once dear Hellas back to the West. He told me much about Athens in response to my questions, for I had already made up my mind to go thither myself. I found him a good deal disillusioned in regard to his former Greek ideals or idols; the old enthusiasm was not wholly gone, but seemed decidedly on the wane. He declined going with me to the Vatican Museum for a survey of its Greek treasures, of which he had once been the student and the adorer, and over which I longed to hear him expatiate with his old learned exuberance.

Davidson deserves the credit of having aroused quite a thrill of communal interest in the Greek classics during his stay in rather stolid unclassic St. Louis (about eight years 1867-1875, if I remember the dates correctly). He excited a personal fascination in his own right, as well as wonder at his unusual erudition. But Davidson had no creative gift, he left no reproduction of the Greek spirit to live after him, or of any other. We

were all shocked by the damnatory bitterness which saturated his essay on the *Frieze of the Parthenon*; very one-sided also was his view, I thought, and he showed himself in angry reaction against his former German tendency at St. Louis. On my travels I once met a distinguished archeologist who had made a special study of the ancient Greek sculptor Phidias, and I asked him: "Have you ever crossed the path of our friend Mr. Thomas Davidson?" His smile soured at once into a scowl, as he hissed out: "No, and I do not wish to see him, he has slandered the greatest teacher of my science," meaning probably Overbeck of Leipzig. This hints the chief fatality of the man, who negatives all, and in the same act particularly himself.

Still Davidson had not a few excellent qualities, and his career kept a strange tendency to interlace with mine at certain points for many years—his love of the Classical world being the deepest and most enduring of our common attachments. He will appear repeatedly with the years in the course of the present narrative, and play his chosen part of the *advocatus diaboli*, which was indeed his office in the St. Louis Movement, of whose famous members he was one, being also distinguished as the most restless globe-rounder of us all.

As for me, by way of contrast with Davidson, I can say that my visit to Greece brought no disillusion, but rather increased my Classical devotion, and certainly stimulated my creativity, whatever that may be worth. I felt the strongest desire to

reproduce the Greek spirit in mine, and then to make it speak my own tongue for my self-expression, which might also have some meaning for others. To discover Hellas afresh, to recreate it in new forms, and thus to impart it, will be the occupation of what I here call the Classical Epoch of myself and of the St. Louis Movement, which, I may here testify, never failed to shadow me all through my wanderings.

Let me then emphasize that the St. Louis Movement along with myself is now to have its Classical Renaissance (or Renaissance, if you prefer the French word); we both are to take a dip back into the old Greek world, which always brings a new cultural birth to the individual and his age, re-bearing and transfiguring all the formal knowledge and the oft-rehearsed texts which make up the grind of the much-worn drill-mill of College and University. We are now bound for the actual living Hellas, unparadigmed and unmummied, for the very center of it, for the top of Parnassus itself. Let the watchful reader see if we get there. Good-bye, we are off, both of us, for the St. Louis Movement is going along.

I

THE CLASSICAL ITINERARY

Already I have alluded to my somewhat extended European Journey as the new starting-point of my later life. It is the overture to all of

me that follows till I am played out to the last note. Can I give this Journey in one brief concentrated action which will show the whole of it in a single image beforehand for the reader? Conceive me now breaking away from St. Louis and moving in a line of ascent up a mountain, rounding quite this our side of the earth-ball, through many laborious months, till I reach the top and take my goal's prospect there at leisure; then, soulfully satisfied, I run rapidly down the same path back to the prime departing point, St. Louis. Such is the long cycle or rather loup which I make in toilsome practice, but which I now seek to compress into one fleet-visioned snapshot of mind as a sort of outline for the future.

Let me add that this mountain peak attained by me was a real visible object, none other than the Greek Parnassus, which has upheld and still upholds its marvelous ideal or universal counterpart ever floating down the ages and round the globe. I can stoutly affirm that no such objective, when I rode across the Mississippi bridge, lay in my farthest-winged flight of fancy. In fact, I hardly knew where I was till I got there, and looked around. After some full days of delighted circumspexion, I knew that the time was up, I had reached the original source of what I came for. Then I sprang down hill homeward.

Similar small turns or lous I had pre-enacted several times on my main line of ascent. One of

these, the most impressive to me, I may recount. Italy I could not leave without going to the top of Vesuvius, and looking into, perchance descending into, its ever-menacing crater which had shortly before had a furious eruption. Several hours it tasked me to toil up through yielding ashes and scorixæ to the top of the steep cone, where I saw and even fondled the monster, asleep indeed, but still breathing heavily with occasional grunts of fire and lava. Then I leaped down the cone in as many minutes as previously it took me hours to go up. So the old Roman poet sang of Avernus, *Facilis descensus*.

It will be in place now, I think, to mention briefly what was the fulfilment which I experienced at the last stage of my Classical Journey. I felt that the Parnassian life, which still actually existed quite in its primitive simplicity, was the original well-head, the germinal reality of the Art and its spirit which I first glimpsed at London in the Elgin Marbles, and tracked through France, Italy, Greece, till here I had reached at last its native fountain in the actual folk. On this spot, then, I seemed to have come upon the small, but still living cell of Classical civilization, pre-Athenian, pre-Homeric perchance, certainly proto-Hellenic. That antique Tradition which I had learned at school as dead, I here found alive in its primal, quite microscopic stage, out of which the old Greek culture evolved and has continued down the ages till the present moment.

But along this outstretched line of travel of many months, what was I to do? It must be acknowledged that my hardest labor lay on the way, not at the close—the getting, not the gotten. For I had to clamber through the vast ruins of antiquity scattered from one end of Europe to the other. As I viewed the wrecks of a past civilization, what was to be my attitude? I would restore them within me to their original form and life, not only as isolated works but in their total compass and environment; indeed, I would try to revivify through them the sunken social order which produced them, resurrecting it at least in my own spirit. For instance, when I contemplated the huge torso of Hercules in the Vatican Museum at Rome, the problem bade me thus: “Complete it, reproduce it, as it once was; see the fragment of the hero sitting there headless, armless, nearly legless; be it thine to make him whole in thy soul’s sculpture. Go back and live in that old Greek statuary’s workshop, and there recreate in thine own way his Art. But that is not all: through this statue and its Art and the necessary presuppositions of that Art, thou must reproduce the social structure antique, which called forth such a work for its self-expression. In truth thou hast to behold the entire Olympian Pantheon coming down and taking-on their beautiful plastic shapes just here in this Vatican Museum, in whose walls they have been carefully imprisoned by the Pope as the sovereign of the new order which has conquered

them. Thine it is now to be present at the resurrection of the Gods."

So it happens in this Classical Itinerary that I must for a time become a ruin like the Coliseum, like the Parthenon, yea like all Rome, like all Athens, re-living in myself also the fates of those ancient edifices and of their cities. Then I have in spirit to make myself over into these old mutilated torsos, and to re-feel the stroke of destiny which smote them to these remnants of a once great and beautiful completeness. Can I sense the blow which knocked off the head of this Hercules, or the fall which broke the arm of yon Venus? Methinks that I must even die with this dead world in order to resurrect it in myself, and there possibly recreate it in a form of my own.

For all antiquity, Greece and Rome, as well as their greatest individuals, had a tragic outcome of existence. We feel their doom still as we wander through their beautiful and often colossal ruins. We ask what was their deed which evoked such an awful judgment. That, too, must be fearfully witnessed and profoundly realized both in heart and in thought, as one travels through the scenes of this Classical Journey. What is the Laocoon but the Greek man and even his Gods, yea his very Zeus, fated? So I sauntered along the time-stream of History and beheld the tragedy of tragedies, that of a whole world and its civilization. Yet perchance just now a mightier world-tragedy than that of antiquity is being enacted before our eyes—

not the partial Greek or Roman one but that of total Europe sinking under its long accrued tragic guilt.

Nevertheless, through all this death I am going back to life. The old chorus consisting of dance and song and drama in one, is still leaping with youthful freshness in Greece, though it seems already remote and somewhat artificial in early Aeschylus and Pindar. Many a turn of the ancient Mythos I heard in living words still spoken through the vales of Parnassus. Even the real breathing model of the Faun of Praxiteles I saw or fancied I saw standing in the Delphic sunlight. Every statue of that artist's Faun housed up in the galleries of to-day is said to be some copy of the lost original; but I throbbed with joy at the thought of looking on the original of the old sculptor's original, his very model breathing still and basking in the free mountain air of sunny Parnassus. Such I acclaimed my native Dimitri, as he stood before me mid his pasturing flock. So I travel back in time through a ruinous, fragmentary, scattered world to its earliest bud, which is still alive and bursting into fresh flowerage just now and every day. When I realize fully this fact, what I call my Delphic Moment, long forefelt, has actually arrived, and my own Classical inflorescence has appeared and given its spiritual guerdon. Then I turn about and face westward, whence I came, bearing with me what spoils I have been able to cull and to carry off in the course of my Jour-

ney, of which I may here add a few of the salient details compiled with some care into a book showing a timed succession of epistles from ancient places. *A Tour in Europe*—such is the name of the mentioned book in which I have gathered the ripest fruits of my enterprise, after rejecting the cruder stuff of many fleetingly jotted memoranda. Considerable heaps of the traveler's literary litter were flung back into chaos whence they had escaped with the better harvest; still a few transitory note-books survive awaiting their doom.

The aforesaid book remains, accordingly, in the form of successive letters, into which I condensed my capital experiences, as I journeyed along their ascending line till they reached the apex already described. The manuscript written on the spot dates from first to last through the years 1877-1879; the printing of it took place in 1907. Thus the book lay hid in the author's drawer for nearly thirty years, during the entire middle Period of life. Finally the psychologic moment (as they call it now) struck when it insisted on being at least put into type, though it was never published in the strict sense of the deed. As a legitimate child of my brain, though long neglected, it had a right to its inheritance of print, whereby it could voice its thought and its heart to the reader who might care.

This is the first and only book of mine which took an epistolary form. On the whole I do not like to write letters; therein I have been a laggard

all my years, belabored by many justifiable complaints. But these short daily communications to my distant friends compelled me to put together and to condense my scattered sight-seeings and my random note-scribblings into a compacter writ. The result was they took a native shape which could not be broken without losing their character. So I let them stay in print quite as they once dashed in wild freedom through my pen over my papery prairie.

London was my first halting-place. It was hid in its winter overcoat of fog, and refused to let itself be seen for days at a time; so I was driven into two large edifices where things could be observed by gaslight. In the National Gallery I studied the paintings, especially those of Turner. Then I passed to the British Museum, in which was housed Classic Art, and I soon centered upon the Elgin Marbles. Still I worked hard at Turner, having previously read Ruskin, with great admiration for his style but with small respect for his thought. The gorgeous colors of the English painter dazzled, and I tried to believe in him, but very fanatically I could not. Will he signify anything great and permanent in the march of the ages? The Oracle was silent, and I thought shook his head. Then I turned to consult the statues of the Parthenon, here in a kind of exile, and I received the oracular nod to seek their birth-place for my future salvation. So I started with a somewhat more conscious pace toward my Renascence.

Paris was the next stop, the gaudy urban enchantress of the world. Behold now the sullen fog cleared away, and the sun laughing with his earthly children once more. Here two centers of attraction tied me fast for five weeks. The first was French Literature, with which the very atmosphere of Paris seemed to be overcharged till it dripped on the pavement. That was a new and to me a very congenial experience. It was a city more devoted to self-expression than any other on the globe probably. Still in spite of the charm of literary Paris, I again chose Hellas as my goal, and kept sweet converse with the sculptured antiques of the Louvre as my most intimate companions. Victor Hugo was still alive, but even of him I did not try to catch a living glimpse. I wish now I had.

Rome was the third landing to which my many-leagued boots bore me at a single stride southward high over the white-hatted Alps down through the genial sheen of the Italian spring. March (1878) had just begun when the railroad train whizzed me through a crevice in the old Roman wall past a ruinous aqueduct, and set me down inside the Eternal City. Properly I had now reached the first goal of my Journey (not yet the second or the third). The contrast with London and Paris, which are essentially present-lived, shot at once into my eye, which here beheld on all sides the fragments of a foregone world. The Past was everywhere in evidence; the very atmosphere seemed overladen with former greatness. Rem-

nants, torsos, ruins, tragedy crushed not only into outer vision but into mind and feeling. Not the Coliseum alone rose up a fragment, but all Rome was a ruin often mossy-green and in places even flowery (at that time the young Italy of Victor Immanuel was just budding into its early spring, having won its new-old capital). Roman Spirit still lay here a huge torso on its seven hills like that of Hercules; the Roman People '(Populus Romanus) appeared yet existent in name and in life, but was the greatest, most impressive ruin of all Roman ruins, because a living ruin. What am I to do with such a massive shattered world? Restore, recreate, and make integral this broken Past as a true part of myself, else the present European discipline will be for me in vain.

Thus I grapple with my desperate problem, for I must actually be all these Roman torsos, and likewise the one universal torso of Rome herself, that I may live out her death and her resurrection. Daily I sit down before her monumental works and strive to re-create their creative spirit as well as to become its downfall, and thus live anew and master my own tradition as a child of my race's civilization. Of which struggle the inquisitive reader can consult the record in the before-mentioned book.

I must not, however, omit one wholly unexpected hatch from my long Roman incubation: the Classic verse called elegiac with its peculiar hexametal cadence. I had never in my life tried or thought

of trying such a poetical venture; but of a sudden one day at Rome "fleets in at my window" the antique epigram after the model of the old Greek Anthology. I obeyed the Muse with an incredulous titter, thinking it only to be one of her little momentary fantasticalities, several of which she had already served up to me passingly just in the Eternal City. But this present mood of hers has proved at least obdurate, possibly eternal, being no petty Anacreontic jet, or deftly intermetered Horation lyric, in which I had often tested myself here on the Classic terrain. Moreover, this poetical bent of mine has met with a decided rebuff even from friends, who have said it was a great mistake, I being no poet. Still I have persisted in giving literary form to myself in my own way, refusing to be recreant to my primordial right of self-expression, or untrue to my Super-vocation, which awaits no vote of others, not even complimentary. So the hexametral swing, first rollicking in me and around me at Rome, has kept up its rhythm in my heart and in my voice at intervals down to the present hour in thousands of verses. It is one form of that re-production of the antique world which flowered along the wayside of this Classical Itinerary.

After nearly four months, the hot weather of Rome with its army of fleas remorseless in their morsels of me, put me to flight toward the North where I made the German detour of my Itinerary. I passed through the old Teutonic heart of Father-

land, and swam (on a steamboat) up and down its main artery of song and story, the Rhine stream. I actually saw the Lorelei and hymned its legend after Heine, but without the old appeal; and when I, crooning Byron, looked up to the Drachenfels, Nature's mad Gothicism, I shrank. Indeed I surprised myself, as I recognized how complete was my revulsion against my former German tendency in St. Louis, whose spell had lasted toward a dozen years. I had gone back to my earlier Romanic preference for France and Italy; but still more deeply I had become already intergrown with the Classic World, and sought here just under the Northern Star through memory to recreate it in prose and verse. No more fairyland, no more ballads, no more rhymes even, my delight was to hymn elegiac stanzas with the hexametral flow right in the presence of the nixes and norns of the venerable Teutonic Rhine. Not ungrateful was my deed, I hope; but such was now the irrespressible call to round out the Classic arc of my life's fulfilment. So when the first autumnal leaves had begun to twirl down upon the causeway of Wiesbaden, I started off southward again for Rome, and then for Hellas.

The fact was I had already felt that I ~~could~~ not bring to a close in Rome this Classical Itinerary. Its edifices, its galleries, even its ruins pointed back to a previous original source, to the higher-up creative Hellas. So I set out once more from Rome, now for the South. I caught in Naples a still living undertone of its old Greek origin, and pon-

dered in Pompeii the appalling torso of a whole ancient community, symbol of an entire fated civilization. Finally I reached the templed home of Athena, itself another antique torso, most beautiful of its kind, and still seated upon its lofty Acropolis, though begirt now with harsh and homely unclassical modernities. There I take lodgment for many moons, and start to talking Greek right in the Pnyx and the Academe still echoing with the words of Demosthenes and Plato.

But now I find that Athens too points elsewhere, it is not my goal's last turnabout. I begin to feel the old city had also its antecedent aforetime, its original atomic life-germ. I started from St. Louis for the head-waters of the cultural evolution of Europe, and I must keep up the quest. People at Athens pointed out to me on the Parnassus an autochthonous, pre-Athenian folk still alive and doing their day's little task in their primitive mountain hamlets. Thither accordingly I take my way with a premonitory joy in my heart, wandering quite by myself on mule-paths over crags and down gulches where no wheeled vehicle is possible.

I have already indicated the result of this my last push for the primordial home of that Greek tradition which had been very traditionally handed down to me, an American youth at a Western College, through thousands of years. The St. Louis Movement with its anti-traditional trend had driven me to travel backward to the earliest pre-

suppositions of my culture, imposed upon me as it was and as it had to be, from without. I was not able to turn around till I had reached the original source, perchance the elemental microscopic gemmule of Europe's civilization. I may here repeat that when I heard the horologe of my Classical Itinerary strike the Delphic Moment, I faced about and sailed rapidly down the time-stream till I once more landed at one of its far-western ports, named St. Louis, where I now am starting over on a new journey.

This Delphic Moment darted a sudden leave-taking sensation which insisted upon attuning itself within me to a classic measure as I shed my last glance over the Parnassian landscape. Conceive me, then high up the mountain on a little perch overlooking the Delphic vale, when the Moment strikes me and I seize my notebook from my pocket to scribble down these verses:

The Delphic Moment

All the year has suddenly bloomed in this day,
in this minute;

The whole world is a flower fragrantly blowing
just now.

Every rise of the Sun hath seemed in some joy
to look forward,

This is the moment it saw far in the glow of its
eye.

All the days of the year have been climbing above
to this summit,

Now each tick of the clock sadly must knell their
decline.

But thy journey of life has now reached its most
beautiful moment,

Hold it fast in thy heart—that is thy conquest
of Time.

Such was the pivotal turn of my Classical Renaissance with the slow journey forward, and the swift sweep back homeward. A new curriculum (or spiritual race-course) in the University of Civilization it may be regarded, which is yet to be adopted into the completed system of Higher Education. That little Greek world has shown itself the creative prototype of all later cultural Renaissancees, the primogeniture of Europe's noblest sons in Literature, Art, Science, History, Philosophy. And to that regenerative El Dorado I took my pilgrimage, walking through Hellas alone and afoot (*monos kai pezos*, as I had often to explain to the astonished and sometimes suspicious Greek peasants). It was my second considerable soldiering campaign, the first being that of the Civil War, in which I as an infantryman learned how to make long marches, to dare hunger and thirst, and in the pinch to face fire-arms. This Classic Itinerary, especially the last Greek stage of it, I never could have compassed without my testful experience of

military life, which was then still youthful in me, being about fifteen years old.

When I had gotten back to London, from which I had started many months before, I took occasion to visit again the two great art-magnets of all England, centering in the Turner Pictures at the National Gallery, and in the Elgin Marbles at the British Museum. I had first come to them from my abstract philosophic studies eye-thirsty for the beautiful plastic shape, and devoured both kinds in an indiscriminate Bacchic debauch of vision. But how do they appear to me now, after my long communion with formful South, darling of the Sun? For Italy and Greece had been to me one continuous art gallery, through which I had slowly wandered contemplating their great works and stilling my long-suppressed form-hunger. Again the interrogation rises: Which of these two men Turner or Phidias, the modern Englishman or the old Greek, has best given us to view the Eternal? Indeed which of the two has already outlasted the testing blows of old Time's trip-hammer? Harris I had heard philosophize the Turnerian iridescence, with a wonder hopeful of knowledge, and I had much admired Ruskin's own artistry in re-painting with words full of rainbows Turner's seductively chromatic art. Still I have to put the ultimate test: Which of the two artists has the creative power to produce again and again the cultural Renaissance of the race? Just now that is what I am hoping for in myself and also in the St. Louis

Movement. So I set out from England in my one-sided antique glow, without seeing Shakespeare's Stratford, home of our most eternal modern man, greatest possibly of all our greatness. But we need not try to anticipate the tribunal of the milleniums. Yet alas for me! I still am commiserating my lot on account of my lifetime's penalty for a moment's negligence.

II

THE ST. LOUIS LITERARY CLASSES

Now occurs the strangest, suddenest cultural up-burst within my experience. It was the almost universal rise of independent clubs or classes throughout the St. Louis community for the study of the masterpieces, chiefly literary—wholly so as far as my horizon extended. Something incalculable still lurks in the phenomenon after more than thirty years have passed in which it has had good time to tell what it meant.

I had scarcely gotten home from my European Journey and settled down to begin life anew in the fall of 1879 when people began to come to me as a known schoolmaster, and to ask for some kind of instruction in what I had learned abroad. The first gathering, as far as I now recollect took place in the pleasant and spacious parlor of an old friend on the South Side, a cultivated and traveled gentleman who had shown a special interest in Italy. A considerable audience we succeeded in bringing together, to which I read and talked with some en-

thusiasm, I suppose, about scenes and glories classical. Two results began to show themselves. First, a book started on its evolution, as I put together and wrote out my salient experiences in Greece: which book not long afterward completed itself and made its little bow to the public under the name of *A Walk in Hellas*. The second result was that a number of people then present wished to make special studies of the classical world, about which they had heard and even read somewhat, but knew little worth while. Whereupon several small clubs, or rather classes (the latter is the better name for the thing) began to nucleate and then rapidly to put forth into button and flower. They appealed to me for instruction, as they imagined I knew something about what I had just seen, at considerable expense of brawn and brain and of shoe-leather.

Other independent centers seemed to spring up at once in different parts of the city. People whom I never knew appeared before me with the request that I take the lead in their circle for the study of Homer or Shakespeare. Astounding to me and without parallel in my later experience was and remains the fact that wealthy high-toned ladies took zealous part in this movement, being eager to go to school again and to study the prescribed lesson at the feet of the rather mannerless schoolmaster. Evening classes for men occupied with the day's business were formed; afternoon classes for ladies of leisure were perhaps in the majority;

two-sexed classes also could not be prevented. I had taken work again in the High School, but after little more than a year I resigned my appointed position to assume charge of what seemed to me a greater call, namely to be an unappointed professor in the new university of the rising educative institution, perchance just the St. Louis Movement.

Tell us now—I hear myself demanding of myself—what were the branches taught, give us the curriculum of your young Academe of the world's best training? Hardly a rigidly fixed course can be pointed out; it was to be free, self-chosen, self-unfolding. Still I may give the general trend and center of my prime endeavor: the revival of the classical spirit as expressed in Greek Literature. Homer, the fountain of Hellenic culture, and perhaps the best and completest single utterance of it was my chief text-book; to this was added Greek History, Greek Drama, Greek Art. I required every member to read and to study the assigned lesson in some good translation, which was usually designated. Besides this stricter pedagogy, I would talk, read, and lecture generally on Greece, modern and ancient, interspersed with my fresh personal experiences of the land and its folk. Nor were my own metered effusions always withheld out of modesty, for I often thought them the best of my best, through some born infatuation for my poetic children. The ancient tongues were not taught by me, I refused the drill of grammar and dictionary, and of painful syntactical construction;

whoever wanted such training must go to the High School and College and University, which were only preparatory to this higher Institution. I sought to compass in myself and to impart to my pupils that elusive entity called the Greek Spirit, the very soul of the antique world.

Thus a strange cultural epidemic broke out in St. Louis and raged continuously for some years, passing through the usual stages of growth, culmination and decline. The period of this peculiar Greek Renaissance in my range lasted about six years, say from 1879 till 1885. I of course am speaking only for myself, and to a certain extent for our St. Louis Movement. There were other classes and other intellectual centers scattered through the town. Both the Universities had their own courses of public lectures, doubtless in response to the general tendency. I remember attending some prelections on Dante from a Catholic viewpoint, which were held in the audience room of the Jesuits. Some churches also had their literary appendix. Personally, however, I never had anything to do with these side-issues; my work was independent, self-supported and self-contained, and it continued to evolve in freedom on its own lines in the community. It was not attached to any school or religious organization, although all of its members and teachers were professors of one thing or other, not excepting religion. Somehow the new energy kept rising and pushing its own way, I never started it

or even directed it after starting, as far as I am aware. It found me at hand and eager, undoubtedly, but I found it too, just ready to be turned loose into the classical garden of beautiful Elysium. Thus, if we dare think Homerically, the God within and the God without flew together and kissed in a kind of rapture.

What had our earlier philosophic set to do with this fresh turn of its history? It had changed or rather developed a good stretch out of and beyond itself. Brockmeyer, our President, took no part in this phasis of the work; in fact he was mostly absent during all these epochal years, having taken flight from the City and State to the Indians, and quit even philosophy for a time—a deeply disillusioned Missouri politician. Once he dragged me with him down to the Indian Territory from my Homer classes, to help him start some sort of kindergarten for red children. I was thrown with him several days, and he drew my sympathy more than poor untutored Loo, for in living, hapless reality I saw before me the hero Achilles, wrathful, estranged from his people, and sulking in his tent unheroized. Without intending it, he gave me a memorable lesson in the eternal Homer.

Harris also had abandoned the then discordant and disenchanting St. Louis (in 1880) and had betaken himself to aged Concord in his dear Yankeeland. He was another instance of great Departures of the Great from the city about this time. Still he came back every winter and

held classes and lectures on an admirable variety of clashing topics, some of which were Philosophy, the Madonnas, Holy Pictures set off with a stereopticon, old-Norse Sagas, the Christian Trinity, including talks on Dante and Goethe's Faust, especially the Second Part of the latter, and most especially the Church Patres of the last Act. He had his devoted band of followers who still upheld his cultural headship, though he was no longer a resident. As usual his personality was more winning than his word, which was too often obscure, rambling, and I have to think, indigested. In fact, Harris would not, perhaps could not easily, organize his subject. Still he deserved the spiritual hegemony which he had won by long, able, and disinterested service.

Thus the St. Louis Movement was throbbing with fresh energy during the present salient turn in its career. While Harris was inclined to scatter his efforts, I went the other way, and concentrated chiefly upon the one theme of Greek spirit in Literature, though I too had some lateral branches. But the prodigy of the fact which crossed me then and still haunts me is that so many good people of St. Louis, perhaps nearly a thousand from first to last, should be suddenly seized with that classical spell, almost a convulsive fit of old Greek Heathendom, against which as a deadly contagion one worthy minister I heard of proposed a general church quarantine.

Never since then has any such fever of learning scourged our naturally reposeful population. And

never before was it known, as far as I have been able to dig in our dust-wooling creole archives. The quiescent volcano erupted the one time, and soon thereafter went to sleep again in a long, long nap, but I hope not eternal. Why just then for once and for all? What possible cause? Did some super-eminent Power, like the World-Spirit, prod us afresh for its end? Hard to see any such high intervention in the present case. Or was it a bottomless popular caprice, an unfathomable sudden fad of the folk-soul? I have tried to connect it with the city's prevailing mood of those years, which was that of the Great Disillusion through the census of 1880. Or could I have been the one wee microbe which spread that Greek contagion through the whole community? I think I may have been the main center round which it chiefly gathered and hovered for a season; but then I have never been able to start any such epidemic since, though I have tried hard more than once to give a fresh inoculation. I may tell of me, however, that I was then at the highest creative up-burst of what I may call my Greek productivity in verse and prose. Under such a spell it is possible that I may have been somewhat more contagious than usual in imparting my Greek enthusiasm.

But the individual impulse to recreate in fresh forms of my own speech that subtle classical spirit had likewise its climacteric from which it went into decline. The red flush of my first Greek enchantment began to pale, and to move into another

epoch. But for this transition the present narrative is not yet ripe.

A more subtle result of these classes had started to outline itself in my mind: the new educative institution of the whole community, which lies beyond all the academic forms of instruction—High School, College, University. I did not perceive at the time the full bearing of this phase of our St. Louis Movement. But really we had broken ground for the coming home-grown University, quite different from the traditional one imported from Europe. I gave it then no name, because I was hardly conscious of its existence; in fact, the germ had still to unfold and to show itself permanent. As far as I then could tell, it might be merely a temporary bubble of the time's caprice, refulgent as the spectrum to-day, exploded to zero on the morrow. Still it put an enduring stamp upon my form of instruction, indeed it sealed my life to its propagation. I never since that experience with communal classes and their native spirit, was able to be a member of any academic institution in spite of some fair opportunities. I have not been hostile; I have co-operated dozen of times with the scholastic tradition; but I have refused to be subject to it, or to submerge in it my own educative organism, small and incomplete though this be. Thus I have evolved along with my instruction my own instrumentalities of impartation, which, hardly more than embryonic at present, have, I believe, a distinctive future. At a

later period when I had become more fully aware of this secretly growing institute of universal culture, I named it the Communal University.

So much for the St. Louis Movement in its new stage on its own native soil. But we are to witness it making a migration out of the West to the East, out of a young free-born State to an old colonial State full of manifold tradition, which it has to meet with fresh energy.

III

THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHICAL SCHOOL

Another step it was in the Great Departure of the time, when the St. Louis Movement itself departed or began to depart from St. Louis, its original home, and to settle elsewhere in a sort of spiritual estrangement. Our philosophic President Brockmeyer had departed from us into a voluntary exile among the unphilosophic savages; but he cannot be forgotten by this history—he the massive but increate and uncreative potentiality underlying the entire St. Louis Movement. Our Secretary Harris, the tireless propagandist, had departed from us in the other direction, toward the highly tutored New Englanders, whom he would still further tutor and inoculate with the philosophic world-view of Hegel. Here we may be allowed to mention the third man of the original triad, none other than private Snider who was still holding the fort at St. Louis with the loyal assistance of

other privates. But he too was getting ready to straddle, that is, both to stay and to depart, seeking if possible, to unite the two sides in some new reconciling combination. Each of these three diverse actions doubtless sprang from the deepest instinct of their respective doers, and mirrored their individual characters, re-acting on the common cause, which we still shall name the St. Louis Movement.

Taking up now this third person and making him the first, at least grammatically, I may announce concerning myself, with modesty I hope, that I received not long after my return to St. Louis an invitation to give a course of lectures on Shakespeare at the Concord School of Philosophy during the summer session of 1880. To me, the St. Louis schoolmaster, with small ability for self-pushing and seemingly smaller for any public function, this seemed a surprising advancement. Moreover it has remained an influential turn in my life. How did it come about? And what is this new School of Philosophy which has risen to light during my absence overseas on my European Journey?

I think it was in September, 1879, as I was sauntering around Lafayette Park, rather listless and uncertain of the future, that I saw Harris, recognizing me, leap out of his buggy and approach me with a hearty smile and salute, which I warmly requited, as I had not seen him since I had come back from abroad, for he had been out of town.

He told me that he had been giving some lectures at Concord, Massachusetts, during the summer, that a School of Philosophy had been established there to be held every summer, and that I had been appointed one of the lecturers. He furthermore informed me that he had just given his first course at the Orchard House, the old well-laureled mansion of Mr. A. Bronson Alcott and daughters, that the attendance, beyond all expectation, had overflowed parlor and hall and even windows, and that next year the School was to have a new commodious building, known as the Hillside Chapel, the generous gift of a New York lady philanthropist, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson.

It was evident that Harris felt very buoyant in his new elevation (so he held it), and he radiated over me and into me his glowing prospects. He said he had calculated upon my help, and at once asked what theme I would like to take on the program: philosophic or literary, Hegel or Shakespeare? I answered that I was not in the mood for philosophy, not even for Hegel, and that he was well able to cover the field himself, but that I would come to his aid in the discussions, whenever I could serve him. "Very well," he replied, "I shall put you down for Shakespeare; your book has made you known; you are recognized as"—and so forth and so forth—all of which had better here be expurgated. Finally looking around to see if anybody were near, and then bowing his face close to mine he spoke in a whisper: "When this scho-

lastic year is up, I intend to resign as Superintendent of the St. Louis Public Schools, and move permanently to Concord, where I shall occupy with my family the Orchard House of Mr. Alcott, who is going to live down town in the old Thoreau residence. Just across the street from me, you know is the home of Emerson." It was evident that Harris smiled much elated over his establishment among the eminent Concord Worthies, whose coming successor he might with some self-appreciation regard himself. Fleeting traces of this ambition I had long forefelt in him at St. Louis.

Still my surprise hit me hard, indeed I became quite speechless at this strange new throw of fate's dice-box. Meanwhile he had turned away, and with the parting words, "Enough for this time, come to see me as soon as you can," he leaped into his buggy nodding to me a flash of felicity as he whisked around a corner. He left me quizzing: Well what does this sudden fresh intervention of the Powers mean again? For it was evident that here had arrived some decisive crisis or node in the St. Louis Movement, of which Harris had been hitherto the most efficient and the most distinguished propagandist. And he was going to quit his own well-tilled field, abandon the world he had built during his whole youthful two decades of years in St. Louis. He touched now forty-four, and had poured forth an enormous energy in a number of directions. But is his creative power still at high flood?

I paced the Park in slow deliberation about what I should do with myself in the emergency. It seemed indeed a new allotment, but also a new opportunity, and the trend of it looked toward the scattering of the St. Louis group and of their Movement. The oracle appeared foretelling to us our dispersion, or, to employ the capital term already used, our Departure. My trip abroad lay ensconced in the same general plan. This Concord project signified at least a separation into two lines, possibly a transfer from West to East. Did Harris, who had in him ever the lurking Yankee, intend such removal? I did not fail to notice that the glow of his talk with me illumined especially the famous men of Concord headed by Emerson, to whom he was now to be the next neighbor.

Harris had at this time the outlook upon a modest but sufficient competence for the future, as I understood from several of his allusions. He had saved something from his salary, he received fair royalties from his publishers, his articles and lectures produced quite a little income—once and only once, as far as I know, he took home to Concord from a six weeks' course of lectures in St. Louis some fifteen hundred dollars—which he thought pretty good, and so did I even more emphatically, for it summed up considerably above all that I could scrape together in a year through my class-work. Moreover his living expenses needed not to be so very high in a New England country-town. Thus Harris was going to Concord

in company with that first and best freedom, condition of all other kinds of freedom, namely economic freedom. If he chose, he was now in a condition to write unremunerative books and to do free labor in honor of his dearest Philosophy, and for the sake of his love alone to defy the three primordial fates of human existence—food, raiment, and shelter. In other words he could now give himself up wholly to his Super-vocation, to which indeed he had already shown himself consecrated at St. Louis.

In this seemingly sudden and cardinal change, which included vocation, career, and locality, Harris had his unspoken motive deeper than the spoken. I had noticed that underneath all his enthusiasm for the West lay in the bottom of his heart an exile's longing for his native New England. Now there has come the opportunity in his homeland for a new succession in philosophy after Transcendentalism, whose very fortress he wished to capture and reconstruct. Emerson, though still alive, was mentally gone; Alcott had turned eighty, and was creatively closed out, but he could yet be active enough to form an excellent bridge from the old into the present. But he, not very long after the School had well begun, went to pieces, still living. And Sanborn, the unparalleled man of publicity and doubtless the School's chief practical organizer, was even eager to start a new order for a number of reasons, some of them with me conjectural. In his own town I once heard him

berated as the Yankee renegade for his part in foisting the Western set of philosophers upon Emerson's Concord. And I had kept wondering in St. Louis why Harris should so often bring to us the aged Alcott to say over again and again what the repeating sayer of the said had already better said, and why he should be so assiduous in admiration of what he had often already sufficiently admired. He was preparing the time and manner of his great Departure from the St. Louis Public Schools to a new career purely philosophical. In 1879 he went to Concord and made his opening trial; he found the transition begging him to seize it at the right psychologic moment. I saw him while still in the furnace white-heat of his first resolution. Certainly a justifiable goal for him or any man; but will he be able to do the deed against all the learned jealousies of Harvard and the other Academics elsewhere in New England? It was Emerson's old fight to be fought over again without his chances. So the question has often come up to me, Was it the part of wisdom in Harris to make this change, and never to unmake it afterward when he had found out?

He probably proposed to hitch the two horses, Concord and St. Louis, to his philosophic chariot, and to keep them in the race from his Eastern home. This he succeeded in doing for a time. Then he had here able and devoted lieutenants, especially one cleverest woman, who would obey him to the letter. For when Harris quit us, he

easily held the cultural primacy of St. Louis, and he knew it. He dominated more than any other man or institution the intellectual character of our city. Undoubtedly he had opposition, and at times much worry even in his official administration. Still his influence was central, and radiated through the whole community.

As for me, my attitude was that of independent co-operation. I followed a somewhat different line, but in the same St. Louis Movement. I had to develop and then to express myself in my own right. I may say here that I also harnessed those two steeds, St. Louis and Concord, to my little wain not the philosophical but the literary, and kept them prancing together for several years. But my goal remained in the West, even when I was compelled to quit St. Louis; I had no Mayflower tradition to chain me to Plymouth Rock or any other piece of stone.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1880, I again turned my face Eastward, sped across the Mississippi, over the Alleghanies, to the ancient Bay State, and in due time stepped off the railroad train at Concord. It was a new sensation to find myself and the St. Louis Movement steaming across the mountains and over the rivers toward the Atlantic seacoast, and entering an old colonial Commonwealth, just the most highly educated and self-appreciative in the whole country. It was an adventure, however, in which I was not alone.

Evening had come, I had taken my repast, and

was seated on a little veranda at the Hotel Middlesex, gazing toward's Thoreau's Musketaquid, and listening still to that famous Emersonian shot heard round the world and also down time, when three men came up to me in the twilight. I soon recognized the first of them to be Harris, who introduced me to the others. One of the two was Mr. S. H. Emery, Director of the School, who, a born New-Englander had early in life come to the West, made his fortune in business at Quincy, Ill., and especially had become inoculated with Hegel through Harris's Journal of Speculative Philosophy. He was still in middle life, had given up a profitable partnership, and had settled at Concord for the purpose of devoting himself to Philosophy, as I then understood him, for the rest of his days. Can he hold out? The fact, however, of his doing such a deed at once gave him a high standing in my eyes. The second stranger was Mr. F. B. Sanborn, officially called the Secretary, the chief journalistic spirit of the enterprise. He was tall and spare, with keen-edged feature in the center of which would play a little drama of winsome smiles; I might call them honeyed from the bee, for there is no doubt that his mellifluous mouth concealed a stinger which he knew how to flesh upon occasion. In a few days I found that out and somewhat more. Just now he bantered me pleasantly by flinging at me the name of Elpinike, the Greek maiden of my *Delphic Days*, which book he had in some way unknown to me gotten hold of, and out of

which he had at least fished that one word for future use, whose moment had now arrived. I want to say that just on account of this character I took a decided liking for Mr. Sanborn; we could antagonize, even get a little angry, and still remain friends. His last letter to me I received only a few months before his death during the past year (1918), and it remains to me a precious heart-stirring token. Just now I have taken his letter out of its corner and read it anew as a memorial of the man. He was still, though very old, on the look-out to do a service, as usual, without request. Though we often took a tilt at each other in the course of the School's discussions, and once at a private house in the town, with mutual satisfaction of triumph, I think, I would plant now upon his new-made grave in Sleepy Hollow this little flower plucked from my own experience: Among all the men whom I have ever seen tested he stands first in his love of secretly extending anonymous help to those who might, in his opinion, have need of it, and who would never let such need be known.

The course of my Shakespeare's lectures started and plodded along rather uneventfully, as far as I now remember, with the usual amount of criticism and of defence. I should conjecture fifty people were the average of attendance; among them was Miss Blow, whom I had not seen before, but she soon made herself known. Indeed there was quite a delegation from St. Louis in the audience, who were especially friends of Harris, and in conse-

quence strong supporters of the St. Louis Movement. I think Emerson appeared once to hear me, and Mr. Alcott presided. Men of distinction dropped in to see what was going on, since the public press was making a great noise by extended reports, and by comments serious and comic. One day a stately gentleman having a look of eminence passed the door with his lady, and took a seat near the front row; I recall the crinkles in the rim of his furled Panama hat, as he lifted it off his head and laid it down beside him with judicial dignity. When I had finished my lecture, in which Hamlet received his tragic doom, Emery, who sat near, leaned over to me and whispered: That is Judge Alphonso Taft, ex-Attorney-General of the United States. I had heard a good deal some years before about Judge Taft of the Superior Court when I lived at Cincinnati, though I had never seen him; and Harris (William Torrey) told me once, with the only gleam of family pride I ever knew him to shoot, that he was related to Mrs. Taft through the famous New England Torreys. Judge Taft now twisted a little in his seat, and started to cross-examine me on the question of Hamlet's madness, as was his right, when I laid down the law, at least my law, in the case: "Hamlet is never so mad as not to be responsible; hence our poetic Judge Shakespeare condemns him to his tragic death at the end of the play; and this Superior Court now sitting here in the Concord School of Philosophy affirms the

judgment of the poet." Somehow thus, not precisely perhaps, was worded the rather legalized decision in honor of the distinguished guests. The audience stared with vacant face-long gravity, nobody seemed to understand the nub, being deemed possibly some deep metaphysical subtlety, such as is expected of philosophers. Only Mrs. Taft turned to her husband and smiled against him (I think) so exuberantly that she raised her fan to her lips to check or at least to hide their perhaps too informal overflow. The Judge murmured a word which I did not then understand, but which I dare now conjecture to have been "overruled." This ended the discussion, when Harris ran down from the rostrum in front of me to salute his illustrious kinsfolk.

But the real episode of the course took place at the last lecture, which I concluded to make practical and to apply directly to Concord. I had found in my studies an entire group of Shakespeare's comedies in which there is a flight from civilized life to the woods and to a primitive existence, whereof an example is seen in "As you like it." Then, after due experience there is a return of the fugitive to civilization and its institutions. Now the poet makes such flight and return the setting of his comic action in no less than eight plays, according to my count. Herein lay the point of comparison: Concord in her famous individuals had passed through a very similar phase of human experience, had fled in protest from the

existent social order, had remained out for a while in the new sylvan or rural paradise, but had at last come back in a sort of penitent disillusion. Thus Concord had actually lived through a great human comedy of the Shakespearian model, which was thus verified in the town's history. Alcott had taken his flight to Brook Farm, Thoreau to Walden, Emerson longed to flee to Berkshire Hills, even to Canada, as we see by his Journal, but he never could quite break loose from his family and from his revenues. These men were the great Concordites of the past and representatives of their town and time; and with them were other, even if lesser, examples of the same tendency, making a comic era which Shakespeare had already observed more than two centuries before, and had put into a dramatic structure.

The special play of Flight and Return which I took up for local application was *Love's Labour's Lost*, in which the King and his three Lords retire from the world, and especially from the presence of woman, for the purpose of studying philosophy, making the court "into a little Academe," named and patterned after the Athenian home of Plato. Herein lay a striking similarity to the Concord School of Philosophy, which also had its Platonic course of lectures with devoted followers, and had even called itself the modern Academe. But now enters the trouble; love, the old enemy of contemplative philosophy, appears in the persons of four ladies who storm the whole celibate Academe

and carry off the four philosophers as their captives. Such was the outcome of the Shakespearian School of Philosophy as portrayed in the poet's famous comedy, a far-off foreshow of our present School, and now held up as a kind of mirror before Concord. Three-fourths or more of the audience were ladies, who smiled appreciation if not approval of the solution of the great master's dramatic collision between Love and Philosophy. And it so happened that this was the main theme which the jokesmith of newspaper and even of magazine delighted to set forth in the supposed dialect of the School, when it discussed "the Whatness of the Howsoever", or "the Thingness of the Why", though I never heard such talk there. One of these squibs crossed me several times in its travels round town, running thus: Two philosophers, a young lady and a young gentleman (both of them not so very young) were promenading in the Walden woods, and had become deeply entangled in a warm philosophic discussion, when the woman was heard to exclaim: "Pshaw! you are no philosopher, else you would understand the Yesness of my No!" In a shoemaker's shop whither I had gone to get my foot-gear cobbled, and where I heard the talk told with new variations, I was asked by the artist point-blank: Were you that philosopher?

But the worst scrimmage I ever saw in the School, with angry flashes and hot words, I happened to be the means of bringing on quite unintentionally at the close of my last lecture. I was

talking about Thoreau's flight to Walden hardly a mile distant from his best friend's door and from the town itself, and I rather made light of such a minute separation from society. I know that I was thinking of, but I did not mention, the far more spacious and defiant withdrawal of Brockmeyer to a hunter's life in the primitive forests of Warren County, Missouri, from which, however, he also had to come back to civilization and earn money for his gunpowder and some apparel, and finally to win a wife. When I had finished, Sanborn jumping up scowled at me in a sort of pale tremble, and declared that he was there to defend the good name of his friend Thoreau who was no longer on this side to defend himself. Thereupon he launched into a sharp damnatory criticism of my whole Shakespearian course, and especially my attempt to make fun of his townspeople. I felt inclined merely to smile at him, for in his ire he hardly grazed the mark; but I noticed that Harris began to get white about the lips, which I knew of old to be his native war-paint; then he started a warm defence of my views, of course without their teaseful banter. Sanborn replied and Harris retorted. It looked squally for a moment when the two chief promoters of the School began to knock their heads together in hot disputation. Then the aged reverend form of Mr. Alcott rose from his presidential chair, and with his calm rather sepulchral voice and words allayed the tempest, saying that he had in his life fled thrice from

the established social order, and had thrice returned, and that he still thought himself young enough to play once more at least the same Shakespearian Comedy of flight and return before he passed over into Sleepy Hollow. Whereat we all rippled into a smile at the old man's Yankee humor and philosophic serenity, in spite of the somewhat funereal close of his talk. The session broke up in a love-feast; still I rather thought that this last speech of mine would be my last at Concord.

Here I may remark concerning the conversational frequency of Sleepy Hollow in Concord, that this beautiful cemetery seems to be inwoven into the very life and speech of the citizenry. I never knew an American town whose graveyard was such a vital, intimate even artistic part of its daily existence. Dead Concord in a way appears more alive than living Concord. I suppose that Egypt with its mummied cities must have been somewhat similar, and perhaps China is, with its worship of ancestors. At times there came over me in certain places of Concord the uncanny feeling with which I wandered through the old Etruscan tombs of Italy—all that is at present left of a great people, of its glory and its civilization. Concord's own folks are now saying, as I have been told, in grim self-criticism, that Sleepy Hollow has become their chief civic asset.

IV

AFTER SCHOOL

This first course of mine ended with the second year of the Concord School which was now deemed a success, and perhaps a permanent institute of Philosophy in America, to be supplemented with special application to various fields of knowledge. Another year was enthusiastically agreed upon, and some forecasts were given concerning its topics. As for me, I had enjoyed the School's people, who on the whole formed quite a little museum of characters from all parts of the country, especially from New England, though the St. Louis contingent seemed the largest, or at least the most pronounced group in the audience, with Miss Blow at its center. In one respect I had found myself out: I must go back to St. Louis, at least for the present.

A day or two after the close of the School, I went over to the Orchard House to see how Harris felt in his new situation, for the shock of the change to a new vocation and to a new life must have been somewhat volcanic. But I found him stretched out at ease on his sofa, to which was attached an apparatus, partly of his own contrivance, I believe, whereby he could not only read but also write while lying down. He took pride in showing me the great convenience of the thing, especially as he had a shifty knack at mechanical tinkering amid all his philosophy. He advised me

to help myself to ease in a similar way when I took pen in hand; but I had to say: "Not for me; when I write, I cannot even sit down long, I have to stand up and draw tense every nerve of my body in response to the exertion of my brain; otherwise what I scribble is utterly flabby. My act of writing is a self-wrestling, perchance a wrestle with the God unwilling, in which at most I can hold out but a couple of hours or so at a time. As you have started to attend church here in Concord, which you did not in St. Louis, let me give you a single article of my creed: to write is my prayer. I have changed the old Saint's Latin maxim *Laborare est orare* to this briefest breviary, *Scribere est orare.*"

Harris listened to my homily with added languor, as he was then letting himself loose from his six weeks' strain of lecturing and other anxieties connected with the School. He looked reminiscent also, though he said nothing of the past. Soon, however, he picked up the future: "When I get a little rested I am going to finish my book on *Hegel's Logic*, which I have planned these many years, but I had not the time to write it out at St. Louis. In order to compel myself to the task, I have already promised it to a Chicago publisher. This winter I shall have leisure." Thus Harris at Concord was thinking of Hegel more intently than ever. He said he purposed to make "that German philosopher Hegel talk English." I said nothing but felt the difference between his present

aim and mine.. Still I could not help wondering at that "Book of Fate," in which he had become so deeply entangled. Can he extricate himself by writing? Here, however, we are able to foresay: Not one but ten years will glide away before he can ban that ever-threatening Tantalian Book into print. And even then——

But soon he started to talk of next year's School which was likewise on his mind, and was not wholly absent from mine, though I did not then know whether I would be invited again; I rather thought not, after the Thoreau episode with Sanborn. Nevertheless I had already made my plan. Harris hinted that he would like me to give a course on Hegel's Aesthetic, or better still, upon Hegel's Science of Law and the State, saying in his persuasive tone of appreciation: "I know you have especially studied those two subjects, have written and lectured upon them, and moreover have spouted (his word) them all around town in years past, so that you can easily put your stuff together." I answered: "No, I cannot do that; I am at present outside of Hegel and all his works, and have been ever since my European Journey. I live now in the Greek world, and I forecast I can live nowhere else for some time to come, till I live it out, teach it out, and write it out of myself. Besides I have resolved to undertake no written work in which my whole Self is not present; I can help you discuss at the School of Philosophy, but I cannot produce on those old lines. I may get

back to Hegel again with the years, but not till I have compassed my mind's most pressing charge. And let me add, I am done with Shakespeare for the present, though I may return to him likewise after I have evolved some more." So I spoke in a sort of prophetic banter, for evolution was rioting in the air and in me personally at that time, which had become decidedly Darwinian.

Harris shot at me through his spectacles with his one eye, for he had but one, and exclaimed: "Indeed!" Then he seemed to turn inwardly and to talk with himself for about two minutes, as was his frequent habit. The fact is he had never taken full measure of the mental change wrought in me by my trip abroad. But soon he was ready with a smiling answer. "Very well; I shall suggest to our Committee that you be invited to talk on Greece next time." "Ye Gods," I shouted, "that theme intoxicates me already; of course I shall come back with all the Olympian effluences I can command; I am going to court the Muse the whole year for her inspiration." To speak un-mythically, I was just then starting to write a book (my *Walk in Hellas*) on the subject, and I forethought I could test my salient chapters on that Concord audience of philosophers.

Then I ventured to put to Harris a question which I had often thought of asking him before, but hardly dared: "The person who knows more about the State and political philosophy, than any

other man within my purview is none other than your nearest friend, our President of the old Philosophical Society, Governor Brockmeyer. Both practical and theoretical knowledge he unites; he has personal experience along with speculative study. He is famed as the father of the present Constitution of Missouri. Why not call him?" Harris leaped up from his lounge and paced the floor: "It cannot be done, it cannot be done! Yet he is the genius of us all, and that is the fatality of our cause; he would be sure to spill over into some diablery, or even profanity, which would shock all New England. How the newspapers would gloat over such a morsel of Concord Philosophy! As it is, they find enough for caricature. I have told you what I once heard him in company say in reply to Miss Brackett—O No." I could only mumble: "I suppose I shall have to agree with you; I would simply call our old common friend back to memory even here in the land of the Puritans, to which that first little seed-plume of his has been wafted. Anyhow he has fled far off the other way, westward to the copper-colored world down in the Indian Territory." I started for the door breathing an undertoned laugh: "Yes, Concord has enough of the Wild West in me if not too much, not to speak of Brockmeyer." Harris shook my hand: "Indeed you have made us remark you—bring with you next time your serene Greeks balancing on their golden mean, and possibly we shall be able to keep you."

One of those summer evenings I received an in-

visitation from Mrs. Lathrop (Rose Hawthorne) to take a cup of tea under the trees of the old Hawthorne mansion, which she with her husband (George Parsons Lathrop) was then occupying for the season. Mementos of the famous novelist were all around us, and anecdotes of the man and the locality made the clock tick very rapidly. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson of New York, wealthy, philanthropic, embarrassed of riches, was sitting near me at the table, and asked me now and then a question about St. Louis which had the strange gift of producing such a multitude of philosophers, not only men but women, for both sorts were in ample evidence at Hillside Chapel. She had shown her interest in the Concord School not only by erecting the new building but by a still more heroic test: she had attended those abstruse lectures on philosophy, two a-day for six weeks. Rumor had it that she purposed some permanent endowment. At last she plumped out the question: "Why do you not come East and stay with your friend Harris and others?" The surface answer was ready: "I am not yet philosopher enough to live without bread." "That can be supplied in the East, too," was her reply. "Doubtless," I dropped, and with it dropped the plan, if there was any, and I dreamed that there was at the time. But she never gave again to the School, never appeared there again in the years afterward, as far as I ever saw or heard. One of her last remarks to me was: "Oh I have done so much harm with gifts of

my money.” I did not tell her that she must be very careful never to harm me in that way, and she never did.

On a sunny afternoon of leisure, the day before I intended to leave for St. Louis, Emery, Director of the School, came to the Hotel and asked me to take a final stroll with him down the Lexington road. We happened to meet Mr. Emerson on the way, and we spoke with him a moment about the School, but he could not recall a single proper name, even that of Mr. Alcott he stumbled over, till Emery helped him out. At some question, he exclaimed: “My reading has all gone from me,” and he started on. I quizzed Emery: “Tell me now, is your School to be Emerson’s successor, with Harris and Hegel at the head?” My companion merely gave a little tee-hee for an answer and branched off to another topic, saying: “You had better make up your mind to follow your friends and come here to live.” We passed a dwelling near the road, when he stopped and pointed: “See there! you can buy that farm house for less than it cost, with the land thrown in. You see it does not pay to cultivate this meagre soil in competition with the rich Western prairie. I know you have to earn your way; but you can gain enough by your pen and by giving lessons for your simple needs. We are going to have a great revival of philosophy here, you ought not to be absent. Look! standing at yonder window of yours you could see in a single sweep of the eye

the houses of Emerson, of Harris (once Alcott's) and of Hawthorne."

I gave him my answer, for the problem was not new: "My dear friend, you have not yet found me quite, and here I may give you a little lesson on me as subject. My field is now in the West, and my present passion is not philosophy, which no longer satisfies me, though I may have nothing as yet to take its place. I could not endure to impart instruction for money merely and not for myself, that is, for my ever-evolving selfhood. And what is more crushing than the life of a scribbler for magazines and newspapers? I tell you, I have to write not for my living but for my salvation. Then I have found the town here not altogether friendly to new-comers, being very well satisfied with itself and its two centuries of ancestry; at you philosophers it secretly turns up its nose, as I have repeatedly glimpsed; even the two of you (Sanborn and Alcott) who have long dwelt on this spot, are not besung heroical by Concord in my hearing. I ponder what is going to become of the fresh arrivals, Harris and yourself, for you both have invested mind and money here. But tell me, ye avenging Powers, what would be my fate on this spot?"

I intended to heat Emery to a hot shot with these warm words, still he kept cool in his answer: "I know all that, and have felt it and more, but such feeling is transitory. Then you are not going to come back next year?" "Yes I am, I shall

stick to you, for the thing means much to me, especially if I can rise out of the prairial West to the mountainous East once every year, and make some kind of synthesis of the two. And I am eager to watch the outcome of this philosophical renaissance when transplanted from St. Louis to Concord." Having come back to the Hotel we parted. Here I may be permitted to say in advance that Emery after some years will quit Concord and his new home, will go back to the West and resume business at Quincy. And somewhat later Harris will leave for Washington to take charge of his new office.

Still another little adventure before I could get out of town crossed my path. I was always fond of diving into the undercurrents of subliminal Concord, where I might catch what the folk was thinking and gossiping about, and consult that truly American oracle, called Public Opinion. Such an oracle was quite accessible in the popular workers of the place—the artisan, the tradesman, and the neighboring farmer. It was soon evident that Concord had its own peculiar town-soul different from any other I had ever known in my experience, and so it presented to me a new phasis of village psychology, the true unit of all social psychology in America. I never found a foreigner in the place a real inhabitant, though some Irish laborers lived in their shanties near the railroad on which they were employed. And all the residents, at least the ones that counted, had a long pedigree,

reaching back generations and traceable still in the surrounding graveyards which thus kept up a continuous ghostly line of memories of the past, and created a sentiment or rather a consciousness impossible in the new settlements of the West, where I was reared. For instance, Reverend Peter Bulkley was founder of Concord about two centuries and a half before the School of Philosophy, and still there was a Bulkley and a Reverend on the ground (not merely in it) and I talked with him (a delightful man by the way). This town had ensconced within its small space a more unique individuality, had made more history, had been the home of more persons of distinction than any other community of its size in the country. And well did Concord know it. Hence a very pronounced local pride, which could become in extreme cases, arrogance. It had its good right to a super-abundant share of self-esteem, and I found it could easily be brought to assert its God-given right, as does its typical hero, that minute-man on the battle-field near the bridge. Hence it comes that Concord may well be acclaimed the most traditional town in the United States—which fact was for me a good experience and a new discipline.

But I started to tell my final adventure, which took place in a barber shop, the well-known whispering-gallery of the town's gossip. The razor-master knew me for a stranger by my straw-hat, and by my un-Yankee accent of the Buckeye-Hoosier twang, and the rest he could guess, since

about all the strange faces and costumes then in the streets, belonged to the philosophers, men and especially women. With the first soap-splash of his brush, his tongue began to lather me freely: "Lively times down at your church, I hear; broke up in a spat ending in a regular fisticuff; a fellow from Missouri, a right-down border-ruffian, such as that State sent out to Kansas several years ago, tackled Frank Sanborn in a tiff, till it came to the knock-down." "Indeed! that is news! But which one got licked?" asked the befoamed shavee with an eager twitch up from his suds, whereupon he caught the answer: "What! weren't you there? They called each other bad names, the women ran out screaming as the two made for each other, at last old man Alcott rose up from his chair and parted them, and then adjourned the School maybe for good." The fascinated listener though under the knife queried: "So there is to be no School next year?" "Can't tell. But I know the things people are buzzing round our corners: when those borderers invade us again, we shall be on guard; we shall have our new Penitentiary ready to give them a free lunch over by the railroad station on the other side of town, as a kind of makeweight against your Hillside Chapel of philosophers." Somehow thus, perhaps not exactly bespattered me with his chatter the grimly humorous beard-surgeon as he slashed his scalpel defiantly about my throat, but without injury.

Such was the living commentary to that ton-

sorial work of art, with whose last touch I sprang from the chair, threw down my dime and rushed for my train: "Good-bye, I shall see you next year, if they don't put me in stripes meantime."

The Concord Penitentiary alluded to in the foregoing conversation was an actual fact, and it is still busy in its line of work (I suppose) and full of inmates; but the Hillside Chapel on the other side of town in the Emerson quarter, has been emptied of all its original folk for many a year, not, however into the rival State-paid institution, even with its free lunch and schooling, as far as I know. But hold! there may have been one exception among the philosophers! Yes, I remember—but, indulgent reader, you will have to wait, or turn over several pages ahead for relief, if your curiosity gets to hurting you.

V

BACK TO ST. LOUIS

Thus two strands of this Classical Epoch of mine have started at St. Louis and at Concord, and will continue to spin themselves out for some five years longer. So much I can foresee, looking backwards now; but looking forwards then, when I reached home in the fall of 1880, I could see nothing but the blank pathless cloud of futurity, into which I had to take a plunge for life. Only one prescribed part I knew beforehand: I was to teach in the High School my routine of instruction. But after

one year this remaining shred of my old vocation was torn away; I had quit it and still more it had quit me; so I gave myself up wholly to the spontaneous promptings of the time, as they kept knocking at my heart.

Classes increased more than ever; I soon had all I could attend to aright, for I sought to teach creatively; mechanical drill was reduced to its lowest terms. I was groping for the higher educational institute, quite beyond the traditional academic establishment though at the time I had consciously no purpose of the sort. And the rage for such instruction persisted still in the city; that was the riddlesome event; for these classes were not confined merely to my own field of work, but bubbled up quite everywhere and for everything, planned and planless, under all sorts of leaders. This fact veritably startled outside observers who came to the city with their fore-ordained pre-conceptions of us and of themselves. Mr. John Albee, disciple of Emerson, and literary friend of Harris from the East, could not shake off his surprise even after several weeks of lecturing and visiting among us; he kept repeating to me at our last interview: "it is phenomenal! I never saw the like; everything here has smack of your St. Louis Movement; I read some of your philosophical lingo in a leading article of yesterday's newspaper; I have not talked with any woman here yet who has not philosophized me beyond my depth. A day or two ago I went with Miss Blow to one of her kinder-

gartens to see the children play, and she so overwhelmed me with her ponderous Hegelian nomenclature in explaining a little game of the babies that I heard my brain-pan crack like a pistol shot. How phenomenal, yes, most phenomenal."

It is not necessary to give all the variations and the eccentricities of these studies. I have no record even of my own circle except some memory peaks. Enough it will be to say that the central work for me and mine just then was Homer, who suddenly gushes up the original well-head not only of Classical but of all European Literature. We took indeed other branches by the side, other poetry all the way down to Keats. But we turned at the main start back to the Iliad and Odyssey, the two nourishing breasts of the beautiful young Greek mother of our civilization. It was our first object to become acquainted with her in her primal creative shape.

With Homer, indeed, I had long been on good reading terms, so I thought when I opened the present course. Far back in my Freshman year at College, I had pushed beyond the prescribed four books of the Odyssey of the regular curriculum and had read the entire original text, and dipped also into that of the Iliad. Moreover I had never allowed my knowledge of the Homeric dialect to pass out of mind. Still I found now, on looking more deeply into the poet creative, that I had never really seen Homer. And that is not all. I went to the vast pile of comment of every description in

the libraries, and thus I picked up many needful facts about him and his world, but the poet in his all-embracing, well-ordered wholeness I could not find, in spite of or possibly because of the multitudinous particulars. What is still more strange, I could discover no adequate guide who could show me how his works were built, who could lead me into and through the architectonic of his two spacious, noble edifices. So I began at this time one of the most labyrinthine but fascinating pursuits of my life—the quest of the architect Homer in Homer. At first I tried to believe with German Wolf and his disciples, whom I studied with industry in the original, that there was no inner genetic order in the two poems, that they were a collection of ballads more or less skillfully spliced together. But I soon found myself in revolt against such a view, and felt more deeply than ever their spirit's unity. At the same time it was my ultimate faith that this spirit must have its distinct organization in the poems, and the year's search was to uncover and to express this poetic structure.

While thus exploring the primordial organism of Homer's poetry, and jotting my results down in scraps, I was at the same time moulding into shape my exploration of the primordial elements of Greek life in their earliest germs. As already indicated, a chief incentive to my Classical Itinerary was to reach the first sources of Homer himself, as he lived and spoke, in the still living and speaking. I

wanted to get back to the very well-head of the world-civilizing Greek Tradition, and listen to it flowing from its original fount of the heart into the primitive word. Then I desired to make it talk English through the lips and the types, in response to my own deepest need of expression and impartation. Hence in a few months after home-coming, I had my *Delphic Days* in print, whose object is to poetize that old Greek world as still alive in the modern. Then I started to give the same theme a different form, that of prose, which records my personal experiences during my travels through rural Greece. Thus the *Walk in Hellas* rapidly coalesced into its present shape, a book which has its own independent life, but may also be taken as a kind of living commentary on Homer. Another cognate work I conceived at this time, which, however, took many suns to ripen fully, namely a life of Homer, constructed out of the personal hints and presuppositions which lurk unconsciously imbedded in his two poems. All these books of mine were for me at least a resurrection of antique Homeric life into the living present, or a rejuvenescence of the oldest poet into youngest America.

But the chief Homeric incident of the present season occurred in a small class which was held in the private parlor of a well-known lady, who had assembled about a dozen of her acquaintances for the purpose of taking a good long draught from that earliest fountain of Literature, Homer's *Iliad*.

We had already taken one or two lessons when to my great surprise Miss Susan E. Blow entered the room unexpectedly, having been brought by one of her friends who was a member. She had only come for a single visit, as I understood the situation. I suppose that she might be deemed already the most distinguished woman of the city, having done a famous educational deed in the establishment of the Kindergarten which had begun to sprout and spread from St. Louis as a center over the country, chiefly through her energy and ability, even if it had been known elsewhere in America before her time. But the Kindergarten, though her main and deepest attachment, was not her sole interest. She had studied philosophy under Harris, from whom she had learned the Hegelian thought, and she could employ its subtleties and their peculiar technique with fluency and insight. Theology, especially in its Calvinistic form—she was raised a Presbyterian—I heard Harris declare to be one of her profound attainments, though she never presented that side to me, whom, as gossip once whispered me, she was inclined to believe as too Greek, if not altogether a heathen backslider. Hence my astonishment at her sudden appearance in a Homer class of mine.

Miss Blow may well be acclaimed the greatest public woman that St. Louis has hitherto sent forth; she has to her credit the largest, most enduring work; hence her life belongs to the public. She was not a member of our Philosophical Society,

which did not admit ladies, at least I never saw a woman present at any of our regular meetings, though they were elsewhere and otherwise the decided majority. That, however, counted for little. Miss Blow was above all others, the female representative of the group by her talent, by her knowledge, and especially by her deeds. In fact she was at her deepest a will character rather than speculative, and she showed herself such finally by her career, and I hold likewise by her fate. Still she philosophized also, ardently and profoundly, not, however, on independent lines, but like the rest of us, after Hegel interpreted by Harris.

I first heard of Miss Blow shortly after the close of the Civil War at a dancing club composed of young gentlemen and young ladies, of which she and her sister were members, being especially prominent as daughters of a distinguished Congressman and Southern Unionist, Henry T. Blow. I remember well that by these golden youths she was privately set down as too bookish, as displaying quite too much erudition for a woman. The complaint was interesting to me as it could not justly be made against a single one of these young fellows, nor against any other of these young ladies as far as my information extended. Thus Miss Blow already at the age of twenty, more or less, had won a certain unique distinction in her own circle, and, on account of her family's prominence, in the community.

Another reflection of Miss Blow in her earlier years came to me by chance in 1868, when I was staying for the summer in South St. Louis, enjoying a little villa with my wife on the heights above the Mississippi. In some way we happened to become acquainted with a trained German pedagogue, somewhat given to beer but of keen intelligence, who had been a private instructor in the Blow family at Carondelet. He repeatedly dilated upon the surprising ability of the oldest daughter, Miss Susie, in her study of German Literature, of which she had read under his tuition some of the chief authors. The time was that peculiar era of St. Louis already set forth, when the whole city was Teutonizing, and she evidently shared in the common trend. He, however, had his German criticism of her educational bias, declaring that for a woman her culture was too reflective, too philosophical, too much inclined to the abstract and logical rather than to the poetic and emotional. Another fact he let drop by the way: he once happened to meet at the house the clergyman of the family, who had been summoned to give spiritual advice and consolation to the daughter, who was in some great religious crisis of life through which she was passing with no little distress. This somewhat private matter is to be noticed, since it has its significance in her public career and character, as well as in its relation to my own future literary work.

No sooner had Miss Blow entered the before-mentioned parlor and had taken her seat beside

her friend, than every eye in the room seemed suddenly pulled toward her, announcing her at once to be the center of that company. She had a compelling personality which would ray itself out into her environment, wherein she showed herself as a kind of sun both through her secret attraction and her very manifest light. The lesson had already begun and was proceeding in its usual way; but I know that I immediately directed my look and my talk toward her, she became at once the queen of that audience. Yet not by any display of jewels and wardrobe; she was the worst dressed woman of that well-gowned company, as I distinctly recollect; her hat lay somewhat askew, her hair was riotous and her shoes were unshined; I thought I noticed our elegant hostess inspect her with glances betokening criticism. What of it? Here was the heroine, and everybody present in spite of a little female jealousy perhaps, acknowledged secretly her supremacy—I the teacher being therein foremost. She knew well her peculiar power; when I aimed my eye-shot at her—and I could not help it—following it up with my words, her naturally red face turned redder with a defiant smile, and flashed a response which I traced thus as writ in her features: Come on, I am ready.

Now it so happened that the lesson turned upon that primary problem of the Iliad, the quarrel between the hero Achilles and the leader Agamemnon. I went on to expand the thought which lay yeasting in this vigorous, elemental poetry, and

which gave to it eternal life, so that we are studying it today in St. Louis more than 2500 years later and on the other side of the globe. It is the perennial conflict between the individual of greater talent or perchance genius and the ordinary mortal who is the prescribed wielder of authority. Behold, then, the original divinely born man without dominion (Achilles) versus the regular ruler with his transmitted right (Agamemnon). Such is the collision of all ages between the individual and the institution, between this one single great Man and associated Man, here represented by the everlasting Achilles and the everlasting Agamemnon. I must have said, for it was already a sort of hobby with me: This opening strife preluded by the old poet is far stronger to-day than it ever was before the walls of ancient Troy, and it is going to be yet more intensified in the future. Hence antique Homer never gets antiquated, but keeps growing in significance and magnitude, when we truly come to know him, and speak with him face to face. I tell you that all of us, you and I too, have a more or less vivid lightning flash of this very conflict in our own souls just now. And this is the problem of us all: What am I to do with my unappreciated Self now rasping with or perchance overwhelmed by some form of the established Order?

Landed upon this rock of utterance the lesson closed, and the members rustled their wraps for starting home. I could not help watching Miss Blow during the talk, for she always commanded

the personal attention of every eye in her own right. If I mistake not, I saw her press her lips more firmly together when I spoke of Authority's wrong done to Heroship, and the danger thereof; did she even clench her little fist a little? There was certainly some response, the deeper cause of which I then knew nothing about. Indeed when I noted her reaction on the lesson, I naturally grew more emphatic in speech, and laid it on harder, with hotter illustrations. Also there ran a warm streak of my own confession through the talk, for I had begun to feel at the High School what I deemed an unjust nagging of me from the powers above, and had already started to whisper to myself: I too shall withdraw to my tent when the time comes, I am myself an unheroic Achilles.

As I was passing out of the door, Miss Blow stepped up to me, and asked: "May I join your class in Homer?" "Certainly," said I, "glad to have you; and next time you can speak out your interrogation, for I saw its mark to-day dancing all over your face." "Yes I know," she answered, "my features have a bad habit of tattling on me, especially when something touches me inwardly. And I could not help noting the scope you give to Literature." Thus she parried me off to a less internal topic, and bowed herself across the door-sill.

After the next lesson or two Miss Blow came to me with a new request: "I heard you speak of Sophocles in your remarks by way of illustration;

especially you impressed me with Antigone's conflict. Would you take a class comprised of my advanced Kindergartners, some ten or a dozen of them, in that old Greek dramatist? Come and have dinner with me this evening, and we shall talk the matter over." I assented, and then walked away somewhat stunned at the three new conjunctures which her interview brought up to my mind. First was her invitation to dine at her supposedly exclusive table; secondly, I wondered at what she meant by choosing that Greek author Sophocles, whom I had never taught in a class hitherto. But the third incident turned out altogether the farthest-reaching in my life, for it brought me into contact with Kindergartners, of whom this was my starting experience personally, though I had often heard of them and their distinctive work in the city. Harris had brought about its introduction into the Public Schools, and thus given to it the first great center for its propagation, which was furthered by the zeal and commanding talent of Miss Blow. She was now in her best years, and showed her aspiring and limit-transcending character by the fact that to her pedagogy (Froebel) and to her philosophy (Hegel after Harris) she had become eager to add literature as a new discipline, even if she knew many facts about it before.

At the dinner I was her only guest beside two other members of her family. As she had traveled a good deal in Europe, and had been at Rome, our

talk began at once to push for that famous city of which she showed good knowledge. But soon I was on my Greek rambles again, in which her interest seemed to increase to enthusiasm. Hereafter she will react from this Greek trend, deeming it and me "too heathenish." But at present the longing must have come over her to know and to be herself somewhat of the Classical Renaissance, which differs indeed from her Calvinistic Regeneration, though both were at bottom phases or stages of one great world-religious experience of the race. Also I spoke of the artistic unity and completeness of Greek History, with its two supreme historians, Herodotus and Thucydides. "These also we must have in our class," she said, with a note of exultant will-power, I thought. "But first let us take the poets, as they are the forerunners and the prophets of Hellas realized," was my response. "Certainly; then to-morrow afternoon our class will start with Sophocles in the board-room of the old Polytechnic Building;" such was her appointment, as I passed out the door.

This little unstylish dinner I deem worth the words since out of it sprang a very important life-line of mine, which interwove my brain and tongue and heart with the Kindergarten for more than forty years. Miss Blow held of the larger St. Louis Movement, and she must have her picture taken and set in its gallery, of which she was decidedly the most prominent woman, being too the greatest of our philosophic ladies, who were the majority.

She rose to be a distinguished public character; as writer, as lecturer, and especially as controversialist she challenged publicity, and she is of such importance that she deserves to be seen in her greatness as well as in her limitation, for she had her human share of both. Miss Blow, accordingly, I commemorate as one of the four main personages whose careers more or less mutually interlace and unfold in the same general direction, and together constitute the chief propelling forces of the St. Louis Movement in its sweep toward its goal. Hence she alongside the other leaders is to have her monument erected in this book, as the author sees her and is able to limn her character's features.

VI

BACK TO CONCORD

Summer of 1881 it was when I again, with an unusual uplift of spirit, turned my face from our hot and flaccid Southern city toward breezy and stimulating Concord with its School of Philosophy. The year had been good to me in St. Louis, full of surprises and fresh outlooks; it seemed one long spring of a burgeoning young world, still to flower and to bear fruit. I was forty years old, a slow grower but seemingly a persistent; what I was to do, if anything worth while, remained yet to be done. Still I think I may look back at this year as a starter on several new roads along which I was to travel the rest of my days. I had tapped a youth-

ful life for me in old Homer, whom I had known about, but never known, in former years. And yet further, I had caught many a glimpse of Homer's supreme poetic succession down to the present, that of the Literary Bibles, as I began to call them, though probably I was not the first to give that name. But the thought had come to stay by me and unfold to its fulfillment through many a future season. Such was the swelling germ of this year which time will bring to full ripening. Then my new vocation had definitely started, giving me a moderate recompense for bread, but also economic independence for the pursuit of my Super-vocation, which I myself had to pay for as the price of my soul's redemption. I resigned even my half-day at the High School, the last traditional shred of my old profession in a prescriptive institution, for I remained a free lance all the rest of my life, even when I taught in my own College.

During this year likewise I had been wandering back and living over my Greek outing from Athens to Delphi, the written notes and the ever-gushing memories of which I had been kneading into a series of chapters, originally lectures, which became moulded to a final shape in the already named *Walk in Hellas*. This book played a sort of musical undertone to my labors of the entire year—a character which, I hope it continues to preserve and to inspire even now amid the far-away retiring years. The Classical Journey was still very young in my soul, being as yet only a biennial remin-

iscence in age. Somehow it seemed to strike a perfect chord with the Homer lessons, each not only supporting but attuning the other. Thus I passed a happy, and what is far more, a creative year.

But I must not forget the counterstrokes. Of the early group of fellow-workers I stood nearly alone; the older members of the St. Louis Philosophical Society had taken flight; I have already told of the departure of our Secretary and of our President, the great well-known Prime-Movers. About this time our sole clerical member, Dr. R. A. Holland, quit us for Chicago, somewhat disillusioned, I think, in accord with the city's Great Disillusion, which was already announcing itself in our civic spirit. He was one of our ablest, with keen philosophic penetration; but the field of his highest originality was, in my opinion, not the reflective but the imaginative, with his unique power of metaphorical expression. That is, his gift was the poetic, even if he did not versify. I think too that he, more than any other member, helped make us philosophers respectable through his social and ministerial position, as well as through his ability. For after all is said apologetically, the most of us were inclined to be vagabonds, or to be regarded as such by the stolidly standardized community. Dr. Holland liked Emerson, the grand defier of tradition, and he himself often defied tradition, even that of his own pulpit. Emerson's picture I once saw hanging in his study. It was a daring thing in him to give a course of

lectures on Shakespeare Sunday evenings in his church, despite all protest, asserting that the Literary Bible (as he once told me) had also its evangel which he was not going to neglect or abandon to the ungodly, nor yet to the unchurchly—a lenient hit at me, I thought. Later he threw open his guild-room to our Literary Schools which were held at St. Louis in conjunction with Chicago. He also made his pilgrimage to Concord, being a warm friend and admirer of Dr. Harris. As an Episcopalian clergyman and a St. Louis philosopher, he visited the Oxford group of Hegelians, with great mutual satisfaction, though the details he never gave me. After a considerable detour of the spiritual shepherd, around to Chicago and then to New Orleans, he came back to St. Louis, where he built a new church when his old one had burned down. On my return to the city, which took place a good many years later, I found him still at work in his philosophic-poetic harness and had some precious evenings with him before he passed away.

But picking up the stitch that I let drop a page or two since, I may begin again with the remark that I reached Concord in good trim one summer morning, and in the afternoon I found myself floating down the river in a light boat, and plucking the lilies which shot up into a kind of saluting nosegay along the rather sluggish stream. Now and then I would surprise a muskrat taking his meal among the bulrushes, or a mud-turtle sunning himself on an old log from which he would

give a sudden flop into the water. I dreamed I saw several of Thoreau's birds of which a little covey took flight as I landed on Egg rock, which seven years before I had visited in company with Mr. Emerson and Mr. Alcott to attend a Concord picnic. Thence I sailed down past the old battle field and tried to catch some whiff of the once evoked "Spirit that made those heroes dare" a century ago and more. Thus I sought to steep my soul in the memories of traditional Concord, which are the town's most exhilarating atmosphere.

Again back in my hotel, I found a note on my table inviting me to a sociable at the Old Manse, Miss Ripley being still the hostess. With all these ancient names and scenes buzzing through my head I seemed to be living over a tale of long ago, not in aged Greece, but just here in young America. Of course I went to the party, and drank a cup of tea in the former home of two supreme literary geniuses of our new world, Emerson and Hawthorne. As I went peeping through its rooms with the guests, Tradition herself rose from every corner to salute us. A strange blend of emotions haunted me that night into dreamland, for I could not help feeling some pulsations in common between Concord and Athens.

Next morning I sauntered down the road to the Hillside Chapel, with some forty or fifty people, nearly all of whom were new to me and to the School. Still I recognized a few of last year's faces. The lecture was by Harris and contained some of

his heaviest philosophic cannonading for about an hour, whereupon all the elements present, Transcendental, Platonic, Hegelian, were turned loose into a discussion, weaving a many-colored metaphysical web of the universe in which we all were gossamerred for another hour. In the evening my talk came on, by way of contrast, not philosophic but easily descriptive, with occasional frolicksome reflections. I took my listeners by the hand and led them from Athens over Mount Pentelicus to Marathon, where I made a speech in the wineshop to the assembled Greeks. Then followed an excursion to the Marathonian plain, including a brief account of the battle there fought, with side glances at the Concord fight for the sake of comparison, the one heralding perchance Europe's historic independence, the other America's—at which point several tiny hands in the audience came together with a tiny clap, the act of some Concord ladies, I conjecture. Such was the Greek-attuned overture of my second course, audibly harmonious if not very boisterous.

Similarly programmed the gracious sunshiny days of Concord's summer come and go with many a little episode heroic for a moment perhaps, but hardly worthy of special fame. On the whole I believe this third year to have been the culmination of the School, its best and happiest year. I attended three later seasons, but there never was quite the same upspring, never the same spontaneous overflow of enthusiasm. The two main threads of the School were now spun alongside of

each other by those two ardent philosophic spinners, Dr. Harris and Dr. Jones, propagandists of Hegel and of Plato respectively. Between these two speakers, as well as between their doctrines, there was felt to be a gently throbbing undercurrent of rivalry, amicable but still somewhat frictional, which made perceptibly warmer the interest in the cold abstractions of metaphysics. Each leader had his followers in the audience, and both sides kept watching intently the tournament, yet with impartial sympathy determined to give the palm to the best man. Of course there was no public prize, and no open challenge, still there pulsed a tacit emulation which at last crowned the victor in secret eulogy. I am sure I often heard the whispered decision in the final weeks: Dr. Harris has taken intellectual possession of the School. This was not merely my judgment, though it was mine too; it was the general concensus of the best of all those present. It seemed to me that the last day of the session wound up with an unspoken but distinctly felt award of victory.

Now the significant fact must not be omitted that both these leaders were from the West philosophically, wherever might have been their respective birthplaces. Thence both had come to the East, to the very home-town of America's most original thinking, now grown somewhat aged, in a kind of hidden hope for the future of philosophic succession. Three summers the contest had already lasted, with an increasing, even if smothered intensity; this

third round of six weeks (I think) was culminant and triumphant, if I have gauged it aright. Dr. Jones will come once more, and perform worthy service in his cause, but he is soon to withdraw; at the final sessions of the School he will be noticeably absent, which must be deemed an unbalanced loss. And we shall see that the School itself will begin later to pass out of Philosophy, or at least to bolster it with another discipline.

Moreover this third year is to be the last in which the School will know the presence of the town's first and greatest Transcendentalist. The following Spring (1882) Emerson passes away, and somewhat later in the same year Alcott has a stroke of apoplexy which he survives, though quite broken in speech and mind. Thus the link which connects the School with the great Past, seems shattered. Still some members of the early Transcendental movement are alive and will give occasional addresses, for instance Dr. Hedge and Dr. Bartol; also I remember the discourses of two ladies, Mrs. Cheney and Mrs. Howe, with their reminiscences of the Yankee golden age and its Worthies, especially their apotheosis of its heroine, Margaret Fuller.

Meanwhile I continued to wander through Greece with my hearers sitting in the Hillside Chapel for an hour each evening. I rode over Parnassus, the seat of the Muses, on the back of a donkey, at which passage I looked up from my page and dared extemporize: "Not the first time

that feat has been accomplished by a poet without going to Greece at all—something of the sort I may have done myself.” Only two of the philosophers, as far as I observed, tittered a little in response; but a heavy-booted countryman, who seemed to have just dropped in at the door from his hay-field, gave one horse-laugh which drew the whole audience to him away from me. I found out afterward that he was a neighboring farmer who had come there for his wife, as she was a philosopher. Nor did I fail to show to my little company the genuine rill of Castalia at Delphi, the real thing itself, the famed fountain of the Sisters Nine, in which I had to confess how I saw the women of the nearby village bending over, not as undraped Goddesses in the bath, but washing their soiled linen and even trampling it with naked feet and shanks, above the knees sometimes visible. Still I did not give up the quest; I waited till the stream had purified itself by running off, and the next day I took my symbolic dip in that pellucid spring of the poets, an actual palpable spring by the wayside. So I prattled how I laved my hands and face in it, then thrust my head down into its little gushes and drank of their first bubbles, and would have laid me flat upon its kissing ripples, but I hardly dared make myself so purely and barely statuesque before the passing townsfolk. Still I pulled off shoes and stockings, and piously waded the limpid shrine of Castaly’s Muse in a kind of prayer. A fanatical, heathenish action, I know;

still it made me feel happier at the time, and it even now pleasures me in this classical reminiscence of the far foregone.

But what means this ribboned envelope which is put into my hand one morning? It contains an invitation to read and talk about my Marathonian experience next afternoon at three o'clock near the North Bridge. Yes, yes, I shall go, I am only too glad. At the appointed hour I stroll down the road past the Old Manse toward the well-known locality, and find a new audience seated in the open under the trees which form a leafy overhead against the summer sun. The place by the river bank levels straight down to the Concord battle-field, and naturally all sorts of comparisons, near and remote, political and historical, were drawn between the Greek and the American far-trumpeted war-overtures. "My dear lofty friend, the World-Spirit, was present," I emphasized, "at both battles, though more than two thousand years apart. I tell you in all faith, the Gods fought along in each of these twin conflicts, more or less visible to their respective worshipers, heathen and christian. Old Herodotus records that at Marathon a new deity appeared, called Echetlus or the worshipful hero with the plowshare, image of the fighting farmer of ancient Greece slaying the invader of his sacred soil with his native weapon. To him, in that land of divine sculpture, many a statue rose up out of the faith of his folk. Look yonder just across the bridge; can you not behold the modern Yankee

farmer Echelus leaning on his plow at his Marathon battle with his native weapon in hand ready to meet his approaching foe? You call him the Minute Man; to me he now rises up the old Greek Echelus resurrected, for I am still to-day at Marathon, and I dream that you are there too."

As I stretched out arm and forefinger in the given direction toward that sculptured Yankee plowman with his gun, the little company, nearly all of them Concordites, sprang to their feet and centered more searching glances possibly than ever before upon the most familiar figure in their town, as if to see in him also the Marathonian hero, who fired that strangely universal shot heard not only round the world but down time. Thus closed the afternoon in a kind of benediction which linked together Marathon and Concord. And as I glanced up at the Old Manse on my way homeward, I could not help seeing the good old Revolutionary minister, Dr. Ripley, standing with uplifted hand at his attic window from which he is said to have watched the battle across the meadows on April 19th, 1775.

The next evening was the last talk of my course at the Hillside Chapel, where another stimulating co-incidence prodded me with a fresh surprise. A new character entered my horizon unexpectedly, so that before me in the audience were three men, all Americans, who, independently of one another, in wide-apart places of the country, driven by their own spiritual needs, had found in ancient

Plato, especially in the form of Neo-Platonism, their supreme truth, their satisfactory explanation of the Universe, their divine Order. Dr. Jones of Jacksonville, Ills., and Mr. Alcott of Concord, Mass., both often already mentioned, held mainly to this world-view; but they are now reinforced by the third, Thomas M. Johnson, just arrived from Osceola on the Osage in Missouri, most apostolic and single-hearted of all modern Neo-Platonists. This was to me a stunning philosophic conjunction, to which I deemed I owed some recognition from my old Greek experience.

Accordingly in my talk I narrated to the audience, but particularly to these three congenial souls, my haunting reminiscence, doctrine dear to the Platonist, of a former life as I ran down a little knoll at Marathon. I could not there disenchant me of the impression that I was an Athenian Hoplite or heavy-armed soldier on that battle-field more than twenty-three centuries ago, and, reaching the top of a certain hillock I felt me irresistibly pushed to repeat my old Marathonian charge down that slope at double-quick against the Oriental foe. "I confess to you, my friends," I spake, turning to the Platonic trio in succession "your Plato's idea of pre-existence and re-incarnation became to me an overpowering reality for about two hours, but I was unable to bring it away with me from Marathon. Still on that spot I could not help feeling that I had been there before; the mountains, the streams, the fields with their rainbow wavelets of

poppies rippling in the breeze were an old familiar presence, though this was my first conscious glance at them in this life. I seemed to be re-enacting my ancient actions, I stooped and picked up the same white pebble thousands of years ago, I reached and plucked the same flower, and I drank at the same gurgle of the rivulet. Still more deeply I felt the Greek hate of the Orient which would enslave Hellas; I refused to cross in my travels the dividing seas to Asia, but turned away with repugnance from its people and its spirit, and then ran back home."

I did not obtain from my Neo-Platonic friends any response concerning my strange experience except a smile of non-committal, as I construed it after one questioning eye-shot. Hence I hurried off spurring my discourse at once to Delphi, where on a beautiful April day I climbed again the Parnassus and looked over the far stretches of the silver-green sparkle of the olive orchards for the last time. There I perched myself upon a small eminence and experienced what I have already called my Delphic Moment, which gave a sort of closing consecration to my Classical Itinerary, and under whose urge I hymned my little versified valedictory to Hellas, as I turned my front westward. This I read as my final paragraph of the course, and made it into a good-bye to Concord, when I, facing about, again set my look toward the Mississippi. Let the stout-hearted reader hunt up and peruse that elegiac farewell once more on a previous page,

if he thinks he can stand the shock of the sentiment and the meter.

VII

THE ST. LOUIS KINDERGARTEN CLASS

Than ever before or since, with a heart hopefuller and more heightened, I entered St. Louis on my return from the East in the fall of 1881. At once the work began, the classes increased in number and zeal, the St. Louis Movement along my lines seemed to expand and to push ahead to a new and higher stage of development. It is true that the city-soul was still brooding over the Great Disillusion, and was beginning to see itself falling behind in the grand competitive Western race of material progress. Meantime my little group continued to find solace and perchance some compensation in the flight back to antique Hellas, that ideal world of long-ago, unclouded by the frowning present. As for me, these two coming years I may call the buoyant boyhood of my Renaissance, even if I was crossing the middle life-line into the menacing forties.

The most important and the most lasting fact of this season I shall pounce upon first: the Kindergarten Class which now started under the headship of Miss Blow. I was the teacher, but she was the ruler. The previous year, as already recounted, she had made a small tentative beginning with Sophocles, as if to test me and my work, about which there was some suspicion in certain quar-

ters. She had evidently made up her mind, from her investigation, to introduce Great Literature studied in the way she had just seen, into her Kindergarten training-school, which certainly had no such branch in it before. I may add here that she remained faithful to this work till her last day, reinforced undoubtedly by the advice and consolation of Dr. Harris.

Moreover she possessed the ability and the ambition to make her class the central one, and herself the center of the movement in the city. This she did easily; the leadership came to her by a kind of natural selection, and she by no means shrank from her pre-eminence. She was well aware of her own gift, and she asserted it strenuously after her way, as was her right. Still even in the day of her triumph, she felt the hero's fate, perchance tragedy. We have already noticed that peculiar flash of self-revelation which she showed by her sympathy with Achilles in his conflict with Agamemnon. Something of the same sort occurred in the study of Sophocles. Strangely she seemed to prefer the poet's Ajax, ordinarily deemed one of his inferior plays compared to Antigone and Oedipus. The choice along with her reasons struck me as another instance of unconscious confession. Ajax, the strong man, heroic in his way, unappreciated and dishonored by his own people, goes crazy and commits suicide—a tragic character. With a feeling which seemed to bubble up from the depths she expressed her pity for the fate-

stricken hero. Indeed I cannot help thinking that with her pity was mingled a slight shiver of fear, as if she were glimpsing a far-off cloudlet of her own possible destiny. Be that as it may, she appeared at times to illustrate in her words and even in her looks the famous statement of Aristotle concerning tragedy, whose function, he says, is to purify through fear and pity. Some eight years later I had to recall this singular sympathy of Miss Blow with Ajax as prophetic of her own lot, for she herself had then become a sick heroic character physically and mentally, even if after years of suffering she recovered herself and completed her task in life.

Thus Literature began to be her true self-expression, for a time at least. And her spirit went over into her devoted followers, who also found themselves in the characters of the old Greek dramatist. Indeed one of these pupils exclaimed on a time: "Old Sophocles must have been a Kindergarten." "Certainly," said she, "how could he help it?"

But her most audacious request was made to me in the fall of 1882. It was that I should in the forthcoming season conduct her stalwart Kindergartners on a far-flung journey through the remote and difficult Greek Historians, Herodotus and Thucydides, of course in translation. That was, to my mind the climax of her Classical adventure. No university in the land had or dared attempt any like historical course. Once before in a private

conversation she had hinted some such crowning aspiration, but I deemed it a mere passing spirit of enthusiasm. But now she makes ready to realize what was to her a deeply cherished ambition. It is true that I had told her of my own studies of these two books while still an undergraduate of Oberlin College, which had neither of them in its curriculum. That time saw the outbreak of the Civil War when our nation was engaged in the making of its greatest history. I had then studied in the original these two historical works supreme of their kind, seemingly in unconscious response to the events of the day. I remembered especially Thucydides recording the inner dissolution of the Greek world through war and mutual antagonism, for I was pondering over his pages just during the secession of the Gulf States headed by South Carolina. In his weighty bodeful sentences I seemed to hear the far-off echo of our own political destiny. Though twenty years had rolled over me since then, I felt strongly the desire to review and renew this early stage of my Greek inheritance, illumined by my recent experience in Greece itself. Moreover Thucydides is as tragic as Sophocles, both being contemporaries; the historian tells the same story actually which the poet tells mythically. Thus each is a commentary on the other, while both reveal one common underlying Hellenic consciousness of the time, and its tragic outlook just at its height.

And to-day Thucydides rises up the primordial

prophet of the present European dissolution. As little Greece went to pieces in antiquity, so Europe seems now disintegrating, from essentially the same ultimate cause. Here I may be allowed to say that I felt myself often driven back to the old Historian during this year of 1918, as the best recorder and reflector of the present political earthquake. For he gives in small what is now happening in large, scattered over vast spaces; he shows the minute Greek germ or cellule of what is to-day the world's monster.

This study of the Greek Historians was the culmination of the Greek Renaissance in St. Louis, and I have to think, the beginning of its decline. It started to show signs of having spent itself. Like the Greek world of which it was the offspring, it too was born tragic, at least in St. Louis. Our lessons in Thucydides began to partake of the lot of the time which the Historian delineates, and they seemed to share actually in the fate which his History foreshows.

But my best and most enduring acquisition during these years I deem to be my communion with a new spirit in human life, especially as regards education. I came to know the Kindergartners, a unique body of people aflame with zeal and sacrifice for a noble cause. I felt deeply their example and its inspiration, since I too had my call and my higher duty above my merely bread-winning vocation. The best of them showed the supernal spirit of service to an Idea which transfigured their

lives and even their looks. Modern missionaries they were on their own soil, wherein I responded strongly to their unspoken but soul-compelling appeal. It is true that I never became a practical Kindergartner, I was too old, and besides I had heard my own distinctive call. Still I, getting gray and bald, squatted on the floor and played with the little children; then I would crouch down into their wee narrow chairs at their low tables, trying to be one of them in sport and spirit; or I would join hands with them and dance around the circle not merely for pleasure but for my spirit's sustentation. It was a great new experience, my dulled life's daily renewal from the fresh fountains of first existence bubbling out of those young hearts, a baptism which I, the solitary, much-introverted student, sorely needed. I had already experienced that my own children, small as they were and fleeting, had given me a blessed discipline just through their infancy. But now I was alone, and deeply immersed in my studies, against whose absorption of me I would frequently revolt and run out to play with the little ones. That helped to keep me human, and more of it would not have hurt me. But thus in a measure was supplied me the loss of my family, which had been torn from my bosom by remorseless fate, and I was bidden unto doing my life-task alone.

Such was the place which the Kindergarten spirit now took in the unfolding of my career, a place which it retained through all my active years

till I had rounded life's meridian into the afternoon of old-age. In a sense I was married to it by a vow unspoken, yea unconscious largely, but sealed in the soul's deepest loyalty. I believe too that the St. Louis Kindergarten spirit was at its highest during this its early period; the primitive purity of the cause had not yet been tainted by success, by fame, by partisan and personal ambition, with its bitter antagonisms. I saw and felt the work when it was still small, but all the more consecrated; in that state it engrafted upon my very existence its abiding worth and its ideal devotion. To be sure certain limitations soon began to show themselves both in the theory and in the practice, in the work and in the workers. Even the negative woman playing her subtle part in the innocent paradise of the Kindergarten I thought I glimpsed already once or twice.

Such was the fresh baptism of the spirit which that St. Louis group of Kindergartners gave back to me in some hidden response to my instruction. Now the creative source of this influence always streamed up to Miss Blow as the genius who possessed the power of infusing herself into the very character of her pupils, and of moulding them over into her own image. A transcendent gift was that, yet not without its dangers, as we shall have to note later. But at present it made her little training-room a center of a grand Kindergarten overflow not only into the city but into the surrounding states, and it penetrated even to Canada.

Such was the beginning of her great educational deed, which ranks with, or possibly outranks the greatest yet done in America. This too may well be deemed a phase or a part of the Renaissance embraced in the St. Louis Movement.

I had many other classes about town, but hers always took precedence, and indeed made itself the typical one of all through her leadership, keeping somehow its sovereign place in the heart of the business. During a few weeks of the winter months she would bring Harris from Concord to give lectures mainly on Religion and Philosophy with occasional excursions into Art and Literature. Thus she rose to a kind of intellectual primacy in the city, such as no man ever won in my time. For a while she appeared to be our urban sage, more discussed, more wondered at, more influential, I think, than any other personality in our midst. Primarily this pre-eminence of hers sprang from her unique talent, but it was strongly seconded by her high social position among the old reigning families, by her independent wealth, and especially by her sovereign achievement in education now growing in importance every day over the whole country. I also think that Miss Blow during these two or three years was at her life's culminating excellence, at her very perihelion in her total career's orbit. To my mind she never again reached the same native illuminating height in word and deed, though she afterwards both wrote and did a good deal. For her later work always showed a strain

of estrangement from her nature's right environment and from her best self. But at present, let it be emphasized, she attained a unique spiritual hegemony in the community, and her influence kept streaming out over the entire land in new triumphs, especially for her Kindergarten message.

To be sure, the time and the place strongly co-operated with Miss Blow, who had the insight and the good-fortune to launch her ship at the favoring flood. It is my opinion that St. Louis during these years was permeated with a deeper, more aggressive and more wide-spread intellectual interest than it has ever shown since. Let the reader, however, take into account that it is an old man now speaking and looking back at his somewhat distant past through the glass of reminiscence, which has the tendency to magnify generally, and sometimes to distort. Still I meet on the streets of the city to-day dozens who will stop me and spend some happy minutes in recalling voluntarily and re-affirming that long-gone golden age of intellectual St. Louis.

But I have to repeat that signs of a decline had begun to peep out on various sides. This was manifest in Miss Blow herself, who started to show pronounced indications of a reaction, especially against my Greek Renaissance, and doubtless against me personally. Religious scruples were rising in her mind, and she failed not to let them express themselves in class. A spiritual crisis was coming over her from causes which were whispered everywhere among her friends. It was even said

that she in her doubt and tribulation had thought of taking flight to the bosom of the old Mother Church of Rome. Her Kindergartners, so some of them told me, found her often in deep melancholy, from which they could drag her only by taking her to play with the children. Such was her supreme relief, and it indicates the reason why she so fervently embraced the Kindergarten—to escape the dark fiends which she thought were pursuing her and hers with some fatality—possibly the imagined counterstroke of her genius. It was no secret that Miss Blow's life was passed in the midst of some long private trouble which colored her whole life, and which haunted her after she quit St. Louis, and was at least one cause of a protracted malady, ever threatening death, from which, however, she victoriously rescued herself by sheer will-power—personally her most characteristic action, and possibly her grandest fate-coercing triumph. I was not her confidant, still she could not help confessing herself even in a brief answer before her class. I have seen that peculiar look of destiny flush suddenly her face, as if it welled up from the last depths of her experience, though she said nothing. Still she could be merry, and I have remarked her once or twice a little boisterous. Her conversation at its best was tinged with a smiling streak of humorous irony, which, however, seemed quite to disappear in her writings.

In relation to myself, it was evident that a rift had started and was growing in depth and inten-

sity. Moreover the breach could not be healed, since it reached down to a fundamental diversity of character, as well as to a difference of view concerning the nature of education. The disagreement became pronounced when Miss Blow tried to subject my work and myself to Dr. Harris. I asserted very decidedly my right of independent self-development. And I insisted that true education ought to be based ultimately upon that same right in every individual, which doctrine crossed her inborn grain and possibly her secret ambition. Harris was unfolding on his own lines at that time, chiefly in the religious sphere; really he was Catholicizing, wherein I could not follow him. We were friends and both belonged to the St. Louis Movement, which ought to be large enough, so I thought, to contain us both in our fullest and freest evolution. But that was just what Miss Blow would not, indeed could not stand for; there must be subordination, prescription, personal discipleship. She was a will-character, and was going to enforce her decree, especially as she now felt herself to be the literary dictator of our St. Louis work. And this she was, more than any other person, and by rightful pre-eminence, in my opinion. But her very power seemed to destroy her gift of co-operation; she could not tolerate, could not associate strong independent individualities; hence she failed to train her pupils to self-determination, the topmost flower of instruction. This in spite of the fact that she was always emphasizing self-

activity, the favorite educational category of Dr. Harris. Here too lies probably the main reason why she succeeded better with women than with men.

Other classes of mine over town wound up their season's work in a satisfied frame of mind, and the outlook bespoke promise. But the central class ended in a distinct undertone of disharmony, and our happy Greek Renaissance threatened to close tragically, like the Greek Drama and the Greek History which we had just studied. How about next season? Not a word from either side. Let the boiling summer clarify the turbid waters, if it can, during the intervening vacation. Soon I had packed up and was off for Concord, where I was on the programme for another course, dealing with Homer and the Greek Religion. Thus I edged into the Philosophical School one of my Literary Bibles, the second of the sort in my courses there, to be followed by a third—whereof a later explanation will be due in its own good time.

VIII

PSYCHOLOGY APPEARS AT CONCORD

By means of the first word of this caption I would emphasize the appearance of a weighty new fact in the School, in the time, and somewhat dimly in myself. For my attention was now challenged by the new Psychology to a first distinct encounter,

as far as I can at present remember; both the name and the thing swept across my mental horizon and left their impress, which, however, is to lie dormant yet yeasting for many years. I would have little or nothing to say of this session of the School (in 1883) so like was it on the whole to former ones, were it not for the course entitled *Three Lectures on Psychology*, by Professor William James of Harvard University.

Such was the subject and such was the man now announced, both belonging to the future more than any of us or anything of us. Professor James was then almost unknown, though over forty years old; he had not yet written his books, though his name had been appended to some magazine articles; I had noticed especially those in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, though with no pronounced attraction. Nor had I ever heard Harris speak of James the son, though he often mentioned the father, eminent for his advocacy of Swedenborg and among us for his declared hostility to Hegel. And Psychology as the new sovereign science was then just beginning to peep out of its egg-shell here in America, showing its early callow features copied mainly from the class-room of the German University where it had been hatched. To be sure, Psychology as an old discipline tacked on to Philosophy was known to all readers of the great thinkers back to Aristotle and the ancient Greeks. But this course of lectures suggested, though it hardly proclaimed or revealed, the new-world birth of an old-

world science. I doubt if James himself was yet fully aware of himself and of his theme, for he seemed often very tentative and experimental; he was already a pragmatist before pragmatism; he could not help practicing his basis consciousness before he had evolved it and formulated it into his far-famed theory.

But how strange it all appears now, as I look behind me through the ageing decades! Nobody then in Concord, not a single philosopher—and we privately talked over James and his subject a good deal outside the public discussion—had the least inkling of a forecast concerning the great future import of the man and his theme. I asked Harris about both, but policy bade him hold his tongue, though it permitted him to give one little shake of his head in doubt. Professor George Howison was there, and I quizzed him: Tell me what does the thing mean and whither? Howison, who was at that time located in Boston, and who had looked into the university instruction of James, so he stated to me, unhesitatingly declared then and there: "I cannot quite make out what James is after, and I never found anybody at Harvard who could." Still James had appreciators in the Concord set. These, as far as my knowledge went, were mainly lady philosophers in attendance at the School, a little group of whom I once asked: "How do you like James and his Psychology?" They all expressed themselves as charmed by the man and by his waywardness of word and of

thought. One of them struck off a sentence like this: "I am enraptured with his freakish oddities, I love to ramble after him through the fantastical jungles of human subjectivity." I have forgotten my answer, if I gave any; but now I find me reflecting to myself: Yes, another case of like liking like.

And here let us look forward seven years from the time of this course of lectures. In 1890 James published his two considerable volumes under the one title, *Principles of Psychology*. The work, though of the heavy sort, had a surprisingly high-soaring popularity in America, and its fame swept across to England and beyond. Evidently the author had just hit the mood of the time, and had given expression to a dawning consciousness. The reception of the book seemed to indicate that the new thought-era was to be psychological, and the new world-discipline was to be Psychology. Of course James does not directly say this, and I doubt if he himself then discerned the full bearing of his prophetic initiative.

On the other hand that same year (1890) saw the appearance of a much smaller yet parallel book by a Concord philosopher, the foremost of us all. It was rather a modest-garbed volume, which was named *Hegel's Logic*, being written by Dr. W. T. Harris. The writer's proclaimed intention was to popularize what has been already called the hardest book in the world. I had to confess to him that his interpretation of it in English was often more

difficult for me than the original Hegel himself. A dozen years later he told me with hesitating sigh that he had not succeeded in his design, that his book had been a failure. But after two or three melancholy reflections he brisked up and affirmed with decision: "Now I am going to make the whole thing over in a new edition." On this work he was engaged when he passed away. Thus that Hegelian Logic was to him a veritable "Book of Fate," with which he wrestled all his mature life till he sank down at grips with it still in his last moments.

Meanwhile during these same dozen years let us glance at the prodigious ascent and flight of Professor James quite round the whole world. For not so many months later there has arisen such a popular demand for his work that he condenses it into a text book (1892), which in its field practically takes possession of the higher educational institutions throughout the entire land, giving a mighty uplift to the new Psychology, at least to his form of it. He was now probably deemed Harvard's most distinguished Professor. Moreover we read him heralded America's greatest philosopher, not merely her greatest psychologist. And we are surprised to learn that in his university instruction he has passed from his professorship of Psychology to that of Philosophy. Indeed in the course of his academic career he has made the same change twice, as if he were somewhat uncertain whether he were a philosopher or a psycholo-

gist; perchance he felt himself both somehow intermingled, and at times interwarring.

It would seem that the best commentary on James' doctrine is his biography. In one friendly account of him I find no less than ten different changes of vocation. He appeared to be on the hunt after a working hypothesis for himself during his whole life, shifting about a good deal in search of practical consequences and never quite satisfied. Thus his biography has a pragmatic cast from start to finish. At first he was an artist, and somewhat of this artistic vein trickles through him to the last. Then he was a scientist of various kinds, culminating seemingly in his study of Physiology at Berlin (1867), and this physiological element stayed with him as the substrate of his later work. But soon we find him transferred in his instruction to Philosophy, from which he went over to Psychology, and then back again to Philosophy of which he was Professor when he retired. Now this brief snatch of biography shows not merely James but the time in its deepest spiritual transition, with many an oscillation back and forth between Philosophy and Psychology. Such repeated fluctuation betokens the struggle of our western world toward a new universal discipline as the successor of Philosophy, toward a fresh interpretation of the Universe in terms of the American institutional consciousness. Thus James in his work and in his life has the value of mirroring his age at an epochal turning-point.

From these two significant contemporaneous circumstances, one is compelled to the inference that Dr. Harris in his book was not in touch with the trend of the time, while Prof. James had at least tapped the fountain of the future. Whatever exceptions might be taken to the latter's somewhat choppy treatment of his subject, and to his shortcomings in thought, he had uttered and emphasized that creative and prophetic word, *Psychology*, which meant in its fulfilment a new-born world of thought. I heard the word at Concord and pondered and wondered, but did not then even forbode its full meaning for my own life, or for the coming time.

The year during which Prof. James lectured at Concord was the fifth of the School, whose course then had reached its culmination. Philosophically Harris was enthroned over all, and the Hegelians held the citadel. Their earlier competitors, the Platonists, were withdrawing and soon quite dropped out of the race. Such was the general philosophic situation when James appeared with his *Psychology*, which was probably intended as a kind of antidote. For James had already entered the writing arena as a pronounced if not bitter antagonist of Hegel. The preceding year (1882) he had printed in a well-known philosophical Journal his essay called "Some Hegelisms", in which he seeks to make an end of the German philosopher, planting his front blow thus: "Hegel's dialectical method I believe to be wholly abominable when

worked by concepts alone." Herein one may well hear the eminent professor telling on himself, and marking with emphasis, almost with passion, his philosophic limitation. For that subtle dialectic process which old Eleatic Zeno first glimpsed, which was seized upon and exploited not a little by Greek Plato, especially in his *Parmenides*, and which Hegel sublimated into the inner driving-wheel of his whole *Logic* and hence of the Universe, James confesses that he hates, and will fling to the Furies. Doubtless he does not intimately and creatively grasp it, for it is not to be gotten by a passing ordinary act of intellection, but it must be long lived with and wrestled with and wrought with. Here too we may note also that dislike of all abstract thought which winds through and bounds his whole mentality. And yet James could not leave Philosophy alone but always went back to it, as the very goal of his spirit's deepest striving—to Philosophy which may be regarded as the science of pure abstraction itself. Is not his chief term *Pragmatism* an abstract concept? A good deal of criticism it evoked when it was first broached, wherein he might have seen that it too was dialectical.

Connected with the history of the Concord School is another utterance of James in his printed essays. He has announced the arrival in a philosophic club at Boston of two young business men from Illinois, enthusiastic Hegelians, "who with little or no knowledge of German had actually

possessed themselves of a manuscript translation of the entire three volumes of the Logic made by an extraordinary Pomeranian immigrant named Brockmeyer." Such is the faint rather spectral glimpse which the Harvard Professor has caught of the strange original demiurge of the St. Louis Movement and of its big "Book of Fate." Brockmeyer by the way was not a Pomeranian but a Prussian of Minden. Moreover James observes that the said Club, of which he was a member, "had gone over a good part of Hegel's Logic under the self-constituted leadership" of those two green philosophic suckers from Quincy, Illinois, who had never been at a German University, and who could not even read the original text of their master, digging laboriously their knowledge of his doctrine up from Brockmeyer's barbarous Teutonic-English. It could only be deemed an act of unparalleled presumption on the part of those insolent Westerners, as we may hear in an undertone out of the epithet *self-constituted*, and some other nuances of style. And all this took place in the sacred precincts of Boston and Concord, for in the latter place these bold Illinoisans had actually settled down as permanent residents planting themselves as local pillars of the Concord School of Philosophy.

And here I may dare propound a problem to myself, and to my reader also, if he will not get angry. Did you ever think, when hearing or reading James, that he at times shows a streak of that

peculiar psychical distemper known to outsiders as Bostonitis—not dangerous, hardly offensive, but symptomatic of some mighty local and possibly personal superiority? This runs often through the man a vein of subtle sarcastic contempt for the rest of the world, especially for the savage West, tinting the manner, the look, the style of the Professor as well as the content of his utterance. All of which, however, cannot seriously affect the inner worth of his message.

Now I am inclined to believe that just this meeting of James with these two fervent believers in Hegel and their one Great Book was an important epoch in his philosophical development. He did not say so and probably did not think so, and might even have resented such a statement, still he bore the impress of this experience through life, even if by way of opposition. For he now saw men who had a living faith in Philosophy, and were ready to impart it with a missionary zeal, expounding it to him and the Club from the strange hieroglyphs of the “three big folios” of their manuscript Bible. Moreover he had brushed against the greatest German world-book of Philosophy, not excepting Kant’s *Critique of Pure Reason*, of which it is indeed the sovereign remedial corrective, bringing intellectual restoration after overcoming man’s ultimate denial. I dare think that Professor James must have gotten lasting, even if unconscious value from the scene and the man thus described by him: “A more admirable *homo unius libri* than

one of them with his three big folios of Hegelian manuscript I have never had the good fortune to know." Doubtless this passage is tuned to an ironical note, still the writer of it never forgot, never could rid himself of the impressive fact which he here witnessed at least from the outside—the fact of the world's thought unified, inter-related, and organized into one complete system, and of one man's unshaken belief in such a system. That was a new strange lesson for the pragmatic Professor, probably not obtainable at Berlin or at Harvard. To be sure, James the pluralist, pragmatist, theoretical opportunist, fought, ridiculed, satirized all such systematic unity of Mind and World, but he must have been convinced by the weakness of his own arguments, for he wound up his life trying to build some such a system of his own, which he actually calls "my system" in what seems almost his last-voiced breath.

There is no doubt, however, that James had good reason to be puzzled at the Concord phenomenon. He had studied at Berlin, home of Hegel and Hegelism, whose decadence in that city he saw to be complete. He declares that he could find there "but a single youthful disciple" among the vast horde of Professors and Tutors in the great Berlin University. For young Germany Hegel was dead and buried out of sight; only some very old Professors still lingered pathetically over the grave of their once triumphant Philosophy. One of these antediluvian Hegelians I saw at Berlin during my

visit there in 1878—the aged Michelet, co-editor of Hegel's Works. The then recent German Empire he could still deduce philosophically, employing the Hegelian categories. In spite of my sympathy with him and his cause, he impressed me as reminiscence mid ruins.

But think of the young ambitious student, William James, returning from Germany laden with its latest erudition; suddenly he finds that the main article of philosophic equipment, as here called for, has been omitted from his Berlin studies. Just outside of Boston, in the illustrious town of Concord a new School of Philosophy has been started, and its strongest man is a follower of Hegel. And what is most confounding, a fresh philosophic stream appears to be setting in from the West, that wild West of which the right hero was supposed to be Buffalo Bill, whose big show of savagery was trumpeted as the true university of the backwoods. But now the most abstract of all abstract Philosophies comes driving Bostonward not from Berlin but from St. Louis. Can we wonder at the perplexity, the pragmatism, and the ironical pique of Professor James? That was enough to make all New England turn pragmatist.

Still let it be strongly affirmed once more that James brought to the fore the cardinal discipline of the age—Psychology. Concord did not, could not do that. Such remains his supreme achievement, and a great one it is, even if he had a final relapse to Philosophy, rebounding between his two

antitheses again and again. Nor must we forget the conclusion; the system-destroyer seeks by a last effort to become the system-builder, very properly of his own fragmentary work. Pathetic is what stands printed as his parting testamentary utterance: "Say that I hoped by it (his last unfinished book) to round out my system which now is too much like an arch built only on one side."

IX

FINALE AT ST. LOUIS

Shall I go or stay? Has the moment come for me to quit St. Louis the disillusioned, and follow my fleeing comrades? Let the reader imagine me propounding such questions to myself as I sit lonely in my room after my return from Concord, about the first of September, 1883, when the season of renewed study is soon to open for the coming year. Before me lies a copy of Goethe's *Faust*, much thumbed and bescribbled round the margins with notes, signifying at least a considerable amount of reading and meditation. During the past years I never once took a class in *Faust*, still I have devoted to it many odd moments and not a few moments that were not odd, but stolen from other less attractive duties. For somehow this poem has recently kept overflowing me like a deluge from unknown sources, giving me no peace till I might be able to master it and co-ordinate it with

the other great poems which I have been working at, especially Homer and Shakespeare.

Chiefly through the Concord School and its advertising power my name has been scattered very thinly indeed over a considerable newspaper surface, and some notion of my line of effort has been planted in a few congenial minds on divers spots east and west. The result is a number of localities outside of St. Louis have requested my presence for similar courses. Shall I accept? But whenever I think of saying Yes, as I do repeatedly, that Faust-book lying before me seems to bristle up its leaves like a hedgehog, and take visible human shape, looking an emphatic if not angry No into *my* very heart, and reaffirming with decision my new task.

Still the doubt will flutter up again. There is in the first place the economic problem, my own little personal one and a larger, for I have to support and educate my child, now rapidly growing into her earliest teens. Then the unimproved Real Estate in North St. Louis, the millstone tied around my neck by the Great Illusion some fifteen years since, not only refuses to budge in value but keeps sinking lower and lower, and also dragging me down deeper into its mudhole with an ever fresh burden of taxes, general and special. Now and then I mount a street car for that part of town, and take a brief look at myself reflected in my mirroring pond with a kind of self-pity, to which the

ripples murmur in scoffing smiles: "Are you not yet disillusioned of the Future Great City of the World? Well, more discipline awaits you."

The recompense, however, was not wanting. Classes reported as usual, with one striking exception, and a modest living rose in sight, very modest and shrinking but still adequate. So I braced myself to the emergency. Only in one quarter was there a gap and that was at the center. The Kindergartners gave no sign of resuming their work under my tuition. The previous season had ended in a discord, as the reader may recollect, and I had come to the conclusion that the movement in that direction had been permanently blocked. For I knew Miss Blow to be in a state of reaction against me and my tendencies; nevertheless, though she more than any other person held the intellectual leadership among the city's best, I made up my mind to go my ways without her assistance, and even under her frown if need be, at least for a year. The Faust poem would not loose its hold of me; I had won new insights, as I believed, into its structure and meaning, but they were still scattered, unfinished, lying around in my brain disorganized; I needed a whole season to work it over in private and in class, and thereby make it my own, elevating it into my conception of a Literary Bible. This I could best do while teaching it; and already I had succeeded in forming two little groups in Faust, one of men and the other of women. Thus I had started my

special present task of Super-education, now more imperious over me than ever before.

Accordingly I resolved to make this my Faust-year (1883-4), in response to an irresistible inner demand of my whole selfhood. I had found that Faust's spiritual career, as set forth by the poet passed through a great Classical Renaissance, especially in the Second Part of the drama. Thus there was revealed a bond of intimate personal experience which companioned me with the poem at the very shrine of the spirit. To live this fact in the form which is given it by the poet had become with me not merely an ambition or desire, but the soul's hallowing redemption.

And now it behooves me to take note of another significant coincidence, external perchance, yet of great influence over my choice. Let me state it thus: Faust, on the whole, may well be deemed the distinctive poem of the St. Louis Movement—the favorite poem, more read and more bespoken than any other. Never since then has any great work of genius taken such deep and persistent possession of the city's mind. I do not say that every person in our midst rushed to studying Faust; still within my range there was more discussion of it than of any other poetic masterpiece. It seemed for a while to express our very consciousness. Let us recall that this took place during the German Era of St. Louis, as I have labeled it in a former chapter. The great Teutonic poem we adopted as our own in accord with the urban char-

acter of the time, or possibly in response to the world's chief trend, which was then German, or at least Germanizing.

No less than four eminent and gifted expounders had held classes and given lecture courses on Faust in English during the fore-mentioned period, each according to his viewpoint, and native ability. Davidson fell into line, and expressed his varying opinions upon the subject, which were mainly critical, though he was then not so hostile to Goethe as he became later. He was at that time reveling in his German ecstasy with the rest of us, rather more raptured perhaps than the rest of us, from which exuberance he afterward had a violent rebound to the opposite. Soldan was the leader of coteries studying Faust which were composed of the first ladies of the town mostly living on Lucas Place, then aristocracy's quarter. Soldan may have been selected by this high-toned set because he was the politest man of us all, and likewise well versed in the German erudition of the subject, having been born and educated in Germany. Dr. Harris, most influential of our whole set, gave frequent talks on Faust and scattered many allusions to the work even through his more cryptic discourses. His influence carried the study among the more aspiring teachers of the Public Schools, and put stress upon its relation to philosophy. The poem as a whole he did not seem to care for or even to seek after; certain favorite passages and incidents he would pick out and dilate

upon with a special relish. Thus each of these men in his own way and sphere kept the great masterpiece alive and working for years.

Still they were not the first in origination or in originality. A course of conversations on Faust given by Brockmeyer during the year 1864, at a time before I knew him, is set down as the historic starting-point of the St. Louis interest in the poem. Harris engineered the matter and got together the little audience. So I have heard from him the story. Moreover he induced Brockmeyer to commit to writing his exposition in the form of letters which were afterwards published in the first numbers of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, the earliest original writ begotten of the St. Louis Movement. A couple of these Letters on Faust in manuscript I heard the author read at the house of Harris on my first visit to the philosophic group in 1865. I hardly caught their bearing at the start, but gradually through them and the discussions generated about them, there began to dawn upon me the grand new field of the literary interpretation of the greatest masterpieces.

In fact, Faust was Brockmeyer's one poem, the only one for him and the sovereign over all others. He would recognize Homer and Shakespeare, still he did not know them as wholes, but merely in salient points or episodes here and there. People have said that he in one of his high tantrums could look Mephistopheles better than any actor; a certain demonic impression lay in his grimace, and

roused sometimes a little tremor, especially in women, and even antipathy. I have often tried to identify his life with the career of Faust; his flight to the backwoods was his grand act of negation by which he would do away with society and state. In this way he had lived the poem, and so he became for us its creative expositor.

Still here too he manifested that same lack of realizing power, which has before been noted of him; after making a fair start he utterly refused to complete his grandly conceived work, leaving it a wonderfully promising but unfinished chaos. Thus his *Letters on Faust* remain an unrealized fragment, one of his numerous much-bestrown torsos. Still they showed a marvelous gift of starting a spiritual fermentation in individuals, and even in the community; but they remained yeast, and never became bread. Similar was the case with his single supreme philosophic labor over Hegel's Logic, indeed with his whole life. His genius persisted in staying germinal, never unfolding into fulfillment.

I have now to ask the question: why should St. Louis or a goodly proportion of her thinking people adopt this poem as a kind of spiritual breviary, as an ideal reflector of their very soul-world, making such a book unconsciously into a sort of Literary Bible? Let it be premised that Faust proclaims at the start the great negation of the age, the denial of all truth or at least of men's ability to know truth. The course of the poem shows a

human soul laboring through life's experiences under the burden of such a denial, verily the new Fall of Man which took place not six thousand years ago, but just to-day and here. Goethe's masterpiece indicates also the redemption of this last fallen Adam, at least as conceived by the poet. Manifestly if we cannot know the true, or if what seems such, is only a mirage, a lie, then we live in a world of Illusion, of Untruth, like that of Faust, when he preaches his first soliloquy. Now let us seize the connecting link: St. Louis, during these her Faust-years, was engrossed in her Great Illusion, as already narrated; her fatuity was to believe in a phantasm, a lying appearance conjured up for the time; yet she could not help wrestling far down in her unconscious depths with her own unreality, with her negation, with her falsehood. And just that is the grand agony of Faust, his ever-recurring inner battle between his denial of truth and his deeper aspiration for truth. He believed in the Illusion, yet fought it, had to fight it unto the death. Thus for her deepest self-expression, yea for her hope of ultimate salvation St. Louis adopted as her own this world-poem of Goethe, which thereby became her truly modern and remedial literary Gospel, at least while she lay under her illusory spell.

Here is to be added the fact that this writ bloomed, not a native product of our city, but was transplanted from Germany, who had begotten it out of her deepest consciousness, and who, as we

see to-day, had her own Great Illusion, of which she is just now being terribly disillusioned. Of all this vast recent experience our German St. Louis seems now but a small far-off presage. We may well think that time has written a vivid new commentary on Faust, revealing it mightily as the supreme poem of Negation negated, or more concretely worded, of the Great Illusion disillusioned.

These four expositors of the one poem, all of them men of mark in the community, had created for years a Faust atmosphere, of which I took deep inspirations, though I had never felt myself competent to unfold a distinctive standpoint of my own upon this subject. But some time during this period, just when I do not know, but say about 1882-3, I felt goaded to take Faust creatively in hand, and to re-read it with the time's stress, and with a great fresh discontent at what I had previously accepted by way of interpretation. Especially Brockmeyer's *Letters* no longer satisfied me, though they were my first germinal stimulus to a deeper view of this work and of all Literature. But I found that I must run new lines of organization through the whole poem, and construe its meaning afresh, even if a number of suggestions belonging to my old teacher I preserved and developed. Especially in my Greek journey, I had after my mental build re-enacted the deed of Faust in pursuit of Helen, which is the central theme of the Second Part of the drama. Thus I saw my Renaissance poetized before my mind's eye, and felt an

epoch of my life expressed as nowhere else. Against all critical opinion I came to prefer the Second Part of Faust to the First Part, on account of this personal appeal through experience.

The year's campaign had fairly begun, when one day a missive was put into my hands with the following purport: "I have heard of your Faust work. Please call at my home to talk the matter over for a Kindergarten class." Signed by Miss Blow. The request was a surprise, and I confess for me a glad surprise. Of course I obeyed the summons, the arrangement was made, and the lessons started. But there was not, and could not be the same enthusiasm and mutual sympathy as in former years. Miss Blow felt and rightly felt that I was developing on an independent line in the St. Louis Movement, a line quite distinct from that of Dr. Harris, whose word was her infallible evangel. Such a presence as mine she deemed dangerous if not heretical. Now it lay in her deepest spirit to subordinate, yea to suppress even with some show of force individual tendencies which did not square with her views or with those of her sponsors, for on this side she was traditional to the core. With all her strength, and to my mind she was the strongest personality of us left in the city, she had the autocratic weakness which is certain to show itself in due season. I could not help sometimes thinking that nature had interwoven in her iron-willed character a strain of the Spanish inquisitor. In the absence of our leaders who had

taken flight, she was through her unquestioned talent as well as her social prestige, the literary potentate of our St. Louis Movement. Anyhow, I was not.

Still I had my lasting reward in a fresh communion with the spirit of those Kindergarten young ladies, who were training for their tasks in life. They brought to their calling a consecration which no money, no salary, no fame, could possibly procure or pay for, but might destroy. In them I could see a telling example of my own Super-vocation, to my unalloyed edification and delight. So deeply was I impressed with their missionary spirit that I began to re-construct in consonance with my present Classic Renaissance, an old Greek legend, that of Iphigenia, in order to embody their deed and its godlikeness in a poetic form for my own better contemplation and self-expression. This work grew to be my *Agamemnon's Daughter*.

The class ran on through its season with occasional little seesaws between my views and those of Miss Blow, who sometimes showed her disregard or possibly her protest by absenting herself, which she had never done before. To be sure, by way of excuse, reports of her private troubles were flying in the air. Finally the last lesson came with a kind of relief all around. She made her appearance in her front chair of state, and the result was the worst explosion of the year. In the Fifth Act of the Second Part of Faust occurs the sad episode of the aged pair, Philemon and

Baucis, which I interpreted as the tragedy of Civilization whose remorseless advance assails and often overwhelms ancient and revered landmarks of the past, here represented by the old hut and the old church of the old couple. Thus the transmitted world, both secular and religious, kept vanishing or indeed burning up to make way for the new incoming order of the ever-evolving Faust. Sacred Tradition may become tragic—with which words I dared throw an eye-bolt at Miss Blow, behind which every glance in that class fell into line and shot to the same center. That was the signal for the denouement—the blazing fire-brand flung into the full-charged magazine.

For at this point Miss Blow turned on me and broke out into decided passionate exception to what I had said, since she grew redder and louder with every word. She whipped the air with her pointed index, her face almost boiled, and her voice was at times pitched to a height which made it grate screechy. She seemed to feel that my interpretation was a personal attack, though I said nothing of the sort, whatever I may have looked. To be sure she had the right to apply my general remark to herself, if she chose; she certainly was in all honesty a prescriptive soul and clung to tradition as was her right; report ran that she thought of going back to that aged, revered church which Faust had here destroyed, and of which, she gave a hot defence against its destroyer, and me, I suppose.

I could do nothing but let the storm spend itself without reply. When the end came I simply said: "The lesson now closes, and with it the season, and also myself." I went up to Miss Blow in the presence of all, and extended my hand, which she took with a smile, sardonic I thought. Such was the conclusion; I never had another class under her guidance. But the Kindergarten itself did not and would not quit me, nor I it. In fact, its attachment to me and my work, as well as my attachment to it and its work had now only begun their long mutual devotion and service running into the decades. Still from Miss Blow and her class this most fruitful and enduring life-line of mine took its start.

X

FINALE AT CONCORD

Landed at Concord once more, summer of 1885, and taken lodgment at the hotel, I slipped off to the village barber for needed service. He recognized me as I entered and stretched myself out in his chair, and then he proceeded to welcome me with the following salutation: "Well, at last they have caught one of your St. Louis philosophers; I hear that he is working for his board over yonder in the Penitentiary. Whose turn will it be next?" Whereat he gave a smart chuckle, to which I responded in a brief teehee, for I knew well what he was talking about, and indeed, since I had sized the man before, I expected some such greeting when

I stepped into his shop. I gave him a little tit-for-tat in the remark: "Yes, I have come back to you here to let you try your hand in catching another sleek philosopher."

The foregoing allusions pertained to an actual new scene in the Concord drama, namely, the appearance of the villain acting his part, or if you prefer, of the serpent sneaking into our little philosophic Eden. One day a stranger entered the School, paid his fee, and took his seat on the wooden benches of Hillside Chapel. He made himself remarked as an intense listener to all the deep discourses there given, and especially did he seem to look up from his front seat with rapt appreciation into the face of Dr. Harris, as the latter would elaborate his most recondite disquisitions on Hegel's Logic. For our new-comer, the abstruser the better, and after the lecture he would go forward and ply the speaker with some telling question about this or that doctrine of the discourse. He also played the jolly good-fellow to members generally at the boarding-house and the hotel. Meanwhile he had begun to ask for money accommodation in personal checks of small amounts, being careful to redeem his obligation the next day or so. Thus it went on for perhaps two weeks, when one morning the ardent philosopher was seen in his place no more.

Within a few days the secret was out. He had succeeded in utilizing the good name he had so carefully nursed in the School, in the town, and

it seems in the adjacent country, so that he was able to pass fraudulent paper in considerable sums upon confiding people; the total amounted to nearly a thousand dollars, according to the statement of Mr. Emery, the School's Director, in a note to me personally. It so happened that I was not present during this session, hence I did not know the man. My escape was narrow, for I was gullible enough, especially by a philosopher. Still I got a little involved in the case through an accident. The scoundrel had decamped for unknown parts in good time; particularly he had left the town bank at Concord in the lurch, and its cashier was inclined to fall back upon the officers of the School as responsible, which they contested. The right in the matter I do not know; but the result was a great uproar in quiet Concord, with charges and countercharges buzzing through the air and stinging everywhither at random like maddened hornets, but winding up with the universal execration of the School of Philosophy which had lured such an infernal serpent into that innocent paradise. Still the daring seamp who could counterfeit Philosophy herself right in her sacred temple, and coin his fraud into dollars, had to be caught and punished; else what becomes of us and our new-born Academe in a naughty world?

News of the catastrophe, and such it seemed to be for a little while, had traveled to me in St. Louis through various channels when I received by mail from Emery a peculiar request. Our

Satanic philosopher had been traced to a small medical college at St. Louis (of which institution by the way I had never heard), and was suspected of playing the same trick there which he had worked so successfully at Concord. "Will you ask to accompany you," wrote my Concord correspondent, "Madam Soso of your city, who was here at the School last summer, that she may identify the man at the Medical College?" Detectives were also to be sent by the Chief of Police, whom I had to visit for the purpose—my first errand of that kind in my life. I did not relish the job, but concluded I must sacrifice my little disinclination to the great cause of Philosophy now in sore trouble. The lady designated was a member of one of my classes, and so I with letter in hand, went to her and told her the new duty which Providence seemingly had laid upon her, perchance for her greater distinction. Then came the explosion: "No, no, I cannot; what will my husband say? I shall never hear the last of it—was I really sitting with jail-birds in your Concord School of Philosophy? Never, my daughter will feel disgraced, ashamed of her mother." I could only reply: "Wait then; I shall explore again to-morrow."

Accordingly I went once more to consult with the Chief of Police. I found that the suspect was already under arrest for similar offenses in a number of places; Concord was only one and the last of his victims. Thus our Philosophy which had speculated so much about the Negative, was quite

upset by the actual incarnate appearance of that Negative in its very home, and experienced somewhat of its doctrine as realized in a living person. And the town barber had his justification when he saluted the stranger before him with the riddling query: "Are you to be the next?"

Let us now pass, after such a wayward introduction, to our regular Hillside Chapel where is to be given during the present summer (1885) a course of lectures and discussions whose theme is Goethe. This was the seventh annual session of the School, which now began to show a deflection from Philosophy to Literature. The Platonic strand had already dropped into the background; on the whole it had pretty well spent itself. The Hegelian strand was still kept up, especially by Dr. Harris; but it too had seen its best days at Concord; it was getting a little monotonous through repetition, even if the audience changed somewhat from year to year. I think Dr. Harris himself showed more zest this season for Goethe than for Hegel. He was feeling the need of making the transition from Great Philosophy to Great Literature—a change which appeared to lie also in the time.

Naturally I was delighted at this turn in the tendency of the School; I flattered myself that it seemed to be going my way of itself, without, however, renouncing wholly its original philosophic purpose. I was overflowing with the theme, inasmuch as I had devoted myself to the study of

Goethe exclusively during the past year. Especially the two masterpieces, *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister* I had wrought over and taught over and I may say fought over several times, taking not simply a cold intellectual interest in their contents, but bringing my total selfhood of emotion, will, and intellect to the examination of their artistic values as well as of their spiritual problems. For Goethe never fails to call up opposition in the Anglo-Saxon mind. The result was a very pronounced Literary School already at Concord, as shown both by the papers read and especially by the fruitful discussions afterward. The whole drift of the work struck me as something new in scope and in form. I now believe that my later idea of a Literary School dawned upon me during this very suggestive session. But such a School to be intensively effective, should be limited to one week and concentrated on the one greatest poet, and mainly upon his greatest work.

Moreover this was my last season at Concord; in fact, I have not seen the town since. I had stayed there for weeks at a time during five summers, and had tried to imbibe somewhat of the spirit of the place from various sources, humble and high. Undoubtedly it had an inner social sanctuary which I never reached, and which was shut to the School. Still I caught the setting of nature for Emerson, and had partaken somewhat of his life's communal environment—a precious experience of America's greatest literary man,

whom I fain would understand and commemorate. The Concord School had devoted a session of lectures to the memory of Emerson in 1884; I was present and took part, by special request of Dr. Harris, in the discussions, but I did not then think myself ready to give a course upon the life and work of the great man. My deeper spiritual intimacy with him was to come later and to express itself in writ.

Probably this series of discourses on Goethe, if not the best, is the best-known of all the labors of the Concord School during its entire period. The lectures had the good-luck to be printed in a book under the editorial supervision of Mr. Sanborn. This book is still read a little for the sake of the names of its lecturers, most famous of whom was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, though I cannot think her contribution to have been the best, even if it was so acclaimed at the time by W. D. Howells. Here can be found Dr. Harris' larger study of Faust, excellent in style and thought for the first portion, not so good for the last half, to my mind. This peculiar descent toward the close, instead of an ascent, may be remarked in other writings of Dr. Harris, owing, I think, to his method of composition.

Mr. Thomas Davidson, with that canny Scotch burr of his on the tip of his tongue, was present at this session and made himself an enlivening center, as usual, round which revolved a number of ladies and a couple of gentlemen. That was his

habit somewhat; he did not and could not seize the intellectual sovereignty of the School, but formed a little coterie of his own off to one side. I had last seen him in Rome some six years before; he was then in strong reaction against his old St. Louis Teutonizing tendency, and he now was in no friendly mood toward German Philosophy and Literature. Over Hegel especially he could almost fall into an access of frenzy, and he was full of exceptions against Goethe, some of which were certainly well taken. We often clashed in the discussions, and we came to be regarded the two chief pugnacities in the School; whenever he would vent one of his polemical diatribes, a number of eyes would at once roll around toward me with the little twinkle of a laugh as if to sing: "Your turn now; up, sail in." This I usually did, for he gave opportunity enough; in fact, my opinion was that he had never penetrated to the inmost soul of the great poet, whose two masterpieces, though he may have read them even with care, he did not really understand, not having lived with and wrestled with them and thus appropriated them to himself in a spiritual conquest of assimilation. He always seemed to stand outside and above, and thence to criticize them, never getting down inside and reproducing in his own way what he found there. His attitude seemed to declare that he knew them better than they did themselves.

Still genial, red-bearded, hot-headed Tom Davidson was the most interesting man present, not the

most convincing—rather the opposite. Brilliant, learned, far-travelled, still you could not help spotting him all over with interrogation marks. He gaily loved paradox excessive just to see the shock it made; and he could riot in the exploitation of his ingenuity and erudition, simply for his own dear delighted self's sake. And yet he was full of kindnesses, of good works, also of genial mildly bibulous comradery; in right mood, and he was pre-eminently a man of moods, he could lift up and lavishly praise what he had not so long since damned to the last depths of the *Inferno*. I may add here that after all our antagonisms over Faust and everything else, he suddenly took a notion to commend, and that with some warmth before the whole School, my lecture on *Wilhelm Meister* which I gave during that session. Very unexpected of him was that turn—a feat never performed by him before or repeated by him afterwards, as far as my knowledge now prompts.

A small biographic item I permit myself here to jot down for those who may be interested, since I have been once or twice asked about the matter thus: "Where is that work of yours on Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*?" Never printed, never indeed finished to suit my test of literary publication. I had classes in that novel and gave lectures upon it, and wrote many pages of notes with infinite marginalia; I even put together some essays on the subject. Still somehow it would never organize itself into a genuine book for me, but it persisted

in staying more or less frowsy, disjoined, recalcitrant to any pervasive light-radiating order. In other words, it would never get itself born out of its second embryonic stage into its third organic self-integrating form. Harris would have published the fragments in his *Journal*, but such scraps offended my sight in print, and moreover violated my literary conscience. I was beset by some fatal instinct which made me a writer of books, not of magazine articles, which now hold the author's cash-box and blow his fame's trumpet. Off and on for a dozen years I was engaged in expounding and otherwise belaboring this book, but it would not come forth to any right coherence. So I now fumble over the old yellow pile of manuscript showing a task unfinished and unfinishable, with a kind of jaundiced pathetic look. Let it sink into the time-waves of oblivion, as one of my lost books.

On a fine day during this or possibly some other summer, I felt a longing to run over to Walden and take a boat-ride just to see if I could not catch one of Thoreau's fishes, most eternal of the kind, excepting old Jonah's. I asked friend Emery to be my companion. "We shall have to get permission from Farmer Moore," says he; "the pond has recently been stocked, strangers are not allowed to fish there, but I, as a resident, can obtain a permit from the guardian, and may take you along." So we went to Farmer Moore, as he was familiarly called, who was next neighbor to Alcott's Orchard House, and whose white tidy New England grange

stood nearly oposite to Emerson's mansion. "Who is this man?" asked the bluff heavy-handed soil-tiller, as he was shoveling compost in his barnyard. "A lecturer at our School from St. Louis." "A philosopher, eh?" "Yes, I suppose so." "Well, I'll give you a permit right off," whereat he clutched a piece of scratch-paper and scribbled. "Take it; no danger ahead I see; philosophers don't catch any fish." I made answer, which, as I think it over now, must have run thus: "Some forty or fifty years ago you had two philosophers fishing in Walden, named Emerson and Thoreau, both of them once your neighbors over yonder in that house; they caught the biggest string of fish ever taken from this or any similar pond on this globe, and people are eating of that catch yet; I took a meal of it far away in St. Louis only a few weeks ago. So I have come to the source, for I would like to learn the same trick." "Take your permit," interrupted Farmer Moore, turning away to business; "but leave a few for us." "I am going to bag the whole thing, if I can, and carry it off to the West," I gasconaded after the humorous husbandman as he disappeared through his barn-door.

We sauntered along the path to Walden, took a boat and I threw in my line—not a nibble. We tried all the nooks around the edges of the pond, then we sought its center, sounding the shallowest and the deepest places—no luck. In my home-creek I knew every hole where the suckers lay,

every riffle where the minnows sported, every mill-dam where the bull-pouts nestled; but here my boyhood's skill availed not. Emery cried, "I have enough." I answered, "Patience is now our School of Philosophy—once more." But blue-eyed Walden looked again her silent No, and we, rejected and dejected, soon turned homeward. As we rambled through the fields we moodily philosophized: "A prophetic day? We certainly can catch no fish in Walden; yes, Farmer Moore was right."

XI

SOME RESULTS

The Concord School of Philosophy considered itself, according to the statement of its leaders in various public utterances, as an attempt to stem, by a revival of the great idealistic thinkers of the past, the materialism of the time. This world-view, the materialistic, had received an enormous impetus from the works of Spencer, Mill, Darwin, Huxley, and had won its chief prestige and support from the recent triumphs of Natural Science, which was in these years exulting in a sort of universal war-dance of victory round the civilized globe, having pushed itself not only into the Universities and Colleges of most countries, but also into the Common Schools. Many of its contributions to education were valid and much needed; but as usual with novelties, it claimed too much, indeed

all, and so had to be remanded to its limits, in which it is still alive and doing its indispensable part. Here we may remark that Natural Science through Physiology seemed to pass gradually over into Psychology as the time's new educative principle, of which transition Professor James may be deemed the chief agent in our land, though he had many co-workers.

Confessedly, then, the Philosophy of the Concord School was derived from tradition, from Europe, and made no claim to be a native product of the country or of the time. Indeed it was openly reactionary against present tendencies in the world of thought, and proposed to flee back for refuge from the incoming tide to systems past and distant, if not transcended. Now this was the point at which I was inclined to turn aside, not so much through conscious opposition as from a fermenting unconscious doubt concerning the function of Philosophy itself in our new social order. To be sure I had nothing then to put in its stead, I only felt the void in myself without being able to compass it or even distinctly locate it. So I veered off into Great Literature as my best self-expression for the time instead of Great Philosophy, and began to interweave the Literary Bibles into the Concord School just at the start with my first course of lectures on Shakespeare, followed later by the course on Homer.

Now the curious fact comes up that the School itself started to tilt gradually in the same direc-

tion. As already recounted, it devoted in 1885 the larger and more exuberant part of its energy and enthusiasm to Goethe, upon whose different works more than a dozen lecturers discoursed, bringing renewed interest and refreshing variety into the School. That was a great step forward, or it might be said, aside from Philosophy, though the latter was not by any means abandoned. And the next year (1886) one-half the time of the School, whose course had been limited to a fortnight, was to be given to Dante. I was not present at Concord during this session, but I had transplanted the work to the West, where I was nursing into existence a new Literary School without the specially philosophic department. But let it be duly remarked that the Concord School of Philosophy in the eight years of its active life hitherto, had evolved, quite unintentionally I think, a line of lecture courses or of spoken commentaries on the four Literary Bibles, elevating them to an equality with, if not precedence over the great philosophic masters. Such an evolution of the School I need hardly say, gratified me, indeed tallied with my own personal evolution, and I took it as a sign of the time and of myself, since it seemed to be a pointer to my future pathway.

Thus the Concord School, starting consciously with Philosophy had unconsciously developed its first unsuspected literary germ into a growth even more vigorous than itself, being younger and not so dry. Still it must not be forgotten that another

germ much smaller and more embryonic than this literary one was planted in the Concord School by Professor James, namely, that of Psychology. But it did not grow perceptibly in the School's mental soil; James never gave another course at Concord, and nobody else on that subject, so that his seed did not sprout there as far as I could discern. Still his work was not forgotten, though it took longer to mature, and had to seek a different field for its coming harvest. Hence we may set down this to have been a chief merit of the Concord School, that it attracted to itself and bore along in its bosom three major disciplines of spirit in three different stages of their evolution: (1) Philosophy as evolved, (2) Literature (in its greatest poets) as openly evolving, (3) Psychology as still secretly germinating in embryo.

In regard to the external success of the enterprise, that will be viewed variously according to the viewer's standard. It had the vitality to last ten years, during which time some 2000 people attended the sessions all taken together, according to Sanborn's estimate. The regular audience ran from forty to sixty at each meeting, though a famous lecturer would treble these numbers. John Fiske filled the Chapel to overflowing, and Emerson once compelled the managers to secure a larger hall, though he then often enunciated indistinctly, and his son sat at his side to help him over the harder words, and to prompt his lapsing memory. On the other hand I saw the number present drop

to eight for Dr. Harris on a bad night, although he generally had the average attendance of forty to fifty for his most abstruse philosophemes. I believe, too, that he, of all the lecturers, had personally the most devoted band of listeners. As to compensation in cash, mine was not enough to pay my railroad fare; still the investment was one of the best of my life. Of course none of us received any adequate pay for our service, except our audience possibly. Sanborn, the treasurer, reports that after all the expenses for the ten years had been met, there remained less than a dollar in the treasury, which he pocketed, evidently without much compunction, for he smilingly tells on himself. Dr. Harris would have shown a similar financial balance, if he had left any exhibit of his outlay. Still every participator was gratified, I think, by the result, and felt that his time and money had been well spent.

As to myself, I hope that the foregoing pages, which have already swollen to a generosity in numbers far beyond my original frugal plan, will reflect somewhat of the exuberant delight and profit, which overflowed me quite unexpectedly I may say, from the School and its varied experiences, serious and humorous. It seemed to drop into my life at an epochal turn, and it certainly had an important part in shaping my future career. I am not certain that I otherwise would or could have broken away from my confining pinfold in St. Louis, and have won a deliverance, which

meant a new expansion beyond the old limits, instead of a possible shrinkage back into the transmitted humdrum of a vocation with little or no relief from its treadmill. But Concord brought me more than one opportunity to push out elsewhere, and to show myself able to break over my local limits and to shake off their fetters. Then by means of the School I had seen and heard and conversed with a larger number of eminent living men than ever before or since. Such a personal intercourse had its special training for me who had ever preferred to commune with the great souls of the past through the printed page. I was already too much inclined to flee to the companionship of the makers of the Literary Bibles, shunning my lesser pen-wielding contemporaries who had still the disadvantage of being able to draw breath. More alive to me than all living comradery was the dead. From this point of view my personal experience now turned to a kind of green oasis in the foregone world of disembodied spirits.

Here again I must touch upon the fact that the Concord School was through some cause or other the most miraculous dispenser of reputation over the whole country that has ever crossed my life's orbit up to present date. Indeed, I think I dare take oath that the only time when the crotchety Goddess Fama ever smiled upon me her fleeting favors was in that little Hillside Chapel. For some reason the newspapers showed an extraordinary interest

in our philosophic experiment. Two reporters from the great Boston dailies were usually present at the School, and one of them at least was quite a philosopher, who used to make little metaphysical speeches, besides sending very full reports, which were copied in part or paragraphed all over the country. I think this publicity was mainly due to the expert skill of Sanborn, who was a journalist by profession. Of course there must have been some real public curiosity about the matter. Then Concord and its Worthies and its other antiquities possessed a distinction of their own, even to the extent of having a guide-book for visitors. But judge of my surprise when a complimentary letter was handed me by the mail carrier from a former critical fellow-student at College whom I had not heard of for twenty years, and who now was located in the everglades of Florida, whither my name had penetrated to him in print. And at the hotel one day who should slip up behind me and tap me on the shoulder but my Athenian companion, the fair youth whom I re-named Narcissus, as he wandered with me along classic streams trying to behold the antique nymphs but seeing only himself and me. I had left him behind in Hellas, I thought, to woo the Greek tongue; but here he suddenly turns up again after years, having tracked me through some newspaper notice, and at once we start to take another classic promenade, not now along the waterless Ilissus but the full-flowing Musketaquid, interwreathing sighfully remembrances

of fair Praxilla, Maid of Athens, though not that far-sung damsel of Byron.

Still the most stunning windfall of propitious publicity overwhelmed me with a rush when one Sunday morning I opened the Boston Herald, and saw several columns of its large issue headed by my name in big black letters. It was an extended notice of myself and of the three or four books I had then written, with a very friendly account of my work at the Concord School. Thus I felt myself borne along Fameward in a first trip on a huge paper balloon inscribed with my name legible to all New England, from which authoritative source it percolated in a few dribblets to my home in the West. But let the main result be at once told: through invitations from sundry places, I found myself able and willing to quit St. Louis and to start on my coming career of dissemination.

I have already alluded to the fact that the Concord School had its critics and still more decidedly its caricaturists and satirists. Though expressly traditional, it nevertheless offended a good many dear New England traditions, for which offense resentment could hardly help speeding its venomous arrows. The established order in Church, School, University, Literature was at least indirectly challenged, and failed not to hit back with its multifarious missiles. Then human psychology would manifest itself practically at the effrontery of that Western invasion which dared foist its culture and philosophy and literary doctrine upon their true

home-land, yea upon their very home-town in the East. I collected quite an anthology of stinging epithets flung sometimes at me in person, but oftener heard 'round the hotel corridors and on the streets, and particularly in Boston. But who would wish to resuscitate these little biting insects after so many years of torpor? So I sweep them out of scrap box and brain into the fire. Sanborn at whom chiefly they seemed to unsheathe their weapons as the prime offender, rather enjoyed, I think, roiling up Boston and even Concord on account old local grudges now and then audible but quite unfathomable to the outsider.

St. Louis also did not fail to furnish keen detractors of the St. Louis Movement, for she could not help being herself, and giving a slap to her own. And they have not yet died out with the death of the semi-century since its birth. The latest history of the city, published only a few years ago, intersperses mid its other statistics quite an itemized contempt, lampooning that old philosophic folly and its gullible gudgeons. There is no question that philosophers have from long ago been objects of ridicule and envy, not without provocation. In ancient Athens we all have read how that supreme scoffer, the comic poet Aristophanes, derided the all-greatest Socrates and his movement, and how his fellow-citizens compelled him, in his old age, to drink the cup of hemlock for his last draught. Moreover, the charge was often heard in antiquity that the folk as a whole, especially the Athenians,

was addicted to Envy, suspecting and even avenging any excellence above its own level. Hence that city was said to have banished its Great Men by means of the ostracism, which, however, according to Grote and others, may have had a different purpose. In like manner, the accusation has been made that St. Louis has shown a decided streak of that old Athenian trait in her communal character, being endowed with more than her share of civic Envy (the ancient hag Invidia), and hence driving away her eminent men by a subtle but effective ostracism.

At any rate the Philistines had their inning against our St. Louis Movement. I received now and then an unsigned letter which caricatured and abused, but never threatened me with an infernal machine. The newspapers had their little spirits of wit usually pumped up from rather dry wells. A long editorial in a Sunday edition of a leading daily took the matter seriously, arguing that the study of Homer and the old Greeks was utterly purposeless, if not injurious, in this new time of this new world of ours, and advising us to take up the *History of Liberty* as set forth in Motley's *Dutch Republic*, a book then much in vogue. The article was brought to me and I replied, not to the newspaper, but to the bringer, a pupil of mine: "Our old Greek Thucydides contains all of that book of Motley's, good as it is, and indeed all the *History of Europe* up to date in its embryonic form, if you only read him aright. And the right way is to make a new

translation of him, not merely into verbal English, but into the whole historic evolution of Europe and America till now."

Occasionally the philosophers would start a humorous bout at burlesquing themselves in their own ponderous nomenclature. We were all well aware of the comic possibilities which lay in our speech, in our doctrine, and also in ourselves. We had not read the Aristophanic *Clouds* in vain, and we failed not to enjoy the satirical grotesquery of Dean Swift and Rabelais. We could caricature our own dear Hegel in a kind of relief from the oppressive severity of his hugely organized system, and for the moment's amusement make his unwieldy gigantic framework trip an elephant dance on a pin-point. A favorite jest was the Hegelian definition of a hole in your coat, as "the partial negation of the totality of the being on-and-around-itself (des an-und-um-sich Seyns)." This piece of badinage tricked out in its Hegelian categories, was, if I remember correctly, flung scoffingly at us in one of our meetings by a former student of a German University, where he had picked it up, as the final bomb demolishing our philosopher's entire Coliseum of the Universe.

But the best known skit produced by the St. Louis Movement in burlesquing itself was a clever little book, which was published under the name of "Our Odyssey Club, by Agnes Gragg." Its scene is pictured from a Homer Class, and it satirizes, not in a wholly unfriendly way, the appearance, doings, and sayings of the teacher, to whom is given the

highly Teutonized title of Professor Wolfgang. The ladies in attendance are set off with bright touches of satirical humor, which now and then seem seasoned with a little spice of feminine malice, adding a piquant flavor to the style. And the dressing talent of her sex there present is not wholly neglected by Agnes. The content of the Homer lesson is generally, though not always, shaded into the mock-heroic, something which happened to old Homer himself in the ancient parody called "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice." The sprightly travesty was received with a whoop of applause by the newspaper critics, naturally of the Mephistophelean strain, and I read in a Chicago Literary Periodical a grave article which deemed the book a timely antidote against a very dangerous epidemic in Literature then raging at St. Louis.

I would not omit the tender touch, since through the little book sweetly interweaves a little novelette with a love intrigue whose heroine bears the name of Rose Duane, of a very red-rosy look. She starts with scoffing at Professor Wolfgang's views and bemocks the man himself for his various oddities of dress and behavior. But somewhere about the last lesson he fortunately gets his leg broken in a railroad accident, whereupon the sarcastic young lady hastens to nurse him back to health. Then we hear the happy end: "The Odyssey Club had done its work. The Professor took upon himself the vows . . . the name of the bride was Rose Duane."

As for me, who had also led an Odyssey Club, when I read the fascinating romance, I queried who this Professor Wolfgang might be, and even more closely I interrogated my inner oracle concerning the reality of the rubicund Rose Duane, and especially of that last reported act of hers, for these two names were not to be found on any list of my classes, or of my acquaintances. And there the matter hangs to-day.

XII

A WRITER OF BOOKS

With this rubric I would signal to my reader the topmost flowering of the present Epoch namely, the books which I wrote and put into print. The highest point, I deem, of my self-realization was this expression of me in the word. For therein I became creative, to the extent of my native gift; I made over into a new world of mine own that old Classical world which I had seen and mentally appropriated. Back to the head waters of my age's cultural evolution I had traveled, in quest of my completed selfhood, and had given the record of my journey. Thus I recreated after my own spirit's ultimate form the already created forms which I had found and assimilated.

Moreover it was ancient Hellas which gave me my task and my opportunity. For I had, first of all, to recover and to reproduce within myself that primal germ of our European development; my

race's civilization I was to make my own, going back to its early budding in Greece, and taking it up into myself on the spot of its origin, that I might the better transmute its expression into my expression. Hence this was the peculiarly Greek epoch of my whole career; I have named it my Classical Renaissance, since it was my cultural New Birth through Greece. It was a stage or term of my life's spiritual discipline, lasting some seven or eight years, as already stated, being supplementary to my Academic training.

Just now there is considerable discussion concerning the value of the Classics. Greek and Latin have been stoutly assailed, being proclaimed unworthy of the time spent upon them in our institutions of learning. Natural Science in particular has been the chief antagonist seeking to ban or at least to limit the ancient tongues and to put itself in their place. The new utilitarian and vocational trend also is trying to elbow them out of the curriculum. To their defense the old scholarship has rallied and has emphasized their many values, educational, literary, historical. A great modern historian has said that ancient History is the key to all History; such it is, and yet more, for Greek History taken by itself is the embryo of European History, and also of Historiography. Still among the warm supporters of the Classics there is a good deal of discontent, especially with the method of teaching them, wherein is deeply felt and loudly proclaimed the need of a thorough-going reformation, which,

however, has not yet been very clearly formulated. Perhaps as a result of this fresh stirring of rather stagnant waters, we may hope for a renewal of interest in Classical studies, and possibly a profounder resurrection of the spirit of antique Hellas.

As an undergraduate I felt some such discomfort over my Classical instruction, which was probably that of the average American Colleges of the time. In a number of ways I sought to remedy its defects by outside studies of my own. Still it laid the foundation upon which I could build in the future, if I was man enough to realize myself as a man, making actual in my own training humanity's cultural evolution. Through all that long Greco-Latin past, I had to return upon myself, as it were, to go back to my civilized beginning, and make it over into mine own. That was my grand Classical quest of my cultural reality and of man's; I had to travel the way of the ages in order to find myself; world-renascence I must win and transfigure into self-renascence.

Anything else could there be wanting after the attainment of such a desperate quest? For me there persisted a lack, a gap, a part unfulfilled. Even on the soil of Greece the Classical world was yet a tradition, an echo of the long-ago, which I still heard from without me. What is now to be done? I must turn to reproduce it also, create it as it once was created in the aforetime. Hence I too, if I would complete my past, must become a Classical world-builder, such as was its original and originating

demiurge, whose first and best human representative was ancient Homer, through whom I might reach back to that primal genetic act of Hellenic spirit. So the ultimate of tradition was to create the traditional, to make it reproduce itself in its own primordial genesis. Such might be deemed the highest achievement of the coming educational institution, namely the University of Man.

Now the fixity and permanent manifestation of this new Classical course was to be found in the printed page. Such had become the supreme function of the Writer of Books in his Classical Epoch: he was not merely to learn, or to assimilate, or even to reproduce old forms; he had to create a new expression into which he must transfigure the spirit antique, that he attain his own self-expression for a stage of his life's total achievement.

The foregoing account has sought to indicate in what way I endeavored to plant the seeds of a Classical Renaissance in myself first, and then in others, as one fruition of the St. Louis Movement. The Homeric poems were taken as the best revelation as well as the earliest starting-point of the stream of civilized time, which we were to follow down the centuries into our own present city of St. Louis. But the Writer of Books had as yet imperfectly thought out and written out, not merely his exegesis, but, what was far more exacting, his reproduction of Homer's work and its co-ordination with the other Literary Bibles. All that remained for a later Epoch. Still the study of Homer con-

stituted the background and the germinal potentiality of what I have named my Classical Renaissance, as it seemingly did in all ancient education. Accordingly the Homeric fulfillment in my writing had to wait for my own fuller evolution, which in its turn will seek its completer realization through the printed page. Whereof something more in its place.

Now I have brought me to the point where it is in order to tell directly, yet briefly, of the books composed and issued by me during this Classical Epoch. As already repeatedly stressed, it was my time of intense and exclusive Classicism; I properly could not bring myself to do anything else, except in a perfunctory way. It seemingly called up in me a unique power of concentration on the one supreme object till it got itself done, persisting through workless moods, interruptions, spells of ill health. The visible output for the whole Epoch was six printed books, all of them revealing my strenuous classicality which I had to make over into self-expression for my life's joy, as well as for my spirit's completion, indeed I may say, for my spirit's salvation.

I shall try to put these six books into an order which will suggest their movement through this Classical Epoch of mine, from their starting into it till their transition out of it toward another stage of my life's fulfillment.

I. The general quest of the Greco-Roman world or of the ancient Mediterranean civilization as the

genetic source of my mind's acquired stores I have already indicated. I, the outsider from another continent, was seeking to put inside of me my own spiritual antecedents, and thus to awaken my sleeping wholeness. To this preliminary pursuit I assign two books of travel which grew as I journeyed toward my goal.

The first of these books bears the title of *A Tour in Europe*, whose purport and place I have sufficiently set forth in a former section under its own special designation.

My second book is a Greek episode of travels belonging emphatically to my Classical quest at its most intensive stretch and is called *A Walk in Hellas*, which has been likewise mentioned passingly in the foregoing account. It is the concentration and final rounding-out of my Classical Journey, which in it penetrates to the original Greek life still existent in its primitive haunts among the dells and on the slopes of Parnassus. I may remark of this book that on the whole it has been received with greater favor by the literary guild than any other writing of mine. This does not mean that it ever attained any pronounced vogue with the public. I printed it privately in 1861-2 at St. Louis, and it had a small local distribution chiefly among friends. Generous Judge Woerner wrote a somewhat lengthy account of it, which he had the influence to get into a Sunday edition of one of the city's newspapers—a feat which lay beyond my power. Sanborn took an interest in the

book, and without any request from me secured for it an offer from a Boston publisher, to whom I consigned the rest of the unbound sheets for a trial in publication. But it persisted in being unsaleable, and after a few years I unloaded the remainder upon myself. Still most of the reviews leaned to the side of a modified mercy, though a few seized a good chance to set off their happiness in abuse. The book continued to have in my hands a hidden little undercurrent of life, which many years later burst up to the light with a sudden prominence, wholly unexpected by me, and never since fully accounted for to my mind. But let that future incident be remanded to its time.

It should be added that both these books dressed themselves naturally in prose, which accords with their fundamental prosaic conception. That is, they were primarily inspired by the external scenes and circumstances which I was passing through and describing; the stress was upon the immediately seen and experienced, even if the antique kept playing into the narrative from the Classic past with many a suggestion. I was the reporter of the real life and nature before me, through which, however, would fleet in a common harmony an ideal life and nature imaging a former greatness, truly a stage of the World's Civilization.

II. But along with, yea out of this essentially receptive prosaic work would break forth a creative poetic activity, quite the reverse of the former in movement and character. Instead of ac-

cepting and recording in writ my impressions from without I began transmuting and recreating them into a new-made world within me, which I projected into being through my pen. The result was a group of three poems, which likewise move along the line of my Classical Journey, but attuned to another rhythm and mood. For I was now to endow with a fresh existence what I had simply received and adopted before as already existent; in other words I was to pass from prose with its theme outwardly given and prompted, to poetry whose theme itself was to be new-created both in form and matter.

Prorsus Retrorsus. The first verses of this group began to shape themselves in Rome, which old city I tried to re-embody in fresh forms for my own self-expression. That is, I had to make-over the transmitted Rome before me into my own Rome. Such was the work of the poet or maker. The result can be seen in my little book called *Ecce Roma* (printed as the First Part of the volume entitled *Prorsus Retrorsus*, which label has been decried as a Latin riddle more brain-befogging than even Carlyle's famous *Sartor Resartus*).

When the railroad train had borne me into the Eternal City on the Tiber, I was greeted from all sides by the ruins of an old civilization. Undoubtedly there stood before my eyes many new buildings and other modernities, for instance just this steam car on which I wheeled hitherward; but the mightiest presence here still for me was the

ancient structure whose fragments lay scattered about in every direction. These fragments I began to pick up and to reconstruct; them I would vivify, and bring to some utterance of themselves. Even the living Roman People of to-day seemed a huge torso of the old *Romanus Populus*, whose broken or lost members I would restore in imagination, giving to the renewed whole a present voice, necessarily my own.

The outcome of my prolonged stay and contemplation was a series of some thirty-nine urban idyls, if I dare christen them with a famous name: or perhaps their better title would be that of Roman Elegies, a term applied to a somewhat similar kind of old Latin poetry. Moreover they had often a pensive undertone elegiac in the modern sense, for they hymned echoes out of the grand tragedy of ancient civilization which lay always in their background. Thus I would rebuild old Rome for myself from the pieces of its ruin, and make each piece reflect the whole in each little elegy, in which I too found my own Roman expression, voicing a phase of my life's total experience.

On the whole these Roman Elegies of mine have proved themselves, of all my writings perhaps, the most remote and estranged from the popular mind. Even trained intellects and friendly to me personally have pronounced them poetryless and purposeless, unreadable in meter and meaning. Too much foreknowledge required of ancient History and Mythology, of Roman localities and dilapidated

buildings, of dead things generally in a dead world—thus sings the outraged complaint. Then that ghostly enigma staring at the reader in the first words from a dead tongue—*Prorsus Retrorsus*—stops him with a sudden shock, so that he often cannot get a step further. So let us quit the book now, and push ahead. Every shred of Rome presupposes Greece, let us then move forward, or backward if you choose, for both these opposite ways are here strangely blent and lead us to the same place. But here again that riddlesome Latin lingo sleuths us still even in our English, for now we are told that our *forward* (*Prorsus*) is at the same time our *backward* (*Retrorsus*).

Epigrammatic Voyage. The considerable transition, both in space and in spirit, from Rome to Greece, had next to be undertaken by me, realized lifefully and then poetized. Herein the Greek Anthology furnished both suggestion and inspiration, with its rich clusters of ancient epigrams or inscriptions written upon every conceivable little theme. So I for the occasion became a Greek epigrammatist, and I turned into a versicle each passing view or impression punctuating my pathway. The result was again a little book which I called an *Epigrammatic Voyage*, meandering over sea and land till I reached Athens. (At first printed separately, but now as the Second Part of *Prorsus Retrorsus*).

In this book it was my delight to re-live still another phase of Greek life and to re-create it as a

part of my own, moulding my most modern self into an antique poetic form, since I continued to meter it after the hexametral elegiac. This was no translation, but a poetic transfusion of new blood into an ancient body through a fresh reproduction. The old epigrams of the Greek Anthology reveal better than any other ancient work the pervasive poetic spirit of all Greek existence down to the humblest. Hence their creative fascination for me in my Greek mood. I often interwove them into my later talks on Greece and her art; still these dear beautiful playthings of Hellas, so native to me for years, I never could quite domesticate, I have to believe, in any American heart.

But thus I had transformed myself into a bubbling line of versicles strung along all the way from the Roman to the Athenian world-centers of antiquity. A rare enjoyment it was of the deep undertow of the old Greek life, revealing its ever-active subliminal poetry as it shot up into its first atoms of expression, which were gathered and vased for a thousand years and more into the afore-said Greek Anthology. Now this atomic Greek life stimulated me to a new creation of itself in my own life, when the right environment embraced me, and I was ready to respond to its spell. Hence was forged along with my every step this somewhat sagging chain of separately rounded out epigrams, two hundred or so, which interlinked for me the Tiber and the Ilissus.

Delphic Days. When I reached Athens, I found

it too a civilized ruin, like Rome in this regard, or it may be called a beautiful fragment of a ruined civilization. Still this likewise I would take unto myself and make it spiritually mine own, identifying it, as far as I might, with my Classical self in its present Renaissance. So I lived in and also loved old-new Athens for several busy months. But the former dissatisfaction arose anew which I had felt at Rome, whispering to me: "Here is not thy goal; start once more for the head-waters of this Nile-stream of antique life, still hidden to thy look and to thy soul. Report tells thee that thou mayst find its first fountain off yonder on the Parnassus in the region of ancient Delphi. So set out again, be thy journey without a comrade, go thy ways afoot and alone."

Accordingly I pushed forward (or backward) to Delphi with its vivid drama of Nature, visible outwardly as of old, and peopled with primitive Greek characters living yet to-day and talking a kind of Homeric dialect, and even singing many a little epical adventure of their heroes. And so it came about that this elemental Parnassian life I eagerly adopted and appreciated, starting soon to reproduce it over into my inner world, and then shaping outwardly in verse its many-hued transformations which at last fascicled themselves into a booklet called *Delphic Days*.

Those Delphic idyls are essentially rural; they stress the present in scenery and costume, in language and emotion, also in man and woman. Still

they, like Delphi herself, hold within their small bosoms a buried past which peeps out here and there from its cover, and which can be unearthed by a little digging. Since I was there, the ancient Delphic temple has been excavated, and also various parts of the old town. But Delphi appeared to me not the huge torso of some antique Hercules like Rome, like Athens; it had still a complete, unbroken though small life of its own, which had maintained itself through the milleniums from twilight primordial Greece, undoubtedly with many changes. Accordingly in *Delphic Days* I sought to re-animate within myself that original protoplasm of early Hellas, and then to portray this real survival of it here on the real Parnassus. Hence it comes that these poems are relatively easy to understand, since they have little of erudition, or of mythology, or of ruins antique. Still some Classical knowledge is dangerously pre-supposed.

With these three poetical books was completed the versified portion of my *Greco-Roman Journey*, or the little *Epic of my Classical Renaissance*. I may egoistically conceive it as my little *Iliad*, in which the solitary hero, this Ego, with his army of one soldier, who was himself, pushing forth from St. Louis across continents and sailing over oceans to attack and capture, not the hill of old Troy, but the very top of Mount Parnassus itself and its whole antique life. Such a warlike expedition, however, did not seek to burn or destroy that lofty world-citadel of our race's civilization, but would strive

to restore, to renew, and to re-create it at least in myself, and in any other questing self whom I might persuade to hearken or to read my fresh construction of it through voice or through print, in prose or in verse. At any rate to me this poetical foray was one continued music-festival of ancient Classical harmonies, which found its own reward in the spirit's deepest attunement.

But if I can summon audacity enough to keep the Homeric simile running, which I have already once tapped, I may add that this little *Iliad* was succeeded by a little *Odyssey* of mine, the return home of the Classical wanderer, if not to the shores of small sunny Ithaca, at least to the grandiose mud-stream of the ever-roiled Mississippi. Such was my Ulyssean *nostos*, or spiritual home-coming from my Parnassian expedition, which being ingrown a musical part of my life, had to realize itself in a versified expression, that is, in another poetical booklet.

III. This was baptized under the name of *Agamemnon's Daughter*, which composition I would like to stress as the third leading stage of this my poetized Classical Renaissance, inasmuch as the latter starts now to moving out of itself into what comes next in my life's ever-advancing yet ever-returning cycle. Thus the poem is essentially the transition from the antique to the modern, which transition pours itself into an old Greek vase of a mythus, that of Iphigenia. The verse, the spirit, the style breaks away from the foregoing elegiac

hexameters and strikes a new key-note in the rhymed iambic stanza of eight lines. The music, the inwardness, even the organization bespeak the Romantic transforming the heart of the Classic. Thus the poem is a continual metamorphosis of the old into the new, to which the mind of the reader is to keep itself always attuned.

The image of Iphigenia (Agamemnon's Daughter) followed me everywhere around through Greece, from Athens to Delphi, from Delphi to Mycenæ, from Mycenæ to Aulis, from Aulis back to Delphi. I was conscious of her presence at my side, but I could not yet catch her shape and ban it into verse, though I often tried. She crossed the ocean with me homeward; like a ghost she haunted me for years in St. Louis, till at last one day through a fresh experience I grew able to clutch the very form of her soul, which I then could recreate for my new self-expression, as being a stage of my own evolution just attained and crying out to be realized.

It should be noted that I did not in this work pick up individual impressions and occurrences along my path and transmute them into separate elegies or epigrams or idyls as heretofore. On the contrary I took a connected story, that ancient mythus of Iphigenia, and overwrought it into an integral part of my own life's experience and utterance. Still that old tale in time revealed itself to me as a torso also, like Greece and Rome, as a mythical fragment which I had to make whole in

my creative spirit. Hence instead of the two Iphigenias handed down from antiquity by Euripides, I had to create four, or rather they all were the one Iphigenia completing herself in her four grand stages or crises of her spiritual evolution. To use a former comparison, the Greek mythus of Iphigenia, like the torso of Hercules in the Vatican Museum, had no head and no feet, no right beginning or end, but only a lopped-off body which had to be restored mythically before it in its wholeness could be poetized. So I fabled an Iphigenia at Mycenæ for the overture and an Iphigenia at Delphi for the finale of the finished work.

Thus the eidolon of Iphigenia, that completest Greek woman-soul, haunted me for years, fleeting airily throughout my whole Greco-Roman Epoch, in a kind of sub-conscious prophetic presence, which I was at last to evoke into a conscious reality, thereby building the bridge out of my Classical Renaissance. So I freed myself of her ghostly pursuit by the exorcising magic of the written word. Not a few emotional currents out of my own experience streamed into and through this poem, whereof I have already mentioned one, that of the Kindingartners. Iphigenia's tale became for me the woman's world-mythus, in deep parallelism to the man's, the Christ-tale, to which it is startlingly similar. I ought to add that already at St. Louis I was first introduced to Goethe's beautiful Iphigenia by Brockmeyer, who knew her and exalted her with his sort of boisterous admiration. I kept

her acquaintance and took her along with me to her old home-land in the course of my Classical Journey, during which she unfolded for me into a marvelously new personality, far richer and more universal than Goethe's. (A fuller account of this whole subject can be found in the appendix to the second edition of my *Agamemnon's Daughter*).

With this final book of the six I had rounded-out my distinctively Classical Epoch lasting seven years and more of exclusive and absolute devotion to the winning of the antique world and to its expression in my own tongue. The outer spatial flight of this Epoch may be figured as a kind of ellipse, which, rising up from St. Louis, topped the real Greek Parnassus, then circled back again to its starting-point. I culled the spiritual treasures possible to me along my path and strung them on the foregoing bead-roll of six books, which express what I have labeled my Classical Renaissance, all of them being printed and distributed by myself, except one for a little while, as already explained. In the sense of the book-trade these works remain unpublished to this moment. I can truly say that I never offered them to any publisher in manuscript; but I have once in a while amused myself at getting his quick refusal of my stuff when he found it already in type. Still he never would confess that he was firstly, and often lastly, a printer.

Nor were these books ever put through the magazine mill and article-d in small bits for the sake of

publicity, of which process so many good volumes to-day bear the lasting marks or scars. I never submitted the shorter poems to the editor of any periodical, though a few times I have been asked for a specimen, and have furnished it gladly without price.

Nor did I ever succeed in getting the average Professor of Greek in College or University, whom I would meet occasionally, to take any living part in this my rejuvenation of Classical antiquity, which is or ought to be a kind of re-animation of his rather sterilized and often mummified calling. Some verbal or metrical or exegetical or even epexegetical stumbling block he was sure to kick up and fall over in a learned sprawl, where he could coil down at ease in the traditional security of transmitted erudition. The fragments of the Classical world seemed to be his chief knowledge as well as his sole delight; my plan of not only restoring the broken old torso of all Hellas, but of re-modeling a new statue of her sprung of a new conception belonging to our own age, he deemed chimerical, when he understood it, which was not always. I may here remark that in the somewhat extensive discussion of Classical instruction going on just at present, its own pedagogues are the keenest critics of its moribund pedagogy.

I have been often asked, and do not fail to ask myself, what is the value of this long moneyless and thankless revaluation of old Classical values? I esteem it a stage of human culture which every

succeeding stage has to regenerate in and through itself in order to be cultural at all. And every individual man if he is to attain the full manhood of his kind, cannot leave out its highest realization in the course of its antecedent evolution. Through some form of the Classical Renaissance he is to make himself complete in our Occidental world; then, too, he may be able to impart his completeness, when he has won it through his own creative energy. He can give away his best only when he owns it, and he owns it only when he has made it himself.

My Classical Renaissance as here set forth in its various labors I deem an indispensable part of what I have called my Super-vocation—a work to be done for its own worth, and if need be, without pay or even recognition. Such a discipline has no other end than itself; it is not merely its own excuse for being, but is its own supreme reward; all other human incentives, such as wealth, fame, influence, are only servants in the mansion of this one sovereign end of our existence. These servants are very convenient and indeed necessary up to a certain utility; but at times they may refuse to take their subordinate place in the economy of life, and seek to usurp the sovereignty. Then comes the crucial test of the man's ultimate value; he will dare become his own servant, rather than be the slave of his servants. Some such test I felt now to be crushing in upon me, and producing no little unrest, but without a serious breach in my

deeper resolution, whereof the future must certify to the fact.

This Writer of Books, therefore, found his solid reward in the practice of his own creative energy; he might even call it a foretaste of his eternal happiness. In this way he felt and communed with the first sources of being; or, to employ perchance a more daring locution, he shared in the original Primal Love creating the World. At any rate he may here repeat the sentence of faith already cited from his private breviary: *Scribers est orare*. Prayers are sometimes paid for, it is said; but mine were not, and all these books of mine are in their first genesis my orisons.

And here at the close of the present Epoch I may be permitted to turn one brief cast of my prophetic search-light upon the farther future, fore-saying that this Classic Renaissance simply preludes and prepares for another and deeper Renaissance, not only mine but time's also, namely the Self's very Renaissance in its own native form of utterances. Or let it be thusly said: underneath this outer Classical Itinerary runs an inner unconscious Psychical Itinerary, which with the years is destined to burst up to consciousness and win a new self-expression in its own science.

But mark now the shifting of the scene, both outer and inner. Along with the change to a new stage of my spirit's development, is conjoined a most surprising change to a new locality as the right environment of my fresh task. Guess me the name of the place.

CHAPTER SECOND

THE RENASCENCE EVOLVED AND PROPAGATED

Here, to my mind looking backward over life's mountain peaks, appear in a single group or mass the next ten or a dozen years, representing this cardinal fact: the evolution both internal and external, of the foregoing Renaissance, which in its classical form could only be germinal, yet not for me alone, but likewise for all civilization.

Now this Renaissance in my special case unfolds doubly: first, inwardly into the four Great Books of Literature with my completed expressions of them in the so-called commentaries; secondly, into their outer propagation over the country at some favorable places for growth. Moreover I may add that this was peculiarly my Chicago Epoch, in contrast to the previous one which had centered in St. Louis.

What has been won in the foregoing Epoch at St. Louis and Concord, is next to be scattered far and away over all the land, to the outreach of my ability. The propagation of our so-called Renaissance, or of that phase of the St. Louis Movement which I had especially cultivated and developed, must now be the work of a new Epoch quite distinct from the one which I had just passed

through. First of all, the change involves a breaking loose from my two chief centers hitherto, and a dispersion of energy, both mental and physical, in order to plant the seed-corn in as large a territory as possible.

Thus it was for me a time of wandering, and I rambled continuously over a greater space than ever before or afterward in my career. My journeys extended from Boston, New York and Washington along the Atlantic Coast, to Omaha and Minneapolis in the West. Still the most of my work lay in the two central States, Indiana and Illinois. I can truly say that this was the busiest portion of my entire life. It lasted some thirteen years from 1884 till 1897, to reckon its full day from dawn to sunset. I was forty-three years when it started, and I kept up the campaign till I brushed the border of old-age, and heard its warning. Moreover the Epoch itself began to wane in strength and fervor, having delivered its message, and also to show signs of making a transition into a new and more advanced stage of that total life of which it was but a part. So much for the outer spatial dispersion of myself as well as of my teachings.

Next I may tell something of the methods which I employed in this propagation. First was the single lecture (or Lyceum) which I always deemed insufficient in itself, though needful as a stimulus and as an overture to deeper and more organic work. Hence I would try to push the interested

listeners forward into the Class, which took a course of connected lessons on a great and abiding theme, like a Literary Bible. But the plan did not stop with these Classes, which, after being trained separately in a given locality, were unified and intensified in the Literary School, which was held eight times in Chicago alone, and several times elsewhere. To a still higher and final stage did we strive to carry the work, which we sought to make complete and permanent in what at last became known under the name of the Communal University.

Now these four pedagogical forms or methods will continually recur in the course of this narrative, so that it is worth while to keep them in mind by a recapitulation: (1) the Lecture, (2) the Class, (3) the Literary School, (4) the Communal University. Though these separate forms were old, they together constituted a new order, or it may be, a new system of pedagogy, specially applicable to social conditions, as I found them here in the West, but lying outside the traditional lines of education. It was not hostile to the transmitted educational training, but supplementary. For the human being as active citizen has still to receive his or her best and deepest instruction after the High School, the College, the Scholastic University, as they have been handed down from the past. They cannot educate for life, as they often claim, for life itself is to be always an education, and must have in this field its own educative institution. Indeed profes-

sional educators themselves ought especially to be pupils in this Higher School.

But behold the unexpected turn: amid all this scattered propagation and far-away dispersion of mind and body, a center insists upon creating itself just for the purpose of better dissemination. This center was not St. Louis, not any city of the Atlantic Coast, but that youngest Westerner, Chicago. Unwillingly I may say, and at first unconsciously I found myself driven toward the overmastering rival of St. Louis, whose phenomenal rise to supremacy I had watched for many years with no little jealousy, I must confess. I had seen many a changeling pass from the river-town to the lake-town with a feeling of reproof for their disloyalty. And now I woke up to find myself just such a disloyal changeling in spite of my own self-reproach and even inner repugnance. I turned my breast against that irresistible current surging Chicago-wards, and tried to swim up stream, only to see myself borne into the heart of the maelstrom, which was just the swirling city itself.

Thus my Chicago time opens, which starts and runs parallel with this Epoch of Propagation. I soon discovered that nowhere else could such a task be accomplished. Chicago had already become the great center of Western distribution, both for merchandise and for intelligence. The latter fact I could not at first believe, till immediate experience pounded it painfully into my brain. Moreover the city itself began to offer me a new and very inter-

esting problem, quite different from that of St. Louis or of any community I had ever known before—a problem that appealed mightily to the untraditional motive ever propelling me from within. So I was to receive here, too, a communal training.

To my mind Chicago soon started to reveal itself in three marked phases, which rounded out together one great all-overwhelming process. In the first place, the town sped away with a furious momentum, being externally dashed forward on the roaring stream of events, as they drove it and with it, so that it seemed all afloat. But in the second place the city was even more violently agitated in and through itself, becoming a very whirlpool of whizzing humanity, within which it was almost dangerous to get caught. Thirdly, this rapid revolution generated a kind of centrifugal energy which hurled the city's transactions of every sort in every direction over the land, making it the great center of distribution, to which all products were drawn, swallowed up for the moment, and then regurgitated far away every-whither. No other urban maelstrom like it on this globe is the general verdict of travelers. It seemed to challenge comparison with any one of the elemental Furies of Nature—the earthquake, the cyclone, the volcano in eruption.

Thus the outer appearance of Chicago as well as the inner character seemed the opposite to that of St. Louis, whose law after 1880 was relatively retardation which at times seemed to approach stag-

nation. The contrast between the two cities was smiting, and became the literary common-place of all recording observers, partial and impartial. Somehow the great tide of Western migration came pouring into and through Chicago, which represented the world afloat, she being afloat and awirl herself. Meanwhile the paralyzing disillusion of St. Louis lay heavy upon her brooding spirit. So I was compelled to re-read the old tale of two cities not in the romance of Illusion now, but in the fact, as this unrolled before my eyes. I took lodgment in Chicago, but my domicile there never could get fully anchored, the city itself being so unanchored, as if it were a thousand floating islands on Lake Michigan.

Well might I ask myself: Have I any function here in this most restless, uncertain, transitory existence? The head gets dizzy at first with merely looking at the swirl and you begin to query, what will become of you, with your philosophic emphasis upon the abiding and the essential, if you once plunge into this cyclonic ever-shifting multitude? After some days of drifting, I concluded that my part was to stabilize it, to steady it, to put something permanent into the evanescence before me, as far as my bit of power would hold out. The venture began to interest me, to allure me, to absorb me, yea to hypnotize me through its very hazard. In this sense I became a gambler literally on Chicago change or rather on Chicago changefulness.

But what capital could I get for such a specula-

tion? I had brought with me from my former acquisitions the intensive study and interpretation of the great Literary Bibles of the Race, which have shown a more enduring power of immortality than any other spiritual treasures of the past. I have already mentioned my labors in the exposition, propagation, and reproduction of the four supreme poets—Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe—to whom I had devoted several years at St. Louis and at Concord. They were the everlasting anchorage of all Literature, now becoming the most transitory of sublunary things, anchorage too of those spirits who sought for some fastness in the fleeting panorama of this our sense-life. No shriller, more grinding, pulverizing contradiction could be found than that between Chicago and the Literary Bibles, symbols respectively of the momentary and of the perennial in human achievement.

Now the fascination came strongly over me to perform just this feat of planting the opposition of all Time, indeed the extremes of the Universe itself—that of eternity and that of the instant—right in the heart of the purest manifestation of restless fugacity on our globe. Could it be done without money, without influence, even without books, other than the simple text of our Literary Bibles? For I had nothing else. Undoubtedly there was some literature written and printed in Chicago, yes a good deal of it, but it was almost wholly of the public press, and of all the ephemeral

records of the ephemeral in this inky deluge of ours, the Chicago newspaper was then the most ephemeral, and it still is not lacking in that quality. Indeed it had no belief in immortality of any sort, especially in the lettered one; and it would jet its Mephistophelean sneer at any attempt to introduce such a faith into Chicago's fleet modernity. Eugene Field, born and reared in St. Louis, but a fugitive (or deserter) to Chicago like myself, though in a very different vocation, made fun of our Literary Schools in his journalistic *Sharps and Flats*, and set all the scoffers of the town to sniggering and mocking at us for our Chicagoless follies. Still I must say, to the credit of "Genie" Field, as our St. Louis printers used to call him affectionately, when he was there a genially crapulous reporter, that he induced his journal, the *Chicago News*, to hire me to write an article on Irving's rendition of *Faust*, which was then on the stage in Chicago. I accepted the offer for the sake of the publicity, inasmuch as I was then having classes in *Goethe's Faust*, and was working desperately to get ready for our Literary School, or general Institute of Lectures on the same subject. Field of course never came to the classes or to the Literary School, but he did hunt me up, and he gave me box tickets to the theater to see the play and its famous English actors, solacing me by the way with some very white complimentary flimflams, telling me confidentially how much he "had profited by reading my books." I was not cruel enough to

test his knowledge of them, but I cannot think that Field expected me to take his words at ear-value, though I appreciated his dexterous courtesy, and his generosity self-suggested, for I never would have dared ask him for such a favor. In his earlier days as a reporter, he must have often heard at St. Louis of our Movement and of its members, and he was probably astonished at its audacious migration to Chicago, the supposed newspaperial Inferno of scribbling demons, into which I now dared venture, pen in hand.

The article was duly written and published, taking up about a column in length, as I recollect, for I have lost or mislaid the document somewhere in my wanderings, though I thought to preserve it as a keepsake. It was not a good article, a kind of abnormal hybrid, for I tried to newspaperize my Faust work, thus producing an unnatural cross between journalism and philosophy, very displeasing in feature to the parent, and probably not attractive to the public. I would have rejected it, if I had been in the judgment seat of the editor. Great was my surprise, however, when the office sent me a check for twenty-five dollars, which, I can still say, as I did a few years ago, "has remained the first, last, and only compensation in money for any writing of mine up to this day." Undoubtedly some of my books have been sold, but they were never written with a view to their saleability. But here appeared the first and the last exception.

The chief lesson of my article was given to my-

self, who then and there learned my total lack of fitness for any form of periodicalism. The editor probably thought so too, for he never asked me to send him another article, though there was the opportunity. And he was right. In fact I had already at St. Louis had my deterrent experience with the magazine, whereof I have given some account on a previous page. The newspaper, as the ephemeral record of the Ephemeral, produced a jarring discord in me who was putting all my faith and all my heart as well as my brain, into the propagation of the eternal record of the Eternal, just now in ephemeral Chicago. To be sure I never failed to read the newspaper with diligence, for its own sake first, it being the moment's world-bubble, and then for the sake of the reaction from it, which always tended to give me a quick setback upon my own true calling.

And now let the fact be duly acknowledged that I was not alone in attempting to fix some permanent literary anchorage into the tornado-whirl of Chicago. I remember the efforts of my soldier-friend, General N. B. Buford, who ten years before my time had the battle-courage to organize a huge philosophical Society, which far outstripped in numbers our little St. Louis affair, symbolizing indeed the two cities. For it had three hundred members, as he figured it, when he called me to address it far back somewhere in the seventies. That was my first public lecture of the kind away from home. I supposed I would meet a dozen or two people, the

usual size of our St. Louis audience. Imagine my terror when I had to face three hundred Chicago philosophers, twenty times as many as I was in the habit of seeing at our meetings. Thus philosophy herself was for a short time enormously Chicagoized, perhaps two-thirds of the membership being women. The Society did not last long; I could hardly find a trace of it when I went back to Chicago in 1884. And my good friend, the General, had also vanished beyond. Seemingly the science of the Eternal had become altogether transitory in Chicago, taking the character of its environment as the terrestrial paradise of the Ephemeral.

In this connection gratitude requires that I should mention three faithful friends of the cause, gentlemen of first distinction and influence in the city. The two best-known clergymen of Chicago and public-spirited citizens of the highest character, Dr. David Swing, and Dr. H. W. Thomas, were always ready to lend us aid by word and deed, and even by lectures before our Literary Schools. They have passed on, but Professor Lewis J. Block remains, distinguished as poet, critic, and educator, and specially gifted with profound insight into philosophy. I never failed to gain new light and incentive in conversing with his deeply sympathetic personality.

In the fall of 1884 I gave my first course of talks on Homer to a small miscellaneous audience in a school-room of Chicago, lasting about five weeks. At the close I was surprised to find requests for a

number of classes—all that I could attend to—in the several Literary Bibles. These classes were scattered over the city, and were to be held chiefly in private parlours. What could be the source of this sudden cultural outburst in Chicago? I found that most of the promoters were people who had been either at Concord or at St. Louis—in the latter case they were chiefly Kindergartners who had studied with Miss Blow. I had another engagement in Indiana, but I promised to return the following year which I did with the result that Chicago became my center of propagation for quite twenty years.

When I came back and resumed the classes I found an interest similar to that in St. Louis some five years before. All over town these groups kept springing up, and asking me for lessons in the Literary Bibles. I was puzzled by the fact, inasmuch as Chicago acquaintances had repeatedly warned me that no such thing as the St. Louis Movement was possible or even advisable in their wild and whirling town. Of course there were some clubs which studied Browning for instance, who was then in the acme of his vogue. To-day's novelists also Chicago might take in small quick doses, but I was told that it wanted "none of your old Homer or medieval Dante." Still I found responses to these most ancient poets in most modern Chicago, which by report would contemptuously fling under the hoofs of its cattle and swine at the

slaughter-house all such long-outlived palaeographs.

In the great migration to the West from the East, the world was afloat with the Sun's course, and dropped along its path a line of floating communities, many of which have disappeared, while others, the most of them, have been stabilized into the prescribed communal life of the past. Chicago was their best representative, and has preserved much of their original Western character of daring initiative, and will not settle down into quiescent tradition, refusing to conform its activity to the transmitted model from the East. In a sense it still keeps on migrating, pioneering, breaking away even from its own prescription, ever re-making itself a new town on some new frontier. Tell me, I would often ask of my self's own Sibyl, what has ancient Homer to do with such a town as this Chicago? Why dare you try to bridge over what Time and Space, Spirit and Speech have so utterly divorced? The response would run: "That is just Chicago in quintessence: to dare those elemental deities of Nature's separation, Space and Time, and to put them to flight across continents."

Thus I, a wee vanishing atom myself, made the desperate plunge into the Chicago maelstrom, bearing under my arm my big eternal evangel, nothing less than the four greatest, most enduring books written by European man. At first I startled and shrank, still I felt the secret affinity, and so with time I became one with my environment; I turned

vortical like Chicago in my outer activity, while my inner remained firmly anchored to my one creative task.

Having taken a glimpse of external tumultuous Chicago, I began to look underneath the surface, and there I soon found the city-soul in a deeply responsive agitation, perchance even more perturbed inwardly than outwardly, spiritually than bodily. The first and best example rises now before me in the fact that sooner or later I came upon at least a dozen new religions, which were claiming to be here evolved or perchance to have just dropped from Heaven in answer to the crying prayer of the place and the time. Certainly they were all protests against the transmitted theology, and waged war upon prescription. Therein they could touch me to an harmonious thrill, even when I altogether disagreed with their doctrines. A little investigation, however, showed that quite all these new religions were mainly reproductions or recrudescences of old Oriental faiths. The Hindoo God-consciousness showed a strange revival right in the midst of the grand Chicago *Maya*; Buddhism found followers, the new Brahminism under the name of *Brahmo-somaj* had its cult, and especially Theosophy reaped no small harvest after the seeding of the famous Madam Blavatzky, whose *Isis Unveiled* I once found Harris deeply pondering and proposing to refute, in consequence of its ravages among his friends, chiefly women. An American convert to Mahommedanism came among us and preached to

us like a zealous missionary to the heathen, though he kept silent on polygamy. Marvelously successful in thrift, in numbers, and in turmoil was the revival of the old Hebrew Zion by John Alexander Dowie, who within a block of my lodging-house, proclaimed himself on Michigan Boulevard in triumph the successor of Moses and David, saying "I am a theocrat! away with your democracy!" But altogether the most active and pervasive religious revolt went under the name of Christian Science, avatar of the returning new Christ, now a woman, and was often deemed Mrs. Eddy's Reformation of Luther's Reformation. For a while all the Protestant Churches of the city seemed tinged with it, like an epidemic it spread and raged, everybody took to healing one's self and one another. An imprudent excellent clergyman, an acquaintance of mine, dared preach a sermon against it, which was his last from that pulpit when he found the bulk of his congregation preaching back against him. The universal gift of healing played havoc with the regular physicians; I heard an estimate that one-third at least of the medical practice of Chicago had vanished. One of my curious experiences was that some experts in the new doctrine attended my lectures on Homer and Shakespeare, and declared repeatedly that they contained good Christian Science without my saying it or even knowing it. This occurred so often that I concluded there must be some common element between us—what? The break from too much

tradition, perchance. Let the reader be his own oracle and give the answer.

Thus all Asia in its highest spiritual contribution to humanity, the whole Oriental mind with its supreme gift of the great world-religions—Christian, Jewish, Mahommedan, Hindoo—seemed to bubble up again on this side of the globe in that huge vat of fermentation called Chicago, and started to seething with a fresh creation of themselves, usually under the old Asiatic names but sometimes not, in this newest city of the Occident. What can it all mean? At any rate the psychologist might glimpse in the phenomenon the soul's early starting of its last and largest return to the Orient, to the original home of our civilized God-consciousness, and might mark the early chaotic mutterings and struggles of the coming universal religion, in this its grand Occidental dip backward into its first creative sources. Only in Chicago has ever been held a real Parliament of Religions, which took place during her World's Fair, and which still remains a striking revelation of herself in this respect as well as a mighty prophecy, not yet fulfilled, of what is to follow after the political Federation of the Nations.

So I flung myself with a shiver of terror, yet also with a certain feeling of kinship, into this vortex of Chicago life. One point of sympathy I may here designate: All these propagandists of new religions in one way or other, more or less profoundly, sought the re-interpretation and recon-

struction of the old Religious Bibles of the Orient, which was not dissimilar to my theme, though I clung to the four Literary Bibles of Europe—old and new—with fresh significances, and their final co-ordination into one Book of the Ages.

Undoubtedly many other long inherited beliefs and disciplines were boiling in that Chicago cauldron, and undergoing some kind of transformation. Philosophy, Art, and especially Education were subjected to the city's dissolving as well as renovating process. This meant not so much the destruction as the re-construction and rejuvenescence of all ancient Tradition, sacred and secular—an aspiration which St. Louis once owned when I first knew her, but which she had at this time quite lost—perchance again the backstroke of her Great Disillusion.

Very suggestive of the new social and spiritual Apocalypse, and also deeply motived in human progress were these fresh young Chicago recurrences of aged Asia and Europe, as if here the world had begun over again and I were present at the new Creation; or at least as if History had started on another great arc of the total cycle of man's development. The experience of this original protoplasmic world-life which was then engendering at Chicago, and in which I profoundly participated, became for me the supreme discipline of that greater Chicago University of Civilization, very different from, yet by no means so easily discernible as the other great Chicago University (of Rocke-

feller) dedicated to the well-groomed traditions of time-honored Learning—to all of which I for one insisted upon paying due obeisance, though not a one-sided devotion.

Accordingly I feel interested enough in myself to set forth a somewhat detailed unfolding of this present Epoch, truly the central one of my entire life in years and also the busiest one in labors, as it evolves its two distinctive strands, theoretical and practical, or of inner development and outer propagation, and so brings to light the two opposite elements, the concentrated and the discursive, of my double-tracked existence.

I.

THE NEW MYTHICAL SETTING

Not long after I had started upon this new Epoch of wandering and of seed-sowing, I became dimly aware of a very subtle change which was slowly entering and transforming my imaginative life. For my conscious activity lay embosomed as it were, in a penumbra of ever-flashing imagery which would stream out from unconscious depths and frequently, but not always, shape itself into prose and verse. Such an elusive nebulous world of Phantasy envelops us all, though few probably develop it into an integral part of their larger existence. Now this is what I may here call life's mythical setting or frame-work, which often changes

along with the man's spiritual mutations. Such at least was the case with me at the present time.

The reader will recollect that everywhere in the previous Epoch my environment was Hellas, her works and her spirit. My quest strove to assimilate and to reproduce both in myself and in outward forms the antique Greek world, hence that time was especially named my Classical Renaissance. I found that on all sides the Greco-Roman life with its civilization was enwrapped in the plastic folds of Greek Mythology, from which evolved not only religion, but poetry, art, even history, as we may still observe in the respective works of Homer, Phidias, Herodotus. Thus all Classical expression was primarily mythical, unfolding out of that wonderful Greek Mythus, which I tried to re-live and to re-create for so many years. Let me instance again the tale of Iphigenia, which traveled at my side during my whole European journey and back home, till I could ban it out of me into expression and thus rid me of its haunting presence.

But now behold the unique metamorphosis in myself most surprising to myself! A new Mythus, the American one, of the Western frontier, begins to insinuate itself into and even underneath that old Greek one, and to take its place in the background of my consciousness, being native to my birth-soil and not transmitted from hoar antiquity. I refused to believe my own psychology at first, and I revolted at the change. But I could not help myself, a deeper and more compelling stage of my evolution had set in, something mightier than my

conscious pleasure or purpose. The lofty Olympian world with its Gods and Demigods was imperceptibly transmuted into the life and legend of the humble vagabond, Johnny Appleseed, who now became, as it were, my spirit's exemplar and my mythical hero, at the start in spite of myself. Is not the Christ-tale something similar in form, and often productive of a similar transformation?

Such, then, was the most searching and distinctive prognostic of the new Epoch. But who was this Johnny Appleseed? A wanderer and a seed-sower through the Mississippi Valley, or a considerable part thereof; yet he had an idea in his head which he carried over into life quite at the cost of life, thus making himself the ideal of all idealists, and reducing the three fates of existence, food raiment, and shelter, to their lowest terms—truly a new-world fate-compeller. He grew to be for the people a mythical character, and so he remains to me; still he was an historic person with a brief biography, to whom a monument has been erected at Mansfield, Ohio, on which we may read the following inscription: "To the memory of John Chapman, best known as Johnny Appleseed, Pioneer Nurseryman of Richland County from 1810 to 1830."

This John Chapman was born in New England, but as a young man migrated to the West, and the first report of him has been transmitted that he was seen about the year 1800 floating down the Ohio river, in charge of two canoes lashed together and

loaded with sacks of appleseeds for the planting of nurseries on favorable spots in advance of civilization, which was now seeking a new home in the wild North-Western Territory. Thus every hardy pioneer, migrating with his family, would find a young orchard already awaiting him wherever he might settle in the wilderness. Such was apostolic John Chapman's general idea or gospel: service for the ever-advancing immigrant, bearer of the oncoming civilized order. It is added that he was a vegetarian, his chief food being the berries, nuts, and fruits of Nature along with an occasional handful of Western cornmeal. He went bare-footed winter and summer, while his clothing was of the rudest make. (More about the historic Johnny Appleseed in my *Writer of Books*, Appendix.)

Such may be deemed the primitive real kernel of this Mythus of Migration, which wreathes around Johnny Appleseed, and which the people themselves made and named—the only original American Mythus that I know of, with the possible exception of Uncle Remus. To be sure, the seedlings of many other legends have been imported and even planted in the soil here, where they have not failed to sprout and bloom. But the story of Johnny Appleseed is autochthonous, though it may have analogues in other parts of the earth. Like that of Hercules and of Theseus in Greek fable, it has a unique historic personality as its creative center, from which it continues to grow layer by layer, each generation and often each locality adding its

legendary anecdote. So I have seen in my lifetime what may yet be called the *Mythus* of Abraham Lincoln augmenting itself, story upon story, till its material promises to outstrip the man's actual biography, both in interest and magnitude. Thus the people mythologize their true heroes, even the American people do so, who are on the whole not much addicted to Mythology.

The doings of Appleseed I have heard celebrated in places where he could never have been, for the *Mythus* universalizes itself over Space and Time. The date and locality of his death have been carefully hunted up and specified by investigation; yet his grave has been pointed out to me in different spots hundreds of miles apart, during the course my own wanderings as lecturer also planting (if you will so construe it) my appleseeds.

I was nine or ten years old when I first read at home in a local book a brief account of Johnny Appleseed, and his story never left me. In fact it would rise to mind of its own accord, now and then, during all my young-manhood; but being unused by me either in life or in writing, it would quietly sink back into its former subliminal depths. I heard of the peculiarities of Johnny Appleseed from the people of my native town in Ohio, which was only a few miles from Mansfield, once Appleseed's home, and his monument's own town. It is my opinion that the old orchard on my grandfather's farm originated from one of Appleseed's nurseries. And thus in my boyhood I ate of his

apples, the real fruit of his service. But more deeply I partook of his ideal legend, which lay unconsciously fermenting in me, and imparting its education to my unrisen Self. Thus a native Mythos was taking part in my training, and to a small degree in that of my little community, altogether in spite of ourselves, for openly we ridiculed it while secretly we took it to our hearts, and cherished it unforgotten. Indeed the ultimate function of the Mythos in all its shapes—legend, fairy-tale, folk-lore—is that it be educative of the people in the people's own form, whence it unfolds into the higher forms of poetry, art, literature, and culture generally. I hold that the first and greatest educator of the Greek people to its transcendent gifts and works was that unique Greek Mythology, genetic back-ground of the Greek world, and significant even to-day as educative. So at least I felt when I tramped through Greece to catch it up from its creative living well-head, and not from books, which are necessarily desiccated, yet very necessary. Not without an urgent need of the time's training has there taken place a revival of Mythology, and especially of Greek Mythology, which has now become a study in many schools, and is again being told to little children, of course with due selection and modification and often fresh re-production.

Thus I had my little part in a fresh lifting of the race's mythical treasures, and in restoring them to their primordial educative value. My special prac-

tical field in this business I found in the Kindergarten with its youngest beginners in schooling. But I failed not to stress the Mythus which underlay and germinally created each of the Literary Bibles, the supreme products of human genius. So, for me the Mythus with its primitive form of imaginative expression overarched and integrated the beginning and end of man's grand discipline of education, from the little Kindergarten to the loftiest Poem, supreme work of the University of Civilization.

In Johnny Appleseed my wandering and dissemination had found and stirred the far-down elemental Mythus lurking from earliest youth in my dark underself, and now bubbling up to the light as the vehicle of my fresh self-expression, in both prose and verse, during the coming Epoch. As already indicated, this juvenile Mythus, so I may call it, now springs forth full-grown after a long but ever-fermenting subsidence, and actually tackles my most cherished Greek Mythus, flinging the same underneath itself and marching triumphantly ahead on its new career. Still we must not forget that the old Greek world, with its vast rich experience was not destroyed or lost, but was gratefully embraced and borne along in this young ebullient spirit of the time and country.

In myself the change often seethed up before me as a startling transformation. From the high aristocratic antique to the humble democratic modern, from the lofty Heroes and Demigods to lowly bare-

footed Johnny Appleseed, from the ideally beautiful plastic form and classic drapery of the Greeks to the savagely blanketed and feathered figure of the Indians (Appleseed's companions often), from the grandiose sea-swell of the Homeric hexameter to the petty bits of the jingling doggerel—such was at times the shivering transition, yet supernally ordered for my completer self-hood, as I have to believe, now looking backward.

Here I may add that the *Mythus* of Johnny Appleseed, as I prefer to designate it, did not cease, with this Epoch of a dozen years, its mythical accompaniment to my life. Later I shall recount how it quite suddenly gushed up again from its subconscious sources even in my advanced age, and insisted upon a fresh renaissance. Thus it attuned all my days to an undertone of popular legend which at due periods would break into utterance as an insuppressible element of my total self-expression. In my youth it lay implicit, doubtless ripening; but in my middle life it became explicit, openly active, quite supplanting my previous Classicism. But behold it again now in my hoar senescence—wait, for this is not yet past.

In the foregoing account I have tried to give a glimpse of what was darkly and fitfully streaming through my underworld, where the mythical element had its sway and function, for I believe it to have been one of my best and most congenial teachers, holding its school in the unconscious lower currents of my soul's deep sea. But my con-

scious, unmythical self was chiefly busy with the Literary Bibles, which had also their mythical substructure of prime significance, as I have always tried to set forth with due emphasis. At this more definite, better-lighted objective we may next take a glance.

II

THE DOUBLE TRANSFER

The present Epoch is marked at its opening by two significant changes of locality: from St. Louis and from Concord to Chicago. The latter city is to show itself the new center of the Movement, as far as this continues to run on my lines of work. With such a double shifting of my life-scene is also connected a fresh stage of my development.

That which I had won and wrought out to a certain completeness I was to transplant to a different soil. For Chicago was then bursting forth in the riotous exuberance of early gigantic youth, crude but enormously energetic; while St. Louis seemed to be collapsing into a premature old-age, disappointed, deeply disillusioned of life already. The difference in the mood of the two cities seemed to suggest that between the rising and the setting sun. Undoubtedly there was still much activity in St. Louis, mental and commercial; but we all felt a settled something clogging her soul, a despairful brooding over the Great Disillusion. As for me personally, the change meant a new freedom, a getting rid of some old fetters which hampered my

spirit's native evolution. In the first place I wished to take breath outside of the Hegelian atmosphere which had become a kind of tradition, and hence a smothering circumscription of me in St. Louis. Then friction and possible clash with Miss Blow's literary leadership I would avoid as something not only unpleasant but injurious to both sides, and to the general cause. So I left the old field to her alone, while I turned to the cultivation of fresh territory, which was inviting me with alluring outlooks upon the future.

From Concord also I became totally weaned after the session of 1885, during whose time there dawned upon me some faint hope of transferring to the West the Literary School, which for me had distinctly evolved out of the Philosophical School, and gave promise of being its rightful successor. And now dropped down upon my immature though budding plan an auspicious conjuncture which caused it to ripen at once. I received a letter from a lady who had attended the Goethe School at Concord in 1885, suggesting a project for a similar course of lectures and discussions on the great German poet in the strongly German and Germanized city of Milwaukee.

On the moment I fell in with the proposition, deeming it a happy omen sent of the Gods, and I offered to do my part toward carrying it out; but I emphasized in my answer that there must be a previous course of reading and study in preparation for such a considerable work. Accordingly

arrangements were made to start some classes in the poet's Faust, of which I was to be the instructor. Already I had resolved to locate in Chicago, from which I could take a rapid ride to Milwaukee by rail at almost any hour of the day. Thus for several months the town was not allowed to forget the extraordinary event in prospect, since it was trumpeted by the local press throughout Wisconsin.

In those days Milwaukee was already famous for its beer, bubbling up perchance from its deep Teutonic foundations, and foaming out over the spacious West. I had known the city as celebrated also for its German culture generally, since I had heard it called "the German Athens of America" even in jealously German St. Louis. Its recent distinction of being the Western fortress of socialism had not at that time been won, though it was doubtless on the way. But beer and culture, both just now under such decided eclipse, were then strongly in evidence, and I took pleasure in sipping modestly of both, as occasion might offer. On the whole, I never heard the German language spoken so generally along the streets in any other of the larger cities of America. Still my sponsors were almost wholly Americans, whose little group was genteelly housed in the heart of the city, which seemed buoyantly tossing on the ripples of Lake Michigan.

Among the pleasant memories of Milwaukee I recall especially the extraordinary number of poets,

singing in English and also in German and then in both tongues together, who appeared to spring out of her soil everywhere at the mere sound of a versicle. In all my travels I do not remember me ever to have poured out so many of my own lines on little coteries of patient listeners, from whom usually would fly back at me a poetical tit-for-tat in response or possibly in revenge. I certainly enjoyed this new tournament of verse, truly a spontaneous *eisteddfod* of Wisconsin bards preluding their strains along the shores of Lake Michigan, to whose melodious volume I contributed especially my classic elegiacs interspersed with memories of the trip to Hellas. Thus quite an electric spirt of the Greek Renaissance shot up of its own vivid accord outside of the Goethe Classes, yet in an harmonious by-play with them, which had their object and fulfillment in the coming Goethe School.

This finally opened August 23d, 1886, with an address from its President, a well-known citizen of Milwaukee, before a large and much-expecting audience, and continued for one week, two lectures a day, morning and evening, each lecture about an hour long, followed by a general discussion. The most distinguished man on the list of lecturers was Dr. W. T. Harris, formerly of St. Louis, but now of Concord. He at first rather hesitated about accepting the invitation of the Committee, but I by a personal letter urged him strongly to give his powerful aid to this new stride of our St. Louis Movement, which was also a kind of young branching-out of

the Concord School to the West, when it seemed drooping in the East. He had just concluded the summer's Dante School at Concord, and felt very tired, as usual; but, what was unusual, he showed no little irritation at certain things which had taken place during that session. Still he packed up and came, to my great relief; for at Milwaukee the management seemed to be lapsing toward confusion if not failure, and the School had gone too far to be countermanded. Harris, arriving, soon saw the situation, and valiantly pulled himself together and also pulled the lagging School along with himself to a successful close. I think he never showed himself more masterful, especially in the discussions, which were often better than the lectures, conspicuously so when he was roused to the fighting-point. And certain occurrences at Milwaukee had roiled him up from the bottom, not to wrath but to supreme exertion. Hence he took possession of the School, not the official but the intellectual, controlled it, and steered it safely, I may say triumphantly, into port. I never saw him do so complete a deed, even at Concord. He was not without his ambitions, and when he looked into the face of that large and notable audience, seven or eight times larger than the average attendance at his own School of Philosophy, he summoned all his reserve power, of which he had no small store, and rose victoriously equal to the occasion. As for me I was on hand every time and spoke my part in lecture, discussion, and even in verse, but I had emphatic

reasons for wishing Harris to take his place to the fore, especially after I had prepared the ground for the School, and in that task had harvested a good ripe crop of disagreeable experiences of people and of circumstances. So I had already enjoyed honor enough for once, and very willingly allowed him to take his share.

Still the supreme interest of the whole Milwaukee affair centered for me in the phenomenal presence of Brockmeyer, his first and last appearance at any of our Schools either in the East or West. Great was my surprise when I read his name as one of the lecturers on the first program. I was not even asked about his selection for such a place. The management of its own accord had written to him, obtained his consent, received the title of his subject, printed it and advertised it in large letters when it fell under my eye. As far as publicity could go, he was made in advance the cynosure of the School's highest expectations, being hailed not only the Governor, but the Philosopher Brockmeyer.

And in fact such was his true place. I have already declared often enough that his was the original creative spirit of the St. Louis Movement, and I know that especially his early lectures on Faust in St. Louis more than twenty years before, had been the first germ of this and of all our Goethe Schools, indeed of all our Literary Schools both now and hereafter. To be sure, Brockmeyer had never unfolded that germ to maturity in him-

self or in his environing constituency; he had abandoned it for a far lesser worth, in my judgment, and his small but very fecund bantling was picked up, nursed, and developed to its complete stature by other hands. And now after all these years he is to visit in a strange city his own barely recognizable child, large and robust, but hardly yet full-grown. What will be his new attitude toward it, toward us, and especially toward his present audience, very different from the little knot of us who used to assemble about him in his little law-office, redolent with tobacco-smoke and not wholly free of a miscellaneous litter on the table and on the floor? So I queried myself, and I may say that Harris appeared more astonished and even more perplexed than I was, and shook his head at me in a letter all the way from Concord, though I was not to blame, which fact he soon found out. As already stated, he had never dared invite to the Concord School of Philosophy the philosophic father of himself and of the St. Louis Movement.

Let it be said, however, with emphasis that Harris never failed to give ample credit in print and talk to Brockmeyer's genius, and to assign him his right place in the work. Lest the reader may think that I stand alone in my exalted opinion of our St. Louis philosopher, I shall cite some deliberate sentences of Harris written many years after he had quit our city: "Mr. Brockmeyer whose acquaintance I had made in 1858, is, and was even at that time, a thinker of the same order of mind as

Hegel, and before reading him had divined Hegel's chief ideas"—which means the highest praise Harris could give to mortal man. But philosophy was not the thinker's only gift, as Harris indicates in the following extract: "Mr. Brockmeyer's deep insights and his poetic power of setting them forth with symbols and imagery, furnished me and my friends of those early years all of our outside stimulus in the study of German philosophy." That is, our philosopher was also a poet, though not in form realized. Still further: "He impressed us with the practicality of philosophy. Even the hunting of wild turkeys or squirrels was the occasion for the use of philosophy," which thus became in his hands "the most practical of all species of knowledge." Harris goes on to say how it was applied to pedagogy, to politics and law, also to literature and art, of which a sample might be found in the treatment of the Literary Bibles. (See *Hegel's Logic* by Harris, Preface, pp. 12, 13, published in 1890.)

Personally I had seen little of Brockmeyer for a dozen years or more, during which his political career had budded, bloomed, and ended with a sudden close if not collapse, of which the real causes he never directly told me, drowning them in a disillusioned silence, though he could not help letting the bottom of his heart be seen indirectly in many a passing stroke of disappointment. A deep political estrangement overcame him so that he again took flight from civilized life, for he had already done the same once before if not twice. The date

of this revolutionary shake-up in his career I once heard him give with pathetic emphasis: "In 1880, when I quit Missouri politics, I was the first public man in the state." Thus he spoke with a note of a great disillusion, and at the same time with a stress of self-appreciation, in which he was never lacking. His excuse, external I think, was that he must now do something to make money for his family. He became an attorney for the Gould System of Railroads, and his chief business was to look after the Missouri Legislature—an employment which certainly brought him no increase of reputation, though he warmly defended himself as lobbyist. This side of his life was unknown to me, except as he reported it, and it rather repelled me in spite of the bright, humorous, fantastical descriptions of his exploits as the cunning Reynard among Missouri politicians. Still he was not shifty enough to bring the leaders of his party to promote him to the United States Senatorship when he had fairly won it by his long service to party and to public, and by his supremacy of talent. I hold that he was correct in deeming himself then the first public man of the state, for assuredly he had no signal competition in the line of statesmanship during those years. The first man in ability certainly, but certainly not in availability—that was his situation everywhere, political and also philosophical, in Missouri and in Milwaukee as well—the genius unrealized, supremely endowed, yet overborne with the fatuous gift of always undoing his own great-

ness often on the spot, wherein lay his ever-recurring set-back and self-nullification past, present, and future.

So it comes that Brockmeyer appeared as a philosophic representative not so much from St. Louis as from the Indian Territory, whither he had betaken himself in his profound alienation of spirit. He had been living now for several years among the American aborigenes, with occasional visits to his St. Louis family and to the Missouri Legislature. Moreover he sought to take up into his own the Indian consciousness itself, and to assimilate its political and social institutions, upon whose excellences he proposed to write a philosophic treatise of which he once read me a few fragments. Indeed he would scatter through his talk now and then some Creek-Indian expressions to designate certain peculiar tribal matters or relations whose names he claimed had no equivalent in English. For example, I still can recall, along with his pointed gesture and high-keyed voice, the strange word *tustanucca*, so my memory spells it phonetically, into which he poured some unique Creek (not Greek) philosophy. He never printed, probably never completed his book, which in such case remained an unfinishable Titanic torso, like his other works, like himself.

I was glad to see Brockmeyer come to the Milwaukee School, but also glad that I was not the personal cause of his coming. I wished to watch him tested in this new field, for I was well aware

of his unexpected possibilities in general; but now, especially in his present aboriginal mood, I had an uncanny presentiment that he might turn a very unconventional somersault right in the presence of fastidious Lady Convention herself. I immediately called on my old friend, when I heard of his arrival, at his hotel, the best then in town, the Plankington—for him a somewhat aristocratic stroke at the start. First, he refused emphatically to be entertained by any citizen, as were the rest of us lecturers. Then he rejected rather haughtily, it seemed to me, all remuneration for his services at the School, and even insisted upon paying his own hotel bill, though there was a large over-plus of funds—a state of finance quite opposite to that of Concord. Thus from the outset Brockmeyer appeared to take a lofty position of independent aloofness from the School's other people, myself and Harris included. Not without purpose had he traveled all the way from Muscogee, the Creek Capital in the heart of the Indian Territory, back to a civilized community with his new message.

In his attitude at Milwaukee, Brockmeyer proceeded to exemplify his flight from society by his disregard of the usual social conventions. Almost savagely free he vindicated himself in his new freedom. He delivered his address with what may be called a backwoods informality of speech and manner which stamped him at once as original, if not aboriginal. The result was at first a shock in his refined audience, then a subdued titter, and after-

wards a tidal wave of gossip through the town. How shall we construe his conduct? I believe that in it lay a considerable amount of downright intention. For Brockmeyer had lived in the South, especially in Kentucky, during his younger days, and he claimed to be an adept in all the Southern courtesies when he chose. But now he did not choose, or rather chose the opposite—why? I thought I detected a spice of malice in his criticisms; his old philosophic friends had gone on without him; Concord, though Harris his nearest disciple was there in the lead, had neglected him; the St. Louis Movement for years had forged ahead and left him out. Chiefly, however, his political disappointment had engendered in him a spite against civilization itself and its ways, and had driven him back to and even over its frontier, where he planted himself squarely against it in a sort of defiance. The subject of the lecture was *Faust*, and I thought I could feel the deep throbs of his reaction in his present view of his favorite poem, compared with his former conception of it twenty years ago. For now he gave to the work of the ever-striving Faust a negative outcome, as if echoing or perchance forecasting his own career. That shocked me more than anything else he did, more than all his defiance of convention; it thrilled through me as a kind of Adam's fall of the man whom I loved, to whom I owed so much, and for whom I felt the deepest gratitude.

It seemed a curious destiny that the three pioneers who had founded and kept up the Philo-

sophical Society in St. Louis some two decades since, had now come together in a strange city from different parts of our broad country—Harris from the far East, Brockmeyer from the far West, Snider from the Midland somewhere between. Each had undergone since then his own peculiar evolution, which, it may be here foresaid, is by no means completed yet in any single one of the three. Each is still to receive a considerable discipline before he graduates from the school of life, whereof this book seeks to be some faint record telling of that early St. Louis trio of friendship and philosophy.

From the Milwaukee experience I drew several conclusions for the future, which had driven themselves deep into the convolutions of my brain.

(1) The Literary School must go on here in the West; it had shown its validity, at least as one of my instruments. Even under bad handling, it had proved that it could not only live but thrive.

(2) The management must be changed. I resolved that hereafter I would take the Literary School into my own hands, especially as regards program, lecturers, and conduct of the exercises. Outside help I would have to seek in other matters, such as finance, attendance, halls for the lectures, etc.

(3) Harris I must secure as my main prop. I found on inquiry that he was as eager to support me in a fresh onset as I was to get his help. He wished in his own right to have a Western audience in Chicago, which was hereafter to be the place

of meeting. Milwaukee, in spite of the city's loyal and generous co-operation, had to be given up, though the same management talked of having another session the following year. Then after securing Harris I consulted the Sibyl within me concerning Brockmeyer: Dare I bring the genius estranged, yet once the creative spirit of our St. Louis Movement, to Chicago, itself vortical? The Oracle, to all my repeated entreaties persisted per-versely dumb.

(4) The theme must be the Literary Bibles, with concentration upon one of the four each season, till all had been presented. And now let us scan somewhat more closely this theme, not new, but in a wholly new situation with new outlooks, being a sort of sacred breviary of all lettered excellence, veritably the central Organon of all Literature.

III

THE LITERARY BIBLES

I do not know how many times I have used in the preceding account the words of the above title as a kind of preluding key-note struck in advance of the present Epoch, of which they express the dominant theme. I have already stated, and must often repeat that this term, Literary Bibles, in my nomenclature applies especially to the four greatest poetical masterpieces of Europe, which we may call after the transmitted names of their authors,

Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe. I have also confessed that I, through some native bent or spiritual need of mine own, turned away from other great disciplines, especially from Philosophy, not to speak of Theology, to find in these supreme books of Literature my truest and most compelling form of self-expression, as well as my soul-world's most immanent evolution.

It is with some flutterings of emotion and of interrogation that I now look back at the many years of my middle life, the most active part of this existence of mine, which I devoted to the acquisition, reproduction, and propagation of these Literary Bibles. Was the work worth the doing? Why spend on this far-off adventure so much of my best hope? But it was surely of no small human value for me personally to become acquainted with the choicest spirits of our race at their highest moments. Not merely the intellect's knowledge of a book I sought, but I would live the life of its creator as he revealed himself in his creation. I would find the man, however subtly ensconced in the multifarious play of his words and deeds. Hence it came that I endeavored not only to re-live but to compose the biography of each of these supreme poets, well aware that his autobiography lay lurking in every true-ringing sentence which passed through his creative soul into song. Even the supposed impersonal Homer I sleuthed into and through all his mythical masks and concealments till I saw him face to face, heard his own private

story, and re-told it after him in a little epic of my own called *Homer in Chios*.

And here I may set down another thought which soon came to me in this quest: the unity of all four, both the doers and their deeds. It was really but one great book written in four parts at different periods of the World's History. Hence I began to feel, though at first in a dim twilight, that I must put together, organize, and associate all four into a new fifth book or work by their deepest spiritual principle of unification. This principle quite unconscious in the poets themselves, who sprang up in time and place separately in separate Europe, was to become consciously expressed in accord with this our new age and country, and particularly with our new American institutional order. Thus our country, realizing its deepest spirit, was to unionize even Europe's very diversely timed, placed, and minded Literary Bibles. Still further, these four Great Men might be joined together in the conception of one vast personality, the race-man as universal poet uttering himself through the ages in these four books of the World's One Literary Bible. Or, to vary the phrase in this struggle for expression, the World-Spirit voices through these four poetic representatives one original basic Mind with its speech, though this be divided into four separate dialects.

Thus I would fain think that a spiritual necessity of the time and locality, as well of myself, kept urging me to re-interpret, and therein to overmake

all these scattered greatest greatnesses of the ages into a new unified work which preserved their full distinctive individuality, yet associated them as one completely rounded literary entirety. In this matter I may give a brief account of my own evolution.

I. Already as an undergraduate at College I had vaguely gotten the conception of these four greatest poems, though without any reason for their special pre-eminence. Still even then and there I could hardly help hearing the consensus of the best concerning what is best in Literature, though confusedly commingled with many desultory, and also dissenting voices. I learned Homer and his dialect by routine in my Freshman year, but I also communed very sympathetically with his spirit, which awakened in me an antique life, and it would seem, a germinal world for my future. I never dared let him vanish afterwards. Into Dante I likewise dipped, as well as into Shakespeare and Goethe. Very nebulous then to me were these huge giants of the past, somewhat like the Old Norse Gods of Niflheim; still I started to brood over their supermanlike significance.

The second stage of my appreciation of the Literary Bibles arose with emphasis when I began to associate with the philosophic set in St. Louis. Our leaders were warm defenders and interrogators of Great Books, especially since they had one of their own, that unique Book of Hegel's Philosophy, as their final Oracle. When it came to Literature,

Harris found his most congenial utterance in Dante, upon whom he was destined to lecture and to write a good deal, while Brockmeyer scouted Dante to downright abuse, but proclaimed Goethe's Faust as the greatest of all the world-poems. Each had likewise his secondary preference among the four which were frequently cited in our company and discussed. I think I may say that I was the first of our people who definitely put all four together on equal terms, and called them the World's Literary Bibles. Still I do not claim universal priority for the act or the title; the Literary Tribunal of the Ages had already made the selection, though the ultimate ground for such selection remained to be adequately unfolded.

During my Classical Journey, I experienced the third phase of my training in the Literary Bibles. I would not only read each of them in the original tongue, but I longed to speak and to hear that tongue as it still flowed spontaneously from the hearts of the people. So I never stopped till I talked Italian in Dante's Florence, and till I spoke Greek in Homer's Hellas. Great was the satisfaction of listening to the very accent of a Literary Bible, and of replying to it in the native words of the master. Shakespeare's English was my mother tongue, and Goethe's German had become mine at St. Louis by adoption. Thus I sought to recover partially at least the original heart-beat of the singing poet, as he voiced his pristine measures of song. Without such preparation I could hardly have en-

tered into that first communion with these remote spirits, which was requisite for my creative assimilation of their works.

The fourth stage I may call that which I have already recounted as having begun with my expositions of the Literary Bibles at St. Louis and at Concord, after my return from abroad. That is, I was now to put in order and to impart what I had won through long studious endeavor and through a continuous evolution of myself in this special sphere. The impression would not quit me that I must now reconstruct these books, yea rewrite them in a certain sense, if I was to receive from them their best value, which meant also a reconstruction of myself at the same time. So these Classes became a new education for me, or at least a new epochal training in my whole life's education. I was learning as much as my pupils; indeed I rather thought that I was my own best pupil.

II. Naturally I sought help in the works of other expositors, which were strown in abundance all the way down the ages. Material assistance in the line of historical, philological and metrical explanations was of basic importance; but the so-called literary criticism gave me little satisfaction, since it hardly touched upon what I most wanted. Beautiful metaphors, striking passages, telling descriptions of character and sundry other externals must indeed be duly noted and enjoyed; but the Literary Bible was to be seen and interpreted as a great spiritual document in the progress of humanity, and likewise

of the individual. It was not simply exquisite verse-making, though it should be that too and at the topmost; but the Literary Bible also had ultimately to approve itself priestly, mediatorial, capable of revealing man's universal religion to the open-hearted reader.

Hence the question with me rose in regard to these greatest poets, how can I pierce to the center of their mystery of enduring greatness, commune with that and appropriate it, yea reproduce it in my own soul somehow, and re-utter it in my own form? That might be, for me, a new document in quest of immortality. I would penetrate to the very workshop of their genius, see it at its creative task and then re-word in my own dialect what I saw. Such was my function if I was ever to compose a distinctive commentary upon these grand poetic structures, which was to show them re-built and overwrought into my own time, and its way of thinking. They were not to be left merely with some running glosses on the text, linguistic and critical, but the text itself was to be rewritten and attuned to a new style, perchance not altogether poetic in the old sense. The Literary Bibles give you their best when they impart to you their very creative power to re-create in and through your own soul-form their act of genesis. Everything else in the way of translation, comment, or exegesis is external and insufficient compared to this ultimate genetic energy of creation's own writ. The very thought of such an attempt seems perhaps the

height of egotistical audacity, but the St. Louis Movement with its anti-traditional spirit could not stop to dally with modesty.

III. It may be here recorded that I never felt the least desire to translate into our vernacular any of these foreign-tongued grandeurs of human utterance. All of them indeed I would learn to understand and to assimilate in their immediate native rapture of expression, as jetted up by their own tongue's first gush, but to make them talk English word for word was not my call. Of course I employed translations in my various activities, but I wished to reconstruct, not simply to repeat the poet with a verbal difference. To be sure, I would seek to know his work in itself as a whole; but this was not the finality of it, for it too must be seen at last as a part of the greater whole, which compels it to be surveyed and constituted afresh in the light of a new literary conception.

I dared think that this was our American, or if you will, our democratic way of approach to these Literary Bibles, which are all of Europe, being sprung of the European mind, and manifesting its supreme spiritual nodes for more than twenty-five centuries. These far-separated four world-books we must unify in response to our own deepest institutional consciousness; that is, we must federalize them out of their European disunion. This will require, to keep up the analogy, a new constitution of the separate poems, a new unitary ordering of them under their higher law, which will not swal-

low up their individuality, but will preserve it all the better through our larger poetic association. From this angle of vision such a work may be called the American Federal Union of the Literary Bibles.

In another aspect we may regard a production of the sort as having in practice a democratic purpose or tendency. We cannot absorb the vast complex Literatures transmitted to us from the Past, yet we, as their heirs, must somehow get to know their scope, their essence, and to appropriate their highest worth. It is impossible for us in our busy age to read so many books; they must be epitomized to their most concentrated values. The tribunal of the centuries has made and seals with its approval the selection of the Literary Bibles, which thus become text-books in the High School of Civilization.

We might speculate over this selection and its mystery; I did not make it, nor any nameable person of any time, nor did any age make it, however golden. Still we all have heard the decision with more or less distinctness; I have already told how I learned about it as a boy at College, though very faintly. The first news concerning it came to me hardly more definite than this: a little row of books stand there on the shelf before me, which books the best judges of the best ages decide to be the best in all the world. Out of the vast written chaos of the past a sifting has been secretly made by the most capable just for our behoof. Such is

our first great help, quite providential; for we of ourselves feel utterly impotent to make any Herculean choice of the kind. But the next help is that we help ourselves to this noblest gift of time, and make it our own; for at this point Providence turns the job over to us, insisting upon our free yet thorough co-operation.

IV. A good deal of objection from time to time was raised against my use of the word *Bible* in this connection, even when limited by the adjective *Literary*. Not a few religious people, and especially zealous ministers would protest that there was but the one all-sufficient Bible, the one comprising the Old and New Testaments. I carefully distinguished the Religious Bibles of the Orient from the Secular Bibles of Europe, setting forth their differences but insisting also upon their deeper common spirit and function. My call, however, was to devote myself to the latter, especially as the former had a numerous and consecrated priesthood, while I in my peculiar labor, as far as I knew, stood quite alone. I never overcame this sectarian prejudice, as I may call it, although I gratefully acknowledge that my warmest and most numerous supporters belonged to the liberal orthodox type. I never made much headway among the strait-laced believers in the letter of Scripture, and still less among the so-called Free Religionists—the two extremes of faith and unfaith in our time, the one of too much tradition, and the other of too much negation. Neither of these opposites could ever

realize any great good out of my evangel according to the Literary Bibles.

Now these Supreme Books became to me, when sounded to their depths, a new revelation of immortality, this deepest and most abiding aspiration of the human soul, yet the hardest to make actual not only in life but also in expression. What is eternal in the written word I sought to find, if possible, as the ultimate realization of what lay most profound and compelling and eternal within me. Then I must re-create it, re-write it, and impart it by speech and print, up to the outreach of my very finite power. To popularize means usually to superficialize; but these Greatest Books I dared not shallow out into merely ephemeral magazinism; rather would I try to deepen their popularity to their last profundity, wherein lies their crowning, truly redemptive excellence.

V. Still it must be confessed that also these Literary Bibles were finally traditional, handed down to us from the outside, being utterances, in form at least, of the European mind, not directly of ours. This, I now feel, was what kept driving me secretly for many years to make them over into a new expression, to transform all four into another book which I have daringly called the fifth in a previous sentence, though it can make no claim to be actually a Literary Bible. Rather is it a new interpretation of the old oracles, than an oracle itself. Still the mark of Europe's prescription is upon them and cannot be, indeed ought not to be, obliterated.

In this respect these products of mine bear the stamp of the St. Louis Movement, which winds through them all, and which, in its origin, as already set forth, puts an anti-traditional impress upon very tradition, especially in philosophy and in literature. Nevertheless there is felt in them the hidden push for something beyond, for a harmony still unattained. The conscious intended scope of them remains externally philosophical, showing many traces of Hegel, but shot through everywhere with upbursts from a deeper depth, which I now recognize to be psychological. A new discipline, unborn as yet but mentally begotten and stealthily waxing in strength, would send many a throbbing sign of itself to the surface in my most significant writing. And my pupils, especially the later ones, have often made the same observation. Only the other day a penetrating student said to me: "Your Shakespeare has underneath it everywhere your Psychology." My answer followed: "When I wrote that work, I was not conscious of any such underlying substrate pushing up for expression; I had not yet evolved into Psychology." Then came the reply: "Yes, I know that; still it is there all the same, and to watch its first bubbles is one of my chief interests in the perusal of your earlier books."

So I may be permitted to say here in advance, for the sake of the presaged interlinking future, that within all my volumes (nine of them) on Universal Literature, is fermenting, evolving, erupting

spasmodically toward light the deeper Universal Psychology which got definitely born into conscious thought and expression during the last half of the nineties, and which lies ahead of us still some ten gravid years and more. So let my circumspect reader fail not to take this peep forward from his own Lookout Mountain.

IV.

THE WANDERER

Thus I designate myself distinctively in my outward activity during this Epoch: I was seized with that ever-pushing passion called in old Saxon-English *Wanderlust* (word still found in to-day's Teutonic), the irresistible desire to travel, to get out of one spot into another and then away again, to turn up continually fresh experiences in time, place and personality. Such an appetite is usually an asset of the young fellow, before he settles down in life; he has his years of wandering outer and inner, in which he thirsts after the globe's variety, without much feeling for its unity. But I was crossing the bar into middle-age when this peculiar unrest seized me and whipped me around the country, to my own great satisfaction. Moreover I was free to float about, having cast off my local trammels and refusing to bond myself to any new obligation, which might interfere with my blissful errantry. From this point of view it was my time of downright vagabondage, of literary hoboism, though I

always paid my scat on the railroad and at the tavern, as well as my printer's bills for books.

Still, on the other hand I may be permitted to give myself a better name during this Epoch, calling it the period of my long devoted apostolate, in which I dedicated myself to the dissemination of the gospel according to the Literary Bibles. This was the eternal element in all my otherwise fleeting and floating apparitions, hither and thither; I had my evangel to impart and to set down in writ, whereby I was always held anchored. Moreover I clung to my local center in the main, though with many considerable explorations, always sailing out from and porting back to Chicago.

But my territory had its limits. Mason and Dixon's old line was drawn against me with decision, though St. Louis originated the Movement, and though several times I gave courses at Washington and once at Baltimore. But these are not distinctively Southern cities. From Missouri, outside the St. Louis district, I do not recollect of ever having heard even a pious wish for any of my peculiar biblical lore. To be sure, the city and the state are on bad terms; they both have to live in one limited household, like husband and wife, though perpetually fussing; they keep abusing each other with good reason, yet are undivorceable, each blaming the other especially for its fatal slowness in the world's grand march westward, and for the lost opportunity of greatness, even for the Great Illusion—the most unhappy civic pair in the land

unless it be that overfat, ever-brabbling couple world-defamed as New York city and New York state. But quite everywhere, town and country are the two huge millstones which are bound to crunch and grind together on each other, the painful grist being civilization itself.

The Pacific coast I never reached though I had a single chance, rather uncertain. The Atlantic seaboard I tried at several well-peopled spots, but I was soon made aware of what I specially lacked, namely coloniality. Two or three winters I passed in New York city, then and now the center of exploited literature with its three great temptations, money, fame, influence. I saw some literary people in their workshops, best known of whom were the poets Stedman and Stoddard. Very kind and agreeable personally to me were both, but their vocation of letters with its subservience to magazinism and newspaperism drove me to a silent oath of Nevermore. New York at that time was the hotbed of American book-publishers and is yet; still I dared print a work of mine, *Agamemnon's Daughter* (first edition), whose manuscript I had brought with me, having hired my own little printer not two blocks from Franklin Square. He did his job very badly, and I think dishonestly, all of which may be deemed the penalty for such a deed of local desecration on the part of the sacrilegious Westerner. I never submitted my manuscript to any publisher; I did not believe, in the first place, that it would be accepted; but, in the second place, I

knew that I could get rid of a small edition by my own effort, while I was quite uncertain whether a publisher, after being paid for his service, could do as much if he would, or would do as much if he could. This last alternative hints a dark suspicion which I have heard repeatedly from authors, in one instance from a distinguished and successful author; but of course I have had no experience of the kind myself, as I never took the chance of having it. But what I do know from some little experience of another kind is that authors as a class are prone to be suspicious of publishers and public, and also they fail not to be jealous of one another.

Through the kind influence of Stedman I received a card of free entrance to the famous Century Club, where I caught a glimpse of many distinguished New Yorkers belonging chiefly to the learned professions. My introduction was mainly to the literary men of the Club, whose works I had never read, often never heard of; this ignorance of mine caused me embarrassment from the start, for I did not know enough about them even to tell a lie, and I soon observed that they expected some kind of recognition, if not flattery. As for me, I found the easiest way to get along was to conceal my own authorship, which of course was a very easy matter; in fact, it was already concealed, without further effort of mine. So I tried to watch and to learn from my hidden nook; out of my experience I drew the conclusion again that I was an unfit subject for such a life, in other words that mine

was a wholly unclubbable individuality, even if it needing clubbing badly. Some time later through the friendly urgency of Librarian Poole, I became a member of the Chicago Literary Club, but after a year's trial I passed the same judgment once more and for a finality upon myself, and withdrew from it on quitting Chicago for another city. When reading Walt Whitman, I always felt that I had not the gift of comradeship which he so effusively celebrates, and hence I never could be the loving disciple of his much-lauded message.

So it came about that the main field of my new gospelling itinerancy lay in the states of the old North-Western Territory long ago dedicated to freedom by Thomas Jefferson in the ordinance of 1787 (though this historic point we now hear contested). Of course all these broad acres I was very far from covering. In my native state, Ohio, I appeared, according to present recollection, but thrice, in the cities of Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati respectively. But I never reached Oberlin, my *Alma Mater*, with my evangel of the Literary Bibles, for a good reason, I think, since these belonged not to her accepted biblical canon. But the wanderer has now wandered enough even for this wandering Epoch of his; so let him just say once more that Indiana and Illinois persisted in offering to him year after year his main seed-fields, which he, like his exemplar, Johnny Appleseed, often re-visited for the purpose of reaping a small harvest as well as putting in a new crop, never very large.

From this outer spatial wandering with its many diverse occurrences during the present Epoch, let us next turn to the center, to the wanderer in person, who is again trying to express himself in literary form. That is, I, during this whole errantry, kept taking pictures of myself as I moved about from place to place, carrying-on my varied labors. For I had to express myself not only in the thing done, but also in the doing of it, as the doer; in other words, while I wrought at and propagated the Literary Bibles, I uttered myself as worker and propagator in the self's own form of activity, employing my special vehicle of utterance. Accordingly in this field, more or less self-revealing, I wrote a little literature of my own, embracing three books which I shall now join together into a common idea, with its label indicating my wanderlust as it expresses itself in the Mythus of Johnny Appleseed.

These three books, which I thus place under one general head bear the titles (1) *Johnny Appleseed's Rhymes*, (2) *The Freeburgers, a novel*, (3) *World's Fair Studies*. The underlying character of the present Epoch belongs to them all, though in different ways. Each has its own special subject, as well as method of procedure, yet they all in one way or other pivot on the wanderer, the missionary, who is also the self-expresser.

The name of the first book, *Johnny Appleseed's Rhymes*, indicates on the surface perhaps some convenient reservoir into which a mass of versicles

have been indiscriminately plumped, with little if any connection. But at the start I would emphasize its inner order and evolution, though these may have to be sharply looked after. For it takes, I would believe, its art-form ultimately from the Epoch which it mythically celebrates—rambling externally, anchored internally. My name does not appear on the title-page; the subject-matter is conceived as a considerable miscellany of prose and verse, “edited by Theophilus Middling,” who also seems to cite certain commentators. But the chief portion centers in the fabled rhymes of Johnny Appleseed, as he strolled over the North-West, scattering his fruit-bearers of the future.

As to its origin, I can truly say that the book grew and kept growing for at least ten years, without any conscious purpose of ever becoming a book. The first fact which I now can recollect is that little jets of rhymed versicles started to gush up about the time I was quitting St. Louis (1874-5); then the fountain would stop playing for a season, and I would think that it had dried out forever, when of a sudden it would begin again, spiriting its little rhyme-drops as merrily as before. It seemed to be the successor of my *Epigrammatic Voyage*, during which the world of the old Greek Anthology took life and shape in my mind and heart, insisting upon a fresh expression, at least for myself. But in her present love of Johnny Appleseed, the Muse persistently refused to breathe a single hexameter, which measure kept

caroling her sole music during the Greek Journey. She seemed to have fled from Parnassus, and to have migrated with me to the Mississippi Valley, which the new theme and the new world attuned with the new rhythmical cadence.

At last this intermittent fountain of versicles and ballads stayed intermitted, having apparently exhausted itself toward the close of the Epoch. Accordingly, in 1894 I printed the book as it now stands, and thus got free of its spell which has never plagued me since. I may add here that after a hundred or so of these wee musical atomies had throbbed to the light in mutually recalcitrant separation, they began to get social, and to arrange themselves in groups after some common principle or rubric. For, as so many little isolated individualities, they appeared rather hapless and hopeless. Then, during the last year or two before they were born into the aforesaid print, an enveloping world of prose started to wreath itself around them, and took them into its bosom. That new setting really brought to light their hitherto concealed background, out of which they had sprung. Hence it became a kind of running commentary, which in its turn strangely ran into the form of a story ending in a little love-romance. Thus the whole work grew to be a labyrinthine commingling of a number of literary forms, making a composite defiant of all artistic tradition. Is it a horrible monstrosity or a newly ordered organism of writ? I printed it myself, and did not even send review

copies to the newspapers or magazines, so that any judgment of the professional critic I have never met with, though I think I could predict it with a little effort.

So much for the external semblance of the book. The content is the whole St. Louis Movement mythologized, with its leading personages and its essential development and also its philosophy of life cast into the frame-work of a story. The ideas of our St. Louis time are strewn through the text, both the rhymed and the unrhymed; but they are made to portray the different characters who voice them in a responsive interplay. Thus a little epic, or drama, or even novel the work may be regarded, though these traditional terms hardly fit the refractory stuff.

Of course it is specially an ejection of my own experience present and past. In fact through it everywhere courses a disguised autobiography of the writer during this Epoch, for he has to be all of these colliding characters and himself too. Somewhere about four hundred verses are here caught and worded, as they bubbled up out of the life-stream from its various inner agitations; then all are built into a structure which seeks to reveal the order in this wayward spontaneity, uniting its scattered fragments of chaos into its cosmos. What he says of Homer, Appleseed might dare think of himself:

Old Homer shows a young face to the boy
And gives him in love a beautiful toy;

But to the full-grown man

He reveals God's plan.

The next book on the list, *The Freeburgers*, has quite a different beginning and ending, as well as a change of manner and matter. Still it keeps the central story of Johnny Appleseed, the wandering minstrel and planter, as its determining factor, but he now appears, speaking, acting, perambulating in his own person, which he did not in the previous book. There he was the silent center, of whom much is said and sung; but here he is endowed with his own voice, talking and versifying in his own right. He is no longer past but present, with his career largely behind him indeed, yet with somewhat of life still before him.

On the other hand, the scene, the action proper is not cotemporary, but goes back to the time of the Civil War, of which it proposes to picture the beginning, middle, and end. Thus I reached rearward in reminiscence thirty years and more to my youth, and set forth my experiences personal, domestic, communal, and national, during that supreme crisis of our country's history. I had lived through it all and taken part in it with thought, feeling, and action; so I would now recall and express it after a generation, before the epochal occurrence might wane from memory. The time of it lay before my St. Louis period, through which I had passed on my way toward a completer expression of my life and of my environing world.

Thus I conceived what may be called a national

Novel, for everywhere through it and around it was to weave the political trend of the country, which turned at last upon the question of Union or Disunion. The medium through which the great conflict was portrayed and reflected, was the small community called Freeburg, a typical village of the North-West, very familiar to me during boyhood. For the American village was then and still is, in my opinion, more nearly our institutional unit, than any other communal form. It is the little living cell which ultimately constitutes the unitary principle of the huge social organism and its different members. So this village unit is rightly the miniature mirror which images and indeed vivifies the time's great and varied institutions.

The novel was thus planned to round itself out in three large sweeps or parts, to each of which was assigned a volume.

I. The Freeburgers, or Before the War.

II. Freeburg, or During the War.

III. New Freeburg, or After the War, wherein was embraced the Nation's reconstruction with its many ups and downs. Abraham Lincoln was to appear, specially in the middle volume. The village had its own characters and life, but into its destiny were woven two wanderers from the outside, the old singer Appleseed and the philosophic pedestrian, both properly missionaries of the St. Louis Movement, in its two leading phases.

Thus I, too, with many another ambitious author, meditated the great American Novel on our loftiest

national theme. But somehow it refused to get itself done. Only the first part, *The Freeburgers*, could be pushed, with some self-lashing, to completion, though I made copious notes on the other two parts, which still lie about in fragments, unrealized and unrealizable. Finally in 1889 I printed this first part, and so disentangled myself forever from a task which I saw to be unfinishable.

Why did I break down? I was in the habit of reading some novels, but not many; a hearty, persistent novel-reader like my friend Judge Woerner I never was, and could not be. He said of this book of mine: "Too much of your philosophy in it, too little incident; you have cheated me of my pleasure and set me at hard work against my will—anathema." He found, however, the same fault with Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, whereupon I replied, with a sighful exclamation: "O that my book may be able to raise itself into the high company where you have put it!" Time has shown, I think, that the Novel was not the right literary form for my conception, since afterwards my experience of the Civil War and of Lincoln wrought for itself a very different garb which got itself finally done to the last stitch. Moreover I was not yet ready for the task; I was not old enough even at forty-seven; I had to have the discipline of another and new Epoch when the same conception, after more than two decades of additional brooding and incubation, will hatch itself out to light and maturity.

Still the Novel remained one of my forms of

self-expression, and in its own good time on due provocation it will break out afresh and find utterance. But it could never dominate me autocratically, though its personal rewards dance seductively the greatest temptation of modern literature before the easily bedazzled fancy of the writing-guild.

The third book above listed under the name of *World's Fair Studies*, appears on the outside a solitary bird of passage among my writings. Nothing of mine hitherto or hereafter ever became quite like it in matter or in treatment; still it belonged to the present Epoch. For I remained in it the wanderer, though my field swept no longer over the broad North-West, but shrank to the small, sharply defined area of the Chicago World's Fair. Moreover, not only the space but also the time was very limited; this Universal Exposition was doomed to last only six months, from May till November, 1893, though I added several months before and after. Still within these local and temporal bounds I kept up very actively and intensively the part of Johnny Appleseed, tramping from spot to spot, gathering materials, imparting what I had gotten and put into shape, and finally printing my results in a book.

The Chicago World's Fair fell across my path at an opportune moment; I was ready for it internally and externally. I looked upon it as the advent of a new Secular Bible, belonging to the grand disciplinary course of the University of Civilization, in which I deemed myself not only a per-

petual student, but likewise a self-appointed pedagogue, hence not dismissible by any Board or other wooden thing except myself. I marveled at the phenomenon for a while, but I soon came to understand that here was opened to me another Great Book of the Ages, which I had to assimilate, and organize, and express for myself and for others like-minded. It seemed flung down before me by the genius presiding over my life's evolution, or if you will, by providential interposition at a turn of human destiny, with a secret but shunless behest to seize the unique opportunity.

Accordingly I went to work almost with violence, visiting the presence of the Fair daily, communing with its Spirit, for it had a distinctive Spirit of its own in its huge organism, of which each part was a vital member. Undoubtedly this communion taxed me to the uttermost, so that I could hold out only a few hours at a time, after which I drooped in weariness and my soul became gripless. Whereupon I would hurry back to my quiet room for rest and sleep and recuperation, and then I would again the next morning start forth to a fresh wrestle with that Spirit, gigantic and also elusive, till I was whelmed down once more into my petty finite self of brain-fag and human limitation generally. So the sun kept rising and setting above and around me, granting several varying hours of daily intercourse with the Spirit of the Fair, which I sought to trace through all its visible component parts, great and small. To me it became a grand incarna-

tion of the Earth-Soul, both civilized and uncivilized, for savage life was there too in the Midway.

It so happened at this turn of time that my long work, already lasting more than a dozen years, on the Literary Bibles, was practically finished, only one of the nine volumes (*The Odyssey*) remained to be printed, though that too was written. At such a conjuncture the pages of this new World-Book were spread out under my very eyes, pages not of print but of actual, visible, new-created things of a new-created world, whose meaning, however, I felt myself irresistibly impelled to study, to interpret, and to give out again in my own form. Hence I had classes in the World's Fair, quite as in a Literary Bible, and conducted them in view of the object itself. How many pupils of that sort? For a guess I may set down a hundred persons, usually in very small groups, whom I personally led once or oftener into the presence of the Great Spirit of the Fair, to attend a service in his majestic temple along the lakeside.

Little pamphlets of these excursions were printed at the time and met with a small demand, chiefly from my own pupils. A year and more after the Fair (in 1895) I edited and put together my studies and printed them in the mentioned book; these, however, contained but a small portion of my fugitive notes, which I could not take the time to organize and to ensoul, so I consecrated them to a waste-paper grave. A good deal of collateral reading was also required; I needed for my globe-round

quest a whole *Encyclopedia Britannica*, which I bought and tried to devour. Several times I had to stop for two or three days in order to regain my mind's lost edge, which only the lazy turn of leisure's drooling grindstone would again sharpen. Once I thought best, about the middle of the Fair, to run away from roaring tumultuous Chicago to St. Louis, placid and somniferous, that I get back my nerves and recover my power of oblivion. Unexpectedly I found Brockmeyer at home, having returned from his long exile, and burnishing up his old philosophic ambitions with a new zeal, especially his fateful translation of Hegel's *Logic*. I begged him: "Come with me to Chicago and see the greatest phenomenon on this globe just now, and help me construe it—Come at once, for it will soon vanish, while that *Eternal Logic* will keep eternal, being just the *Eternal* in itself." But alas! I could not drag him out of his own antiquity; so with much regret I had to leave him behind again, when I had regrown my mental grasp. Accordingly I went back to my grand opportunity, for I felt that I still had much to master of that new *World-Book* which might audaciously be titled the *Collected Works of Civilized Man*, bound in one big volume, and now on exhibition at Chicago.

But look! In a few months that mighty apparition of the earth's grandeur had vanished, utterly transitory in outer material semblance, like a magic city of dreamland. But its *Idea* abides and will abide, being eternally creative, for I find it still at work

more than ever, producing new structures of itself not only here in its original home but in places far remote from Chicago. So I yet take my delight over that colossal manifestation of the Eternal in the very heart of the Ephemeral, and just through the Ephemeral.

After the World's Fair my old wanderlust did not cease at once, though it gave many a sign of being on the wane. The three foregoing phases of the wanderer in his personal activity and development had reached their printed self-expression in books, and with this result the Epoch had begun to face toward its finality. The apostolate of the Literary Bibles had not yet ended, though it too had rounded its meridian, and was verging toward sunset. As this biblical topic is the central, all-pervasive one of these years, it may be allowed to make a new shift in its panorama, as it unrolls the varied picture-gallery of our St. Louis Movement.

V

GOETHE AND DANTE

These two Literary Bibles we would now pair together more closely, employing the names of the authors whose greatest books are known respectively as *Faust* and *The Divine Comedy*. For it is our experience that they stand in a more immediate relation to the St. Louis Movement, and produced a more direct and intensive influence upon it than

the other pair, Homer and Shakespeare, the Greek and the English Literary Bibles, of which we have hitherto given some account. This rather unexpected fact is worthy of a brief consideration.

First we may set down that these two authors with their Great Books are born of and represent the grand dualism of the Teutonic and the Romanic, which we have already noted as lying in the background, and moving with the evolution, of St. Louis herself. Her origin and early history belong to France and Spain, Romanic peoples, which were later overborne and largely submerged by Teutonic peoples, first the Anglo-Saxon, and then the German. When I in 1864 touched the soil of this city and began to look about me, I felt and saw these two racial elements, and their cultural differences shading into antagonism; Goethe, the German, and Dante the Italian were already here in their original European pre-suppositions of race and culture, planted as it were in the civic folk-soul itself.

Moreover the new and last phase of the world-old conflict between Teutonia and Roma was then brewing in Europe, and had soon to be fought out again in the Franco-Prussian War. An echo of that conflict thrilled through St. Louis, and stirred up its double nature to a corresponding internal struggle, which showed itself in strong feelings and words, though not in violent deeds. The time tallied with that of our young St. Louis Movement, which had in it somewhat of both sides, though

the preponderance was decidedly Teutonic. Hence Goethe became for us and to a degree for the city the Epoch's poetical expression, though Dante failed not, and somewhat later found his devoted band of apostles. Indeed, I think I know the time when I saw Harris pass over from Goethe to Dante, foreshowing a profound change in his spiritual evolution.

I may add here that in our philosophical group the two leaders divided on these two world-poets. Brockmeyer found his poetic bible in Goethe's *Faust*, and really had none other; Harris took Dante's *Divine Comedy* to his heart as well as to his intellect, though he studied *Faust* and talked about it and wrote upon it not a little. Once and only once I heard these two protagonists in a hot word-combat over their favorites. Dante in the course of years became a kind of father-confessor to Harris, and deeply indoctrinated him in medieval theology, over which he specially wrought and pondered during his leisure years at Concord. I have often reveried that the basic spiritual traits of these two men could be glimpsed in this choice of theirs, since *Faust* is justly called the great philosophic poem, and the *Divine Comedy* the great religious poem of Europe. For underneath all his philosophy Harris, as a right New-Englander, would reveal his religious Puritanic substructure, while Brockmeyer to the last drop of him was consciously the German philosopher (genuine sample of the *philosophus teutonicus*), with

small claim to any form of religiosity. But unconscious and unrealized lay yet deeper his poetic strain. Still the two friends co-wrought harmoniously in an apostolic zeal for Hegel's philosophy, especially for that one Book of Fate, Hegel's Logic. It lurked in my nature to accept both Goethe and Dante, each in his own worth, and to seek their final co-ordination as two Great Testaments in the canon of the one supreme Literary Scripture of Mankind.

Thus it would seem that these two aforesaid poets were genetically sprung of the same ultimate two folk-souls from which our one city took its dual origin. Of course, far back both were Aryans in their Oriental primogeniture. A remote kinship it surely was; still Goethe and Dante, the Teuton and the Latin, had each his consanguine fellowship right in our midst. Moreover this bond of nature was reinforced in each case by education, history, and religion. Shakespeare is undoubtedly our Anglo-Saxon poet, but his universality quite overarches and unifies both sides, for I find in him the Teutonic and also the Romanic in happy marriage, as if he felt back and reproduced dualized Europe's primordial Aryan unity of origin and spirit.

Another point may be here noted: the difference between these two pairs of poets in personal appeal and approachability. Homer and Shakespeare are notoriously hard to get acquainted with; some lifelong students of them persist in preaching that

their spiritual lineaments can never be traced from their works. That is of course a mistake. Homer and Shakespeare tell their autobiography in whatever they say, and cannot shun their self-confession, though it be very elusive and hidden under many a mask, mythic and dramatic. Indeed the crown of their study is the winning of their personal acquaintance and intimacy. Moreover they have left no outside literature to explain themselves, they live in their one great exploit of supreme biblical composition. On the other hand, Goethe and Dante have told much on themselves in writings apart from their two respective masterpieces; they have written not only their Literary Bibles, but also in a way their own commentaries on the same; thus they are openly self-communicative and autobiographical. Accordingly there is felt a personal appeal in the first pair, a cordial invitation as it were to a closer friendship, while the second pair, Homer and Shakespeare, are far more reserved in their self-revelation. Still they too reveal themselves to the persistent cultivator of their personality, and if they did not, they would be a zero with its empty circle.

Concerning the place of *Faust* in the St. Louis Movement I have already given the main facts. It was certainly one of our great books of discipline, which we all worked over and over many times in study, in conversation, and in writing. Finally its lesson to me at least seemed to be learned, and I dropped it for years. In 1886 I printed my own

somewhat detailed commentary upon it, making two considerable volumes.

But now behold in my old age a sudden renewal of that long-agone *Faust*, caused by the once so modest Fatherland's desperate world-war for autocratic rule and riches. How often have I recalled in the past four years Goethe's German Literary Bible, which seems to forecast in a new edition the very eidolon of its own German people! In fact the Faust Mythus was originally created and through the centuries preserved by the Teutonic folk-soul as its own right image and prophecy. Have we not witnessed another contract, now earth-embracing, of the German Faust with Mephistopheles, the principle of inner negation and of outer destruction? And has not that contract in service of the Denier and the Destroyer been signed in the blood—not simply in the blood of one Faust but of millions? And the grand reward offered by the diabolic Tempter—have we not read it a hundred times—the wealth and the power of the whole world, or its economic subjugation and its political enthrallment? All of which has been told of the people, by the people, to the people in that old Faust Mythus wrought over and over in thousand-fold forms of humble folk-tale and puppet play, up to lofty drama and opera. Nor has the outcome been lacking in all its sanguinary horrors; an old Faust book more than four centuries ago written in red German shiveringly sums up how in the final battle Faust is torn to pieces by his own Devil: "his

eyes, teeth and brains with much blood spirted about" were found scattered on the field of conflict while the rest of his carcass was invisibly tossed on a dung heap. Such was the old barbaric legend uncannily suggestive of to-day. I have often asked myself: "Must not Goethe's *Faust* be now not only re-read but re-written, in the light of this new world-experience—the individual Faust being up-risen to the national Faust, with his contract still signed in blood only yesterday on a hundred fields of battle?"

So I seem to myself to have lived through another significant stage in the Teutonic evolution of that still creative, self-reproducing Faust Mythos, which again comes knocking on my brain-pan for a fresh utterance. But alas! the ever-young Muse now flouts her aged lover, smiling him a teaseful good-bye.

Hark! the moment has struck twice already, admonishing me to hurry on to Dante, the other Literary Bible, the Romanic or medieval Latin representative, who imparted for years his stern, deep discipline to the St. Louis Movement in several surprising ways. Let us take to mind at the start the fundamental contrast between the other-worldliness of *Divine Comedy* and the this-worldliness of *Faust*. Responsibility and punishment in the future for the deed done here and now reveal the stress of Dante's soul, since he throws the action of his whole poem into that retributive day (*dies illa*) over the border, while Faust in the sweep of

his negation obliterates the Begond and its Judgment from his faith and life:

Das Drüben can mich wenig kümmern.

So Dante led our St. Louis Movement down through his justice-fraught Inferno up into his hope-winning Mount of Purgatory, though few were able completely to overarch even with his guiding spirit all his celestial Paradise, especially that final bloom of it in the White Rose of Heaven. But the remarkable thing was the creative, or rather recreative power which this study of Dante inspired in our city. No other Literary Bible called forth so much, or half so much written productivity of our own as did the present cult of the Divine Comedy. This local literature shot up from all directions, inside our Movement and also outside. Homer and Shakespeare begat practically not a distinctive word in our St. Louis Movement, if I may dare from excess of modesty to leave out myself. *Faust*, however, showed its reproductive strength in us by some scattered essays of merit, especially those of Brockmeyer and Harris. But Dante provoked authorship everywhere around us and from us, indicating the depth and creative energy of his appeal in the human soul. I maintain that this Dantean work was not a mere intellectual exercise or fashionable quirk, but a profound spiritual discipline for our St. Louis Movement. Accordingly I intend to give a brief sum-

mary of its literary productions, though I probably do not remember them all.

I. The first person in the city, as far as my memory now can reach, to form a private class for the study of Dante was a woman, Miss Mary E. Beedy, a teacher of the High School. As a result of these lessons she wrote a considerable essay, which I once heard her read to her assembled friends in the earlier seventies. She went to England and took the essay along; there she showed it to one of the Rossettis (W. M. Rossetti, I think) who, she reported to St. Louis, praised especially its originality. Never printed, as far as I can now discover. A second essay by a St. Louis woman, Mrs. Rebecca N. Hazard, containing a new theory of the Divine Comedy, was put in type, and is still catalogued under the title of *A View of Dante*. Professor L. F. Soldan, later Superintendent of the St. Louis Public Schools, wrote and lectured a good deal on Dante during this peculiarly Dantean renaissance, but I have not been able to find any of his work in print to-day, though it may exist somewhere. All the foregoing authors stood in some lax connection with the St. Louis Movement, though none of them perhaps could be listed as its special followers. Quite outside of its influence doubtless would be placed a course of lectures on Dante from the Catholic viewpoint at the St. Louis University by Mr. Pallen. The same would be said of Mr. Sheldon's Dante lectures given much later before the Ethical Society. The last two courses are in-

teresting from the fact that they represent quite the extreme poles of religion—each opposite being inspired to make its own interpretation of the Italian poem. In Italy a similar fact is observable: the radical free-thinker and the strict churchman mutually touch their tips through love of their great poet, for each has claimed Dante as his own, and each has commented upon him with partisan unction.

The foregoing instances may be taken to indicate something of a popular Dante vogue, which, in my own case and seemingly in that of the public, rose up to its height after the Faust wave had begun to subside. But there were larger and more distinguished manifestations of this Dante cult in our St. Louis Movement, of which the record has the right never to be forgotten by our St. Louis Constituency.

II. The surprising fact must now be given its due stress that three of the ablest and most renowned participants in our St. Louis Movement became not only earnest propagators of Dante, but devout believers, saintly in act and speech, at times quite seraphic in look, when they discoursed on their canonized master. His influence took the nature of a religious conversion. They no longer seemed to treat him as the author of one of the great secular books of mankind, but his words became a sort of sacred text, different in kind from the other Literary Bibles. It was a psychological phenomenon which puzzled me extremely, yea wor-

ried me, and I groped in all directions, trying to account for it, inasmuch the strange spell raged right in the heart of our St. Louis Movement, and seized its most prominent members. The names of the three persons alluded to I even now write down with a sort of bewildered gasp: Doctor W. T. Harris, Professor Thomas Davidson and Miss S. E. Blow.

The three did not form a single interbound group of friends co-operating for a common end; Davidson personally was rather an outsider, certainly to Miss Blow, and partially to Harris. Still they were all touched alike with this peculiar Dantean spell and showed similar symptoms quite independently of one another. Remember that this spell lasted several years with incipience, culmination, and decline. I heard these people speak a number of times, first in St. Louis, and then in Chicago; my interest, both literary and psychological, bade me watch closely and remember. Moreover they were all greater personages than I was, all three may be said to have won a world-fame to which of course I could lay no claim. I shall try to set down several matters in which their similarity may be observed, stressing their community of Dantean spirit, though they could be violently different in other respects.

In the first place they all wrote books on Dante, and put the same into printed circulation so that their writings, or some of them, are still to be found in libraries. The work of Harris, called *The Spir-*

itual Sense of the Divine Comedy, stands doubtless at the top of these productions, and has not yet dropped into cold storage, as the trade says. There have been several editions of it in somewhat different forms. Miss Blow's Book, *A Study of Dante* (1886) shows her ability, but is tinged with the peculiar re-actionary mood dominating her when it was written, whereof enough has been told in a former section. The Dante work of Davidson was like the man, very multifarious, reaching all the way from his often painfully meticulous erudition to lofty religious insight. I engaged him as lecturer in three of our Western Dante Schools, and had occasion to hear his best and also his worst, both of which he never failed to serve up to us in doses, little and large. Still he was unique in his field, and had to be endured. His best publication on Dante, in my judgment, was contained in his Dante Year-Book, the Annual of the American Dante Society, the latter being one of his numerous ephemeral experiments. I read to-day that a good deal of Davidson's Dante work is still in manuscript. The three persons here mentioned struck, in my opinion, a peculiar, even if vanishing note in Dante Literature, which took its start from St. Louis, though at first I heard Davidson make merry over the Inferno "which has damned my Aristotle." His decisive conversion to the poet seems to have taken place during his protracted stay in Italy.

All three put far more stress upon the spiritual element of Dante than upon the poetical, and

showed distinctly the tendency to fraternize with his theology and even with his church. In other words all three Catholicized through the influence of the great Catholic poet, each in his own way. None of them, however, went entirely over and became open converts, though public rumor repeatedly whispered that some such occurrence was about to happen. Several times I was greeted on the streets with a friendly sarcastic jeer over the outlook, and even twitted somehow thus: "Well, I hear that your infidel philosophic set are going to turn Catholic under the lead of Harris and Miss Blow." I could only give a nondescript answer, though true: "You know as much about it as I do." Once and only once in my private room I spoke to Harris upon the matter, I suppose with some warmth, for I shall never forget his tone, his look, and his words which he underbreathed: "Have patience with me." Half imploringly, almost dolefully he turned his demure face to mine—an attitude which he never took toward me before or since, for he was my superior in years, authority, and distinction, and he never failed to assert his right of primacy, which I freely acknowledged even when I stoutly maintained my own liberty of evolution. I said to him no more on that topic, for I felt that he was passing through some deep internal struggle, probably religious, which had rent his spirit in twain and weakened him to a broken man for a time, quite incapable of any vigorous embattled discussion. I never saw those meek angelic

lines, which now would stream through his brow and over his face, in former years when he philosophized with fight in his glow; it is my theory that Dante wrote them there, and sent him back to his New England church when he went to Concord.

Such was the peculiar religious upburst which Dante caused in our St. Louis Movement. I had experienced somewhat similar excitements as a student at Oberlin where President Finney, then the greatest living revivalist, had made revivalism a part of our College course—doubtless the most unique and powerful part of it, as he was the one genius there. And back in my boyhood I had seen Methodist camp-meetings quite uncontrollable with wild shouts and frenzied prayers: all of which showed strong physical reactions of the natural man, even up to the dead eye of catalepsy.

But just think of it! Dante's poem, now more than five hundred years old, belonging to a different state of society and to a different faith, revealed the rapturous power, not through the living voice of some magnetic preacher, but through cold dead type, to grip the first intellects of our philosophic group and to call forth in them a real religious revival not only of his spirit but of his dogmatic doctrine! I am sure I saw the mentioned three, at different times when speaking under his or similar inspiration, roll their eyes heavenward, change to a saintly tone their native voice, and transfigure their features, so that they brought vividly to my mind the glorified faces of Fra An-

gelico's pictured Saints, up to which I once gazed for hours in the Cathedral of Orvieto. But when Tom Davidson, lecturing on the *Paradiso*, assumed the paradisaical mien and intonation, I could not help recalling, for the contrast grilled me somewhat, his blue strabismic Mephistophelian leer and sneer at Christianity compared with Hellenism as was his wont in his earlier St. Louis days. But Davidson was honest even in his manifold mutabilities; he was no hypocrite, rather the contrary, being often too imprudent in letting his ever-spouting tongue pump out the bottom of his heart.

What is the cause of such an occurrence, or perchance dispensation? What may be the psychology of the human Psyche in this episode? The answer we shall have to wait for at present. Meanwhile I hear from the reader another interrogation to which a response is now due: What was your part in this strangest phasis of the St. Louis Movement?

III. I can say at the start that I escaped from the described contagion, if such it may be called, though I had my own deep and lasting experience with Dante in my distinctive way. But why should I be immune? That is indeed something of a problem, with different possible answers. My own view is that Dante was for me but one book in the total canon of the Literary Bibles, being the last one by me biblically studied and wrought out, so that it did not in my case usurp the place of the others. It was for me of equal worth and authority with the rest, all four forming together the *Summa*

Literaturae of Europe, the grand Literary Organon probably of the race. But the three very capable people above mentioned were spiritually moulded by that one book of Dante though they read and studied likewise Homer, Shakespeare and Goethe. Still this was with them more, I believe, a learning from the outside, even if deep and sympathetic.

Now they naturally were not going to acknowledge any such distinction against themselves. So they turned the tables on me, saying that I had not religion enough to understand the supremely religious poet. Harris gently intimated some such notion to me; at any rate he did not invite me to take part in the Dante programme of the Concord School, which task, however, I did not wish, inasmuch as I had already enough to do in preparing for the Milwaukee enterprise of that same summer. Moreover it was my opinion that the Concord School of Philosophy had delivered its freshest and best message during its past seven years of active existence, and had begun to show signs of decline. Be this as it may, I had conceived the ambition to transplant it in its literary development to the spiritual soil of the West, whence it had largely originated.

In St. Louis, however, Miss Blow chose to enter upon an active campaign against my supposed religious shortcomings, and openly declared that I could not be allowed to teach her class in Dante the coming season. She gave out that she was going to take it herself, and intimated that she would

henceforth have charge of the other literary books—a decision to which I felt no objection, for it seemed to indicate a continuance of the work. So far she was within her right, even if somewhat inquisitorial, which native gift she could not help exercising. But in her reaction she intensified her damnation almost to a curse, proclaiming to her pupils, who had been also mine for several years, that I had nothing more to give, being totally drained out, exhausted to the dregs, and that she, to employ her own contemptuous image repeated to me by several of her friendly hearers, had squeezed the orange dry and now proposed to fling the empty hull into the slop-pail, which was her wont in such cases. As I have already indicated, I had made preparations for quitting the city anyhow, and starting on my new limit-overleaping trial. But why recall these past irritations? Assuredly not to satisfy old grudges—that were both unworthy and resultless. Miss Blow was our greatest, but our fatefullest woman; both her greatness and her fate are livingly intergrown in the St. Louis Movement and cannot be left out of its history without making it fragmentary, if not false. Not alone toward me personally, but toward all who happened to fall under her ban, did she show this fatuity of excess, I might say now of autocracy, which was sure to come back impartially to herself with the all-rounding years. I repeat that in her more than in any other person centered the literary primacy of the city, at least as far as the St. Louis Move-

ment and all its ramifications were concerned. Dictatorship, backed up by undoubted ability, lay in her nature; a distinguished lecturer of the East acclaimed her from the hustings the Kindergarten Pope. I have heard her friend Harris attribute this strain of personal arrogance to her aristocratic Virginia ancestry, wherein he may have shown his New England prejudice. I stayed away from St. Louis about four years at this time; then I came back in response to an urgent call, of course not hers. And what a cataclysmic overturn did I witness all around me, a seeming Kindergarten Ragnarok, amid whose ruins lay prostrate the fateful Miss Blow! But that is ahead of us, let us go back.

These unfavorable opinions concerning my Dante instruction were well dispersed through the city, and I found them also borne outside—they were flung into my face by a person in Chicago when I was working up Dante there. The general summary ran that I was too much of a Heathen to teach a Christian poet to Christians. The intention was probably to discourage me from tackling a subject for which I was supposed to be constitutionally unfitted. For it was known from my talks that Dante was one of my Literary Bibles, all of which I designed to co-ordinate, to interpret anew, and to propagate by word, deed, and writ. Now this critical counterblast, instead of cooling me off, heated all the mettle in me white-hot with new resolution and even defiance. Secretly I thought

too that there might be some jealousy on the part of those of our St. Louis Movement who had already written on Dante and so regarded me as an intruder. Moreover my studies soon uncovered the fact that there were rich mines still in Dante which had never yet been uncovered in all the literature which I could find on the subject. I explored the accessible comments in English, German and Italian. Particularly I poured over the two most widely read and most highly praised Dante interpretations of that time written in English, those of James Russell Lowell and of Dean Church. Finely worded, suggestive, morally and religiously edifying were these essays and many others after their pattern; the best of this sort that I ever read came from the pen of the Italian-writing Perez, name otherwise unknown to me but still treasured by my grateful memory. I may here say that our St. Louis interpreters above mentioned belonged to the same general class: they were ethical and religious, though each took his or her own way—the three women and the three men—more or less.

Now this aspect of Dante is not to be neglected, and I by no means overlooked it, being the most obvious and outwardly impressive lesson of his book. Still there lay in him for me a deeper problem: that peculiar unearthly symbolism—not so much the what of it, as the whence and the why of it. How did it come to be, and how can I probe to the source of these marvelous metamorphoses, especially of the *Inferno*? For that beautiful Greek

world of mine is here put through the medieval Dantean alembic, and turns to a frightful monster. I, just because of my previous classic proclivities, felt the greater shock of it, and was desperately determined to find the reason—the reason why that upper serene existence of the old Gods should by a penstroke of time be horribleized into this nethermost Pandemonium. So I worked away till I too along with Dante could see bright plastic forms of Heathen Hellas transmuting themselves through a new world-consciousness into the dark monstrous shapes of Christian Hell. Such indeed was Dante's deepest poetic problem and its solution, wherein is revealed the essence of the medieval spirit. Thus the sunny this-worldly Mythos of antique Greece moves through Dante and his age into the brooding other-worldly Mythos of the Apocalypse, which is the whole storied frame-work of his poem. Likewise the subtle but colossal architectonic of the Divine Comedy had never been satisfactorily wrought out and correlated with the inner soul of the work. Upon these pivotal facts of the poet Dante, I put my decisive stress, not omitting text, history, ethics, and theology, and other important adjuncts.

But enough! I cannot spur my egotism, great as it may be, and also much-provoked, to write any further praise of my Dante oblation, allowing myself only to say that finally—for this was the last one finished of my biblical interpretations of Great Literature—I printed the two volumes titled

Dante's Divine Comedy, a Commentary, extending to more than one thousand pages, in 1892-3, again without ever asking that sovereign dispenser of all book-pay and all book-fame, the Eastern publisher. And let the reader now note: At the bottom of the title page of each of these volumes stands the new device or signal to the future: *The Sigma Publishing Company, St. Louis, Missouri*, which little challenge has persisted in holding its obscure but rather defiant position down to the present date. This fact likewise runs a small historic strand through the St. Louis Movement, whereof next may be jotted down a few straggling items.

VI

THE SIGMA PUBLISHING COMPANY

Accordingly my generous reader will here give enough of his time to turn to the front page of this book, at the foot of which he will see the above inscription whose first appearance reaches back more than thirty years, and has been appended to a goodly number of volumes. The Sigma Publishing Company has made a little life-history of its own, whose fortunes are interwoven with the St. Louis Movement, of which it may be deemed the business counterpart, or perhaps the traveling salesman. Another word for its function is self-publication; all the books which bear its impress were written, printed and published by the author himself; that

is, he had to be his own publisher, to win his own audience, and to make largely his own channels of distribution. On this side likewise his action has been often censured as rashly unwise, as crippling his influence and lessening his financial recompense for his labor. But he soon found that among his other defiances of prescribed ways, he had also to defy the way of trade, if he would fulfill his mission and complete his task. Commerce justly expects for its effort an ample cash return, which soon showed itself impossible in the present enterprise.

Moreover self-publication began to mean to me and perhaps to others of us the crowning act of self-expression, rounding to its last completion the work of impartation, which refused to be handed over to an outsider for a price. Naturally the outsider on his part refused his co-operation without a price. Still to the true believer, or to the fanatic, if you will, the thing had to be done.

Herein I deem Harris the forerunner and the early daring protagonist, when he started the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, in 1867, to publish his own work rejected in the East. I remember it as one of his supreme moments when I saw him bring down his clenched fist before a group of his friends, affirming with vehemence: "Now I am going to start a Journal myself." That was the primal creative act of self-publication in the St. Louis Movement years before my first dash in the same direction. Still the chief practical object of the St. Louis Philosophical Society at its founda-

tion was to publish its own generating book, the masterpiece of Hegel. But it never did its real task. And our president, Brockmeyer, could not be brought to do the finishing deed of self-publication—a failure not the least of his fatalities, to my mind. I urged him often, both early and late in life; he would promise, but he never achieved. Herein Harris again seized the initiative and set the example. Several of his early books were also self-published and distributed to his constituency, where they helped lay the foundation of his future influence and name.

But in this early challenge Harris did not hold out; for him, when he rose to be the most famous educationist in the United States, the temptation or the pressure became too great. Accordingly he dropped to a writer of competing school-books for a publisher—certainly no dishonorable employment though a surrender of the independence of self-publication. Then he went East and was editor of a series of pedagogical books, to which he was required to write introductions, many of which are excellent, better than the books themselves. But sometimes it was perhaps otherwise, for he did not always approve of the book, and so he had, for the sake of the publisher, to make his introductory remarks, if not directly favorable, at least quite neutral and shy of the main point. So I heard once from his own lips, with a decidedly displeased twist in his nose, whereat I must have made a wry face in response, for he began to talk at it without my

ever saying a word, answering seemingly my facial disapproval.

My publishing destiny turned the opposite way, since I kept up and unified my business of self-publication. Still my earliest book (*The System of Shakespeare*, 1877) bore the imprint of a St. Louis publishing firm (G. I. Jones & Co.) long since vanished. But when I returned from abroad, I set out on my distinctive career of self-publication, of which the first book was printed in 1880 (*Delphic Days*), and the last one is the present volume, forty years later. Thus among my other wanderings, I have kept up this long publisher's zigzag journey, going "alone and afoot," somewhat after the model of my *Walk in Hellas*. I must add, however, that during the first ten years of this period there were numerous variations of the publisher's imprint on the title page; two or three editions bore the name of an Eastern firm, but not for any length of time; the real distribution always fell back upon me, so that I had to take the whole burden in person. Several times I put at the bottom of the title page "privately printed" or "published by the author", which was not a good business method, as it led to uncertainty and confusion even in my little public.

So after a time of fluctuation I settled definitely and permanently upon the above designation: The Sigma Publishing Company—an impersonal name for publisher. The Greek word may hint somewhat of my Classic time and its productions; the corre-

sponding English S is the first letter of Shakespeare and of St. Louis, and finally of Snider. Rather whimsical is all this, but, I suppose, of no great moment; the true significance of the title is that it stands for self-publication, in my case the necessary counterpart and completion of self-expression.

A book never was primarily a commercial bantling with me, but a legitimate child of my brain, to whom I owed a duty; I was to endow my spiritual offspring with the best outfit for life that I might be able to furnish. The right of being printed and imparted every worthy book may well claim for its own sake, and even for the sake of its reader. Then I found that when a conceived work had really finished itself in my life, it must be gotten rid of, as it were, must be disentangled from the mind and put into the world as a real object, such as is the book printed, bound, and sent forth to make its own way through its own worth. The manuscript was to me but a half reality, not yet fully existent outside of me, and not yet possessed of its own complete individuality. I at least was in danger of tinkering with the mere writ seldom to its betterment, till it was fixed in the hard metal. To be sure I was not to print till the fruit was ripe; I often had to wait for years, and not a few works never would mature for me, and so remain to this day in their crude sere state of scribbled fragments.

Thus it resulted that each of my books became a true incarnation of my best self at the time of

its type-set embodiment, and revealed a given stage of my development. For its supreme object was self-expression, even when other aims may have played in; first of all I was to live my own life at its highest, and then record it for myself and for any similar wayfarer. Hence every book of mine is a chapter of a life-lasting autobiography of many volumes, which now toward the close I am trying to condense into this one volume, whereof some readers may think there is already too much.

Here I should add that another fact of the time may have more or less unconsciously pushed me to self-publication, namely the steady decadence of the book business during the whole course of my active life. No doubt the trade in books has increased enormously in bulk, but has decidedly sunken in character. Take our own city for instance. I have before stated that when I first came to St. Louis, at the close of the Civil War, I found three well-stocked independent bookstores in the heart of town and quite on a par with other mercantile establishments. At the present year (1919) there is not a single fairly equipped independent book store in the city; all are annexed and subordinate to the so-called department stores, essentially the sellers of dry goods and of other passing necessities and conveniences of our ephemeral existence. Thus the original bookstore has lost its freedom, its independent selfhood as an integral part of the community, and has become a kind of slave, subject to a purely commercial business. To

me that means a sad decadence in character. Now I am not blaming the department stores, I believe in them and in their evolution, and in the present case they doubtless gave a little additional life to what was already very sick if not dying. The source of this decline lies deeper.

Thus St. Louis with its million of people, urban and suburban, has utterly degraded and put out of business its former independent booksellers. But this city stands not alone in such action; we hear of the same thing occurring throughout the West and even in the East. Today we read a statement in a Boston Magazine that New Bedford, Massachusetts, located in the most bookish State of the Union, has fewer and poorer bookstores now with 100,000 inhabitants that it had fifty years ago with 25,000. The same fact is noted of other cities. Thus St. Louis is perhaps only the worst case in what seems to be a general epidemic.

Who, what is to blame? Numerous external causes are assigned, such as the Carnegie libraries, the Movies, the Magazines and Newspapers, the Department Stores. But the trouble ultimately must reach back to the shortage of brain power in the business at its very head, for it can show no supreme man, no great organizer, no pre-eminent captain of the book-industry. Inferior leadership appears stamped everywhere upon the American book-trade.

Hence we dare the prediction that self-publication is likely to increase in the future, especially

over the West. The Eastern publisher will continue to devote himself largely to reprints, to the vast mass of text books and school books, to encyclopedias, dictionaries, compilations and series of many kinds, in general to the printed reproduction and distribution of past culture, out of which especially is minted good money without requiring any great outlay of genius. But he will prudently keep shy of the new book with a new idea which has yet to fight its way in the world. So we premise that the author of such books will more and more have to publish himself, or remain drowned in his own ink-bottle. Especially is this the case if he lives in the West outside the sphere of the Eastern literary centralization, which seems to become more tyrannical and grasping every day.

But under any circumstance I had the combative feeling that I never would let my vocation in life, verily my spirit's deepest development, be determined by a publisher or his taster. So one of the persistent small undercurrents flowing through the St. Louis Movement, and helping to make it more fertile and extended, has been this little stream of self-publication which bears the not very luminous title of Sigma Publishing Company.

VII

SOCIAL CHICAGO

Now I am going to pass with some suddenness to the reverse side of Chicago life; I might broaden

this and say, to the inverted or perverted phase of humanity itself. For I had also my daily contact with the negative element of associated man, with the underworld of a great city, seemingly the necessary obverse half of it, turned down, even submerged in part. Mostly I resided in Lodging House Quarter, home of the riff-raff generally, who were always my next neighbors; indeed I was myself a drop in this vast floating Niagara of mortality which ever appeared on the rush to pitch over and vanish in the cataract below. Still I found my anchorage.

By way of contrast let me add that I at the same time was living and holding converse with the best spirits of all ages, the makers of the Literary Bibles aforesaid—the most choice, ideal set of men that our race has yet evolved. Such company I never failed to have with me in my little room at Hotel Goodenough, to whom I could flee for relief from that maelstrom of the unchosen mass swirling down the streets under my window. So I too had my ideal boon companions; but I must not forget that I likewise was associated in real life with the best people of Chicago, for such I deemed my Kindergarteners and my little band of co-workers in what they and I regarded as a great cause.

Thus after my limited way I met with and conjoined in myself the uppermost and the nethermost layers of mankind—the ever-warring extremes of the vast social organism. Or I may analogize them as the positive, and negative poles of total human

existence, which somehow I felt called or compelled to take into my individual existence.

Social Chicago is the rubric which I write over this section, since I wish now to give some inkling of my sociological life, in contrast with my prevalent literary bent, as well as a glimpse of its counterpart in the community. For in the realm of sociology Chicago was as full of new experiments as it was full of new religions, whereof a word has been said on a former page. Indeed from this present viewpoint Chicago itself may be looked upon as one huge social experiment, the most pregnant and original that has yet been attempted on our globe. Other cities may have vaster masses of population, with their special problems, but none, I believe, have the human diversity, the popular initiative, the social originality of Chicago. Of course I do not mean here ordinary society, made up of pretty sportive bubbles of fashionable life, with which I had little or nothing to do, and which always bored me when I through some requirement had to be present at one of its functions.

The deeply negative phases of this social stream which surged around me were what first compelled attention. Those three demons in the form of rebellious human appetites, drink, sex, hunger, could be seen in their destructive energy on all sides; back to them in some form the social question always penetrates. A dozen drinking saloons within two or three blocks of me were charged in one year with seven murders, not to speak of rob-

beries and seductions. The drunken victim usually from the country I have seen lying on the curb-stone bespattered with his own blood, and rifled of his watch and money. He thought he was equal to the venture, went on a frolic to see the sights, and such was the outcome of his ignorant challenge. And so on by the thousands. Prohibition just now is seeking to solve this problem, negatively I think, by the utter annihilation of the whole drink-world and its far-ramified organization. But much deeper and subtler ran the cancerous filaments of the sex-life of a great city, with its never-ending supply from the very heart of society. One may sometimes see the first fling of the desperate woman into this Witches' Cauldron of the social system. Here comes the young girl from a suburban town, who asks me on my evening walk the way through the streets. A little inquiry develops the fact that she is a fugitive from a step-mother, re-enacting a world-old tragedy. I beg her to wait and see what can be done by consulting her father. No, no; she picks up her skirts and off she skips, saying in substance that she would rather be a white slave than the slave to that step-mother. Only one motive among millions for the vast underflow of negative womanhood in society's whirlpool; what is to be done with it? Reached it can hardly be by external law, or only in a very limited external way; its hidden tentacles, often quite microscopic, coil in the very germ of life itself.

But the most open and virulent form of the

social struggle lay in the furious greed-world of Chicago, probably more bitter, more energetic, and more pitiless here than anywhere else, though it now belts the earth. This struggle centered then as it still centers, in the world-feud between Capital and Labor, so its popular terms run; the two grand greeds—undoubtedly sprung of human needs, but to-day degenerated largely into human greeds—seem to be in a life-and-death battle, which, some people think, threatens us with Armageddon. The one side, the Capitalists, having the purse and in the main the talents, employ brain power; the other side, the Laborites, having the physical preponderance, tend to the use of brawn power; thus rises the social antimony between secret craft and open violence, which rends the social organism to-day. This human dualism was pictured mythically long ago by the old Greeks in the strife between crafty Ulysses and brawny Ajax, in which contest the latter turns tragic—a forecast often repeated and verified in modern times. And the ancient Romans have left their little fable on the same subject, usually known as the strife between the Belly and the Members, a petty squib told to the revolting plebs of Rome by that old humorist Menenius Agrippa, and after him redacted and amplified for all time by William Shakespeare. But in our modern era the Belly and the Members have formed a coalition and have a common antagonist in the Brain, which, in its turn often plays tyrant and even destroyer of its brother in the social organism.

Such is, then, our real Gigantomachia, the revolt of the suppressed nether Powers against the upper Olympian rule of Zeus; or more prosaically we may see here a phase of the timeless conflict between Brawn and Brain. The present domination of the Russian Proletariat tends to turn on some such conflict, though our information is still hazy, and not infrequently seems doctored by the Press.

After a mild way I participated in this war of the two opposing human Greeds which cleft the social body like some avenging sword of Nemesis. I attended the meetings of both sides, read their literature, heard their orators on the street corners and in the halls. I recollect that during this time I grappled with Karl Marx's big yet unfinished and unfinishable book on "Capital," searching not alone for its explicit doctrine but for its deeper spirit both in the original German and in the English translation. For however we may regard him, Marx has written the Bible of the World's Proletariat, which is getting to be not merely the economic but the political problem of the age.

On the whole, I sided with both, and yet with neither, for I thought I saw something above both, of which they were but the present conflicting halves. Moreover, I had neither of the two Greeds, and in fact had neither of the two Needs which propelled them into conflict. In general, I had my very simple dinner paid for before it was eaten, so that I really felt no money-hunger, and no stomach-hunger, the two original sources of the

two warring social Greeds. But all the deeper and more impressive and more insistent became the lesson, which compelled me to construe for thought and to put together in one supreme totality the five great Social Institutions of man, in order that I might not get lost mentally in the infinite mazes of one anchorless Institution like the economic, wherein I deemed lay the dilemma of Marx and his followers. Slowly evolving out of this chaos rose my own book on this subject, which after many years of incubation got itself organized and printed. Whereof later.

Thus I traversed, day in day out, Chicago's huge Pandemonium, whose acridly negative phases I classify for myself under the three foregoing heads: the drink-world, the sex-world, and the greed-world. They all rest upon native human appetites which exist originally for life-saving, yet become life-destroying, if turned loose to their lawless liberty. So in my mind's eye I saw them as the three new Furies of Man's associated life, pursuing not now the individual so much as society itself, which seems at present to have taken the place of the guilty Orestes in the doom of the avenging Eumenides.

In such manner I stood on the edge of the dark infernal river Styx of Chicago as it poured down through her streets, and I watched its multitudinous wrecks float by without descending into the stream myself in order to help save them as my life's dearest task, though on occasion I would

reach out a hand to the one happening to dash up at my feet. I was not missionary enough, not good enough if you wish, not Christian enough as Miss Blow might perhaps say, and as more than one excellent church-member did tell me to my face in a kind of unctuously savage reproach, which I tried not to imitate. Still I had my own divinely allotted chore running through the years, which was to plant, up to the limit of my power, the Eternal Word of the Literary Bibles in the overwhelming ephemeral culture of the city, for as I construed her, Chicago's Brain was even in mightier need of salvation than her Brawn.

Still I could not live in this environment without having my own little personal charities, at least for my hours of recreation, if there was no better motive. Let these hundredfold petty experiences of the passing days drop into the pool of oblivion; but I would select three of the more important and enduring strands of my social discipline in Chicago as leaving a lasting impress upon my memory, and as having a permanent influence upon my life and work. These I shall entitle (1) *The Greeks of Chicago*, (2) *The Hull House Experiment*, and (3) *The Haymarket Bomb*. All three had for me a sociological character and warning which I sought to understand, to appropriate, and to express after my way. Hence they all have stamped an autobiographic mark upon the writ of this Writer of Books.

I. *The Greeks of Chicago*. The name already

whispers me affectionately a deep emotional connection with a former stage of my life previously set forth as my Classical Epoch. I have sometimes thought that I was born with an inherited need of Greek expression; the antique speech had found in me a kind of re-incarnation. The very utterance of it gave me not only delight but relief. Ever since I had returned from my trip in Hellas I had felt the strange longing to let a few Greek words trickle off my tongue every day in response to some far-away unconscious urge of my nature, possibly of my heredity. In St. Louis I hunted around a good deal for some stray natives of that land, and found two or three, but they could all talk English. The great migration from the countries around the Egean had not yet taken place, and certainly had not yet reached St. Louis.

It must have been my first year in Chicago (1884-5), when, as I was taking a stroll one Sunday afternoon in the suburbs of the city, I noticed two men trundling a fruit-cart and offering its contents to the wayfarers. I took them to be Italians, who had at that time a monopoly of such business quite everywhere, and I addressed them in their supposed mother-tongue. But they shook their heads, and said they did not understand. "Who are you then?" "Greeks," came the reply in English. It was a great surprise, for I had accidentally stumbled upon two considerable facts: the beginning of the large migration of the Greeks to the United States, and the kind of occupation which

they had chosen, having already started to supplant the Italians. I lost no time in flinging at them several of my Greek vocables, whereby they too were much astonished. Responding to my inquiries they gave me information concerning their quarters, their employments, and their people. At that time there may have been a hundred or two in the city, but more and more kept rapidly coming, till now their population sums up many thousands.

Everywhere around my hale old Hotel Good-enough I found by trial the Greeks to have quietly crept in and taken possession of the little businesses of a crowded thoroughfare, becoming the fruiterers, restaurateurs, barbers, candy-venders, shoe-shiners, in general the small caterers to the vast transient multitude surging in and through and out of the great city's roaring streets. I noted that these men, quite all of them young fellows, had come from rural Greece; not a few were Arcadian peasants, and thus had been precipitated from the most idyllic, backward country of all antiquity, famed in old poetry for its rustic pastoral innocence, into the very center of the world's mad maelstrom, quitting their pastoral panspipe of Arcadia for yelling and hawking peanuts and bananas to Chicago's Pandemonium. But the most of these Greeks still proudly called themselves Spartans, and knew at least of their land's ancient Worthies, Leonidas and Lysurgus, whose names occasionally they themselves bore, with a faint echo of hoary greatness tinkling through thousands of years.

Thus old Greece had in a measure followed me across the Ocean to the West, and found me at the very heart of all modernity, where I saluted her in her native speech every day as I stepped across my threshold on Wabash Avenue. The language was still practically that of Plato and Demosthenes, though with many new turns, meanings, and inflections. Also these Peloponnesian peasants spoke their own dialect, often hard for me to understand, though they always understood me. Well, somehow so it was in antiquity with their Doric brogue. But again I ordered my dinner in Greek at Chicago as at Athens, and exchanged daily greetings as I used to do in Parnassian Arachoba, when I tarried there during my Classic Itinerary. So I kept up a small continuous underflow of living Hellenism far away from its home on the other side of the earth, in some deepest need of my spirit.

But now starts the question, what can I do, what must I do to help these people for their own blessing as well as in requital of the gift of their parents? Of all the many foreigners I felt toward them specially a certain ancestral affection and perchance kinship, which called up a feeling not only of gratitude, but of duty. As far as I knew, I was the only American then in Chicago who could converse somewhat in modern Greek. This time was about ten years before the establishment of the University with its learned Hellenists, and before the custom of sending our Greek professors to

Greece for the purpose of learning the modern tongue. With my pedagogical bent I resolved to bring them together and to train them in English. I went to George Howland, Superintendent of Schools, who after his usual gruff greeting consented to let me have the use of a room in the Jones School for certain evenings. This building was then not far from the center of the great Chicago rookery, in which my Greeks were packed away, commingled in a common mess with their bunks, bananas, and cookery. I went to these rather dark cave-like habitations, preaching my little gospel, and saying: No money asked, instruction free, no room-rent, no books required. I succeeded in forming a class of about a dozen of the more aspiring, and was ready to open work on a given evening at the given place. So I dreamed myself an antique scholarch of another Athenian Academe, blooming anew right in the heart of modernest Chicago.

But the whole scheme flashed in the pan; I was on hand, but not a Greek appeared. I hastened to their quarters and found them all moodily silent, and eyeing me with a snaky leer of suspicion. Finally I wormed out of them that they believed me to be a secret missionary, Protestant or Roman Catholic, who had been sent to undermine their Greek Orthodox faith, and make them guilty of the awful sin of apostasy. In vain I explained that I had no such design, that I belonged to no church (which fact may have shocked them still more), and I

begged them to make trial of me once or twice. I simply wished to impart to them the first condition of our civic life—the ability to read the daily newspaper, and then to use the Public Library, in which I planned to place a number of books in modern Greek. But I saw that I could do nothing, and I uncannily fled from the basilisk glare of that old serpent of religious hate suddenly shot at me in newest Chicago. I was at once classed with much-bedamned Kalopothakes at Athens and other Greek-American Protestant missionaries there, who were probably the most unpopular men in all Greece, as I found in my journeys through some of the remote rural districts of that land. Still I kept up my daily festival of linguistic delight in letting gush up in conversation a few words of that old-new Greek speech eternally expressing what is eternal, even if it was originally heathen. I dreamed at least that it gave me a daily sip of its own youth and immortality.

II. *The Hull House Experiment.* Otherwise well known as the Chicago Social Settlement—essentially a place for mediating or at least mitigating the furious conflict between the needy and the greedy, raging with peculiar virulence in a great commercial city. Or we may deem it a kind of experiment station set down in the middle between the two warring sides of that supreme social feud, which it would somehow help assuage—the feud between Labor and Capital. I watched it with sympathy at its beginning, and took a little part in it

from the inside for a testing while. In the huge Chicago cataract of rushing humanity it might become a last islet to which a few could cling before being driven to the final plunge. The newspapers had announced the coming project, as a sort of Chicago duplicate of the famous Toynbee Hall in London.

One day in January, 1889, as I remember, an invitation was received by me from Mrs. Mary Wilmarth to attend a meeting at her house on Michigan Avenue for the purpose of listening to Miss Jane Addams, who had recently arrived in the city, and who was to set forth her new plan of social betterment. The lady gave her talk and others were called upon for a word or two. Davidson was there, remaining over from our Literary School of the preceding holidays. He claimed personal knowledge of the original Toynbee plan, and proceeded to disparage the whole design of introducing it into this country. Moreover he belittled the co-operative life of such a Settlement as clannish, in spite of his own Scotch tartan, which he sometimes proudly wore outside and always inside, and he declared the entire scheme "unnatural." Thus he gave to that meeting and to the hopeful foundress of Hull House his usual Davidsonian kick. Yet Davidson of all men was clannish and cliquey by nature; he seldom failed to form his own inner set in any work for which he had been engaged. So he had acted at Concord, and so he treated our Chicago Literary School, for really he

could not help it. Then what were his Glenmore and his Farmington and his New Life? Still he was always interesting and stimulating, though not very convincing; certainly he did not convince Miss Addams, nor did he succeed in deflecting into his course our Literary School.

After Davidson had finished, I being called on, rose and gave a little address in emphatic approval of the enterprise. Such was our peculiar destiny: again we locked horns in that Chicago parlor, as we had done some twenty and more years before this time in the St. Louis Philosophical Society and also in the High School. Our last tilt had taken place in the recent Chicago Literary School over Goethe, to which I as director had invited him as lecturer. My argument now was that associated work can be stronger and better than individual effort, and I cited my own case with the Chicago Greeks as a failure, because I did not have the power of enlisting companions and organizing a settlement. So I bade Miss Addams go on with her worthy undertaking, in which I thought I saw a need of the city and of the time.

Still I failed not to signal to her my warning. I knew somewhat of the Hull House quarter, for I had lived around its edges for several years, and had brushed against its folk, most of them immigrants from Southern and South-Eastern Europe, and mainly of three different confessions, very old but very obstinate—Roman-Catholic, Greek-Catholic, and Jewish. I told her that she would find

this humble and ignorant mass of humanity most suspicious and most sensitive in regard to their religion, over which they knew that their ancestors had fought for many centuries. It was likely she would be suspected of being one of those insidious American missionaries whom they knew and disliked from the old country, and who, their priesthood had taught them, were emissaries of the infernal Serpent sent from far over the Great Sea to rob them of their last and best hope, their faith. She must avoid this first and deepest danger, and make her enterprise as non-sectarian as possible.

Miss Addams rejoined that she was a Christian, with a slight satiric thrust possibly, and that her object was christian, though it was not denominational. I think, but am not now certain, that she also said she was herself a good Presbyterian. But time has shown that she really is the greatest Quaker that America has produced, certainly not excepting Elias Hicks, and overtopping Whittier, if we leave out his poetry, with which Miss Addams, as far as I know, did not try to compete.

Hull House was soon started, and I failed not to pay an occasional visit, and once or twice talked there to a little group about Shakespeare, for the scheme had also its cultural appendage. It was soon evident that the work had struck a deep note in accord with the spirit of the time; through the ability of Miss Addams, her Social Settlement soon became one of Chicago's unique and much-inter-viewed institutions, whose fame from that first

little germ had grown to be national and had even crossed the Ocean. All that in the course of three or four years; assuredly both her personality and the phenomenon itself were worthy of a deeper study than I had given them hitherto. Accordingly in the fall of 1893 I resolved to leave my little nook in the Goodenough Tenement, and to become a resident of Hull House itself, when I found I could, after inquiry. I promised of course to pay my dues, and to perform the part of the charitable work assigned me. I wished to live the enterprise in my own experience from the inside of it, and to discover what it meant generally, if I could, and to hearken what response to it my own nature might give. Three main objects lay in my mind: first, to find the bearing and place of such an establishment in the total Social Order; secondly to scan the considerable number of people who had gathered there to devote themselves to this work—my very human fellow-residents, men and women; thirdly and specially, to catch the spiritual outlines, if I were able, of Miss Addams herself, the heroine of this Hull House Iliad, who had already approved herself the Great Soul of the enterprise, its creative and organizing Woman-Demiurge.

The first operation in which I had a small part was the plan to furnish to the poor people of the district coal at cost price per ton; the male members of the Settlement were to be the volunteer coal-carriers. Thus, however, we, begriming ourselves frightfully for charity, took away from a number

of other poor sooty fellows their scant means of livelihood during the winter. I felt the counter-stroke, when a needy darky, from whom I used to buy baskets of coal, stopped me on the street for alms, saying that our charitable arrangement had stolen the bread out of his mouth. Not much time elapsed before this benevolent enterprise had completely undone itself, causing apparently as much poverty as it cured, and so it was dropped, letting the poor world lapse back again under the old pitiless law of supply and demand.

The next duty assigned me by the Settlement was to look up those who on written request had handed to us their names, declaring that they were out of work and in pinching destitution. Foreign immigrants ignorant of our tongue were quite all of them, and, as I had some knowledge of their dialects, I was chosen to visit them in their haunts, thirty or perhaps forty of them at the start. The first experience may be taken as an example: One evening I knocked at the door where two jobless and hungry Italians were reported to be suffering, and I found about twenty compatriots at a long table enjoying a bounteous meal. I stated the object of my visit in my best Italian, and called out the two names. In response a couple men jumped up from the edibles and wiped on their sleeves their well-fed chaps, affirming that they were in great distress and even hungry for want of work and especially for want of money. I questioned them a little and came to the conclusion, that here

was a fine-spun Italian scheme of beggary to get some free contributions from charity's overflowing heart. But mine did not overflow in that way. My parting advice to the twain was that on the morrow they too should go to work with their companions who had openly shown me labor's plenitude, and earn their share of the macaroni. Next I found that I had one Greek name on my list, so I went hunting for him through the Hellenic colony and talking Demosthenic Attic, but the Greeks disowned him, saying that they had no mendicants, and would permit none, nor any Black Hand. Such was the new contrast I found between Greece and Rome in Chicago. To round out this visit to the modern representatives of the great nations of antiquity, I went to a neat looking house where a stranded Jew had reported himself workless. Judge my surprise when a fine Hebrew lady, well-gowned and somewhat bespangled with jewels received me graciously in the well-appointed parlor, and asked me the object of my errand. I told her and gave her the name of the applicant, when he himself appeared in person and recounted his pitiful story, at the same time stating that he was here living with a prosperous relative. My answer was that his kin and his fellow-religionists could surely do more for him than the Hull House. So I kept up the quest, being employed in it a number of days. At last I did find one case deserving help—a poor French mother with two small children was bravely facing the battle of life under the burden of a drunken husband. At once

she got a little lift. Such was the outcome of my first itinerary of charity under the auspices of the Social Settlement, by whose assistance I had the happiness to see something of those old cultural stocks of Greece, Rome, and Judea without leaving Chicago.

But the chief interest of Hull House for me arose when all the residents met together once a day and dined at a common table. Miss Addams sat at the head; good-luck assigned me the third plate from hers, so that I could see her and hear her in her most spontaneous movements and sayings. Exceedingly well-poised she looked as she sat there, showing the mistress of the situation; to me her features and her actions were inscribed with one dominating word: Will. Not intellect so much, not even emotion in any considerable overflow, but resolution. I must confess that the great pacifist impressed me as a good deal of fighter in her line. The physical trait which still remains most deeply graven in my memory was a peculiar hang of her head to one side so that she seemed slightly wry-necked. Moreover this lineament would change more than her rather impassive face in the play of her conversation; I noticed that it would visibly stiffen as the argument grew tenser. I had occasion more than once to see it wax in rigidity at some unpacific utterance of mine, for instance in regard to the punishment of individuals and of nations. Thus it became to me the outer bodily signal of her Will; especially it would rise to strong resistance

in defense of her doctrine of non-resistance, and instantly fling at any foe the gage of war against war.

Some two dozen people in my time sat around that table, and in conversation and action told on themselves something every day, for they could not help it nor could I. Only four or five men, young sprigs of something or other, were present, here altogether the weaker sex; I hope they were worthy of greater remembrance than I can now find recorded in my brain concerning their wisdom. But the women were in the decided majority as well as considerably fuller of years, and they showed stronger character and deeper experience of life. Indeed I thought I could read on the faces of a good half of them that they had gone through one supreme trial of soul and of heart, which they had bravely endured, but which had sent them to Hull House for complete restoration through works of Charity. Now I was altogether the oldest person present, over fifty-two, getting gray and bald, bearing in my wrinkles the flow of life's vicissitudes pictured in this present book. My age could have fathered the oldest lady at that table. Miss Addams was nearly twenty years younger than myself, which fact I may dare infer from the published date of her birth in her autobiography.

The hottest argument, with the whole set against me headed by Miss Addams, flared up concerning corporeal punishment in the Public Schools, which I held could not be wholly dispensed with, though

the abuse of it should be carefully guarded against. Miss Addams turned on me a look of sour severity, so I thought, as she propounded: "Then you hold that the child has not a moral nature." "Most certainly it has," I replied, "and the best way to bring that out is to let the child feel from the start the penalty for transgression. I know it, I have tested the principle a hundred times on my pupils, and even on my own babes, and, I may add, especially on myself. Furthermore I believe that the chief discipline of the World's History is the bringing home to the guilty nation its wrongful deed through war."

That was enough for the great pacifist, if I may use a word more common now than it was then. Her sideling neck stiffened stronger than I ever saw it do before, as she uttered her new Isaian prophecy of universal peace, which has not been fulfilling itself in these recent years. I as an old Union soldier could hardly confess to having done wrong in what I deemed the best deed of my life, nor was I yet ready to promise that I would never do so again in response to a similar call of my country.

Thus Hull House had given me about as much of its experience as I could swallow for once, and I began to feel ready to quit. Still I believe in it within its sphere, it has its place, and scatters its blessing to many poor souls otherwise unblest. But it is not all of the world, not indeed all of society. Miss Addams, if I construe her word, writ, and

deed correctly, would turn the whole universe into one vast Hull House for the grand betterment of God's creation. With the overmastering but one-sided zeal of the great reformer, she thinks to transform the entire institutional order of man, as it has evolved through the long ages, into one all-embracing Social Settlement, of which she naturally would have to be the head, for no man could run it. Thus ought to be realized the grand panacea for all war, poverty, social wrong, and the rest of human ills. Very charitable is all this, so much so that it leaves out justice and its institution, the State. In fact she seemingly prefers the lame ducks of society to its self-supporting promoters, and in more than one passage she appears to maintain that they are the real source of all the great movements of civilization past and present. And indeed what would this Hull House be without them, and perchance Miss Addams herself? Now I believe in helping the lame ducks of the Social System, and loving them, if you can; still I have to confess that to me a lame duck is still a lame duck, though one of the Lord's own creatures, and not to be neglected.

So about the holidays 1893-4, I gave up my residence in the Settlement, and went back to my little corner in Rookery Square, carrying my valise and also a bran-new casket of valuable experiences. A good deal of the Russian consciousness with its anti-institutional drive westward I had felt or rather forefelt in the bud, which later put forth some as-

tonishing flowers at Hull House. More than enough of Tolstoy, and altogether too much of Kropotkin, and others of his countrymen aflame with the grand Slavic negation which now is burning up Russia and threatens Europe with conflagration if not America, singed me then a little in advance, and bade me hasten away. Indeed I have sometimes thought, that Miss Addams herself, at the deepest well-head of her spirit is more Russian than American, which she has God's right to be, such being her own birthright.

Still I continued to go back to Hull House now and then, and to give little chats on literary themes, for it had cultural sides which appealed to me strongly. Sometimes a discussion would spring up; the last tilt was, as I remember, over the Haymarket anarchists, whose punishment I deemed to have already shown itself a great social blessing. But Hull House was not of that mind, nor was Governor Altgeld. But let this pass.

Hull House gave me an impressive living lesson in what I may call Institutional Science, chiefly by way of question marks. For I felt there underneath all its open charity the secret continual challenge of the whole established Social Order. Such a challenge drove me to think out and finally to write out the significance of that World of Institutions in which I had to live, and which mankind in its ages-long troubled history had evolved for me and for itself. To be sure the subject was not new even in my case, for I had inherited a wrestle

with the right of Institutions practically from my College days of Oberlin and from the Civil War, and theoretically from the Hegelian philosophic epoch of St. Louis. But Hull House brought back and vivified to me the problem for a renewed grapple, especially in its economic aspect. Thus it wove its strand of experience into this Writer of Books for some future self-expression. And very suggestive of the time is the astonishing career of Miss Addams herself, who has shown the insight and the capacity to seize the universal psychologic conjuncture to make herself a world-character, and her work a world-cause. She, most militant pacifist and bravest battling peace-maker rises up the female embodiment of to-day's deepest inner, even bleeding self-contradiction.

Still pacific Hull House, starting its work some few years after furious Haymarket, where the two hostile opposites of social Chicago clinched in downright warfare, and shed each other's blood, may well seem a mediator worthily attempting to soften if not to solve the bitter strife between Greed and Need, or more deeply between Brain and Brawn. In this earlier more violent and sanguinary contest I too had my living experience for many months, and labored to take to heart and head its lesson. A brief note of this occurrence also cannot be left out of the history of the present autobiographic chameleon whose nature is to reflect in writ all the shifting hues of its changeful environment.

III. *The Haymarket Bomb.* Just one little bomb,

yet most famous of all, whose explosion still keeps echoing through Time! I heard ominous rumblings underneath the social fabric, when I first became acquainted with Chicago in 1884-5. Undoubtedly murmurs are everywhere and at all times bubbling up out of some discontented souls; but in these sounds of which I speak lurked a threat which always seemed to be getting louder and more menacing. Accordingly I started to probe for the source, and found what may be called a spiritual bomb-factory, which I inspected and watched a number of months, till finally a literal bomb exploded one evening in the Haymarket.

There was, at this time, an unrestrained propaganda of violence against the existent Social Order carried on by the spoken and written word as well as by action in the way of strikes. As far as I could discover, the movement was then chiefly confined to one class of workmen, the German foreigners, who always came to the fore as leaders. The intellectual center was a newspaper in German, the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, or the Laborers Journal, which I read diligently for its record of daily doings as well as for its doctrine. Its appeal was to the prevailing social discontent, largely imported from Germany, and its argument ran with manifold discordant variations: You, poor fellows, are not to blame for your condition, but society is—rise! Also could be found in that sheet new interpretations and applications of Karl Marx, author of the last German Bible, the economic, and the grand organ-

izer of Labor's Gigantomachia against the so-called Capitalistic World-Order. Of course I started at once to search this new Scripture. Moreover there was one strong prominent character at the center of the agitation here in Chicago, a speaker and writer of massive vehemence and soul-corroding bitterness, August Spies, chief editor of the aforesaid newspaper, and the outstanding figure of anarchistic Far-West. I pondered his articles and speeches, which reeked with hate of American social and political institutions. Especially the popular vote, or the sovereignty of the people he assailed with his whole deluge of venom. Underneath all his negations which constituted his chief mental outfit, I tried to dig up what he was really after, to find his positive aim, if he had any, to reach down to his ultimate psychology. As far as I could make out, he still possessed the German imperial consciousness, perhaps more imperial he was than the German Emperor himself; only he was himself to be the dictator, the true Kaiser. I thought I had noticed quite the same underlying tendency in Marx, though the autocracy was to be that of the Proletariat, not that of Junkerdom, of the lowest social class, not of the supposedly highest. But class-rule it was, and with a vengeance, headed by its own autocrat, who in the present case was to be none other than Herr August Spies himself, the panarchic hero of the anarchic universe.

Once more I began going to German beer houses,

dance halls, singing societies, which were strwn particularly along Milwaukee Avenue, where I might commune again with the present German spirit, and drink down its freshest outpourings along with a glass of fluid Gambrinus, the only God of the otherwise godless. I tried to penetrate into the most secret organizations of this latest Teutonic movement on American soil; especially I, as pedagogue, sought to catch an inner glimpse of the new educative institute of anarchy, known as the *Lehr-und-Wehr-Verein*, but I never succeeded in passing the suspicious guard, often composed of mere children, who at the presence of any stranger would run to headquarters and shout the signal: a spy, a spy. Report further said that this institute was composed of groups of revolutionaries banded together for the purpose of training not only in military drill for the coming overturn, but also in the true doctrine of the Marxian faith. So indeed its name hints. And everywhere in that locality I seemed to breathe an atmosphere of suspicion, which as I construed it, arose from some unspoken but meditated dark deed which lurked in the soul of that community, and which, though subtly secreted, gave this outer indication of what lay inside the heart, in spite of all its self-suppression. A single typical experience may be set down. I had observed furtive eye-shots darting at me with a distrustful leer once when I was sitting at a table on which a glass of beer foamed before me as I picked up a newspaper; Graefe's hall, I think, was

the name of the place, a famous resort of anarchists in those days. A rather savage heavy German moustache approached me, out of whose hidden depths flowed the brogued English words with a note of authority: "What are you doing here?" I took a sip of beer and held up before my censor the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, making answer in German: "I am reading this leading article by Spies; good stuff, is it not?" Then I turned back to the printed page. The man moved off foiled but still watchful, whereupon I threw down the paper and quit the place, having gotten a fair lesson in the thing I came for.

But what a contrast between this present Chicago German experience and that former St. Louis German experience of twenty years since, when I became Germanized for a decade or so along with the city itself! The difference stood forth to me very significant, perchance prophetic. I saw and felt now negative Germany, not simply in theory, but in practice, or at least the deeply destructive element in German spirit. Through the articles of Spies I seemed to hear chiefly variations on those all-telling words of Mephistopheles, in which the new Destroyer defines himself:

Ict bin der Geist der stets verneint.

But in the St. Louis time Germany was seen and realized more in her positive character; even her rather negative Forty-Eighters had fought valiantly for the Union, and thus had helped do the

great constructive deed of the age. And the pronounced German strain in our St. Louis Movement was decidedly affirmative in its studies of Philosophy and Literature, represented chiefly by Hegel and Goethe, both of whom show the Destroyer indeed, but show him also undone, yea self-undone. But at Chicago I came into living contact with the furious German world-negation, which now some thirty years later in its own Teutonic home has wrought itself out to an awful culminant catastrophe, a kind of national Ragnarok, of which I at present deem that I felt the early possibility, and even saw the presaging foreshow in that Haymarket explosion.

It was a little before midnight May 3rd, 1886, as I lay awake in bed, somewhat worried over the dread social menace of the time, when I heard a newsboy on the street cry out: "Extra! big riot! bomb thrown! many cops killed!" I at once sprang up, jumped into some clothes, and hurried to the scene of the disaster, where I found the excitement already simmering down and the police in control; once or twice an ambulance dashed by, taking some wounded man to the hospital. I walked back to my room a mile or so distant, with no little meditation on what seemed the new duty suddenly risen before me. Not since the attack on Fort Sumter, twenty years before, had I felt such a seething crisis in myself and in my environment. No sleep for me that night, till I had found my resolution, and had prepared to carry it out.

In the morning I hastened to a foster-brother of mine, then a lawyer of Chicago, John S. Cooper, who had fought through the Civil War and from a private had risen to be a Colonel, winning great credit for himself and bringing honor to his friends and relatives. Patriotic soul he was, that John Snider Cooper, named, I must add, after my grandfather. I found him ready, and my first words were: "Cooper, we must again enlist. You, as superior officer, must take command of the regiment." "Yes," says he, "the old war feeling is throbbing within me, something must be done at once." A brief talk over a plan we had, when I left to inspect further the situation. I hastened to the central scene of action; especially I took a survey of the locality of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, where I heard that Spies and a number of anarchists had been arrested, without any resistance from them or their supporters.

A little inquiry brought out another fact. I found that many veterans had come down town that morning with the same feeling which I had—perhaps 20,000 of us were then living in Chicago. As the Civil War had been largely fought by young men and boys, these veterans were mostly in the middle forties at this time, well-drilled and still ready to fall into line; experienced officers, indeed just our own old ones, were also on the spot. Thus a kind of standing army sprang to arms, or was on the run to spring at the call of the moment. But there was no need; the roused military spirit had

already done its work. I once more made the tour of the beerhouses of the anarchistic quarter; they had lost their loud aggressive tone, being quite reduced to a whisper around the tables; to me there seemed everywhere in that locality a cowed atmosphere which was oppressive. No danger of any outbreak or violence could arise from such people; moreover their leaders were in jail, to whom the law was now to measure out guilt and punishment.

The great trial of the anarchists started and roused an interest all round the earth. What will free America do with such a class of offenders? What autocratic Russia and Germany had done, was well known. The trial was open and not hurried, though it was not allowed to lag. It lasted some eighteen months and passed through the whole scale of the organized Judiciary of the land, from humblest to highest—through the City's, the State's and the Nation's tribunals of justice, culminating in the Supreme Court of the United States. Such was the hardest blow that ever struck anarchism, though of course it was not killed, for it is still alive and at work to-day, being continually imported. But in Chicago from now on the Socialists sharply discriminated themselves from the Anarchists, which distinction had not been clearly drawn before in the minds of these people. Some time after this event I heard Tommy Morgan, chief Socialist orator of the city, declare in a speech with emphasis: "it was wrong to throw that bomb!" Whereupon loud applause from his socialistic au-

dience, mingled, it is true, with some hisses, to which he replied by a still stronger iteration of his damnatory judgment.

So the Anarchists were tried, condemned and executed—truly a world-historical act, at which in an onlooking way I was present from start to finish, and went through its numerous ups and downs always with some nervously responsive excitation. At last came with a bright Sunday the funeral of Spies and his companions, which was to be the occasion of a public demonstration. Again I went up Milwaukee Avenue to the place of the coffins, and watched the processions of various German societies forming behind the hearses to the tune of the Marseillaise. All moved orderly, solemn, taciturn; I marched alongside on the pavement. As we approached the center of the city, I saw an old grizzled soldier in Grand Army uniform leap to the front of the whole procession, carrying and waving an American flag, the only one in sight; I think all banners and mottoes had been forbidden by the police. The grand marshal rode up to the old soldier and bade him put away his flag, whereupon fully fifty young fellows sprang from the sidewalks around him, shouting "Hold fast to Old Glory, we'll protect you." It looked like a squall at first, but the marshal seeing that resolute band and hearing also the hand-clapping and bravos from the pavements and from the windows of the nearby buildings, turned his horse about, and let the old soldier with his flag head the procession.

Such was the deepest, bloodiest, most tragical drama in the life of social Chicago during my time or her time up to date, revealing in its massive, resistless, ever-advancing sweep the fatal round of deadly social Guilt and equally deadly Retribution. As I pondered the onward march of its varied scenes and acts from prologue till exit, I could not help saying to myself in accord with my literary bent: "This real dramatic cycle is as complete as a Shakespearian tragedy, to whose truth for all times and lands it bears eternal witness, and writes me the most convincing commentary."

So from this immediate, actual, desperate life of social Chicago written in literal blood and anguish, I turn for relief and for hope's renewal to the ideal presentment of man's entire institutional order of the ages, as revealed in the Literary Bibles, whose spirit helps heal the riven heart to wholeness again. And these my own Self's restoratives I now follow up with my supreme attempt to impart their eternal worth as well as their spiritual anchorage to clashing vortical Chicago, right in the heart of her furious maelstrom. Of which work I hope to be able to chalk down some perceptible even if faint outlines in what follows.

VIII

THE CHICAGO LITERARY SCHOOLS

If I can only make this section worthy of its theme, or equal to my conception of it, I shall not

fail still to grow in the good graces of myself despite my age and other frailties. For we are now to have not merely one but eight successive Literary Schools in Chicago, one for each year between 1887 and 1895. I may in confidence whisper to my reader that personally I deem this the greatest practical single achievement of my life, as I look back at it now through the intervening and possibly magnifying lenses of three decades. Mark, I say *practical*, since it was my deed not only in plan but also in execution, though I had the most loyal assistance of my pupils, without whom I could have done nothing. Moreover it was the decided culmination of this Epoch of the Literary Bibles, to which I had devoted such a considerable fragment of my terrestrial existence. I hold, too, that our St. Louis Movement, in so far as it flowered along my life's path, found its supreme fruitage in these Chicago Literary Schools, even if it had to leave its native soil to attain its last growth and ripeness. To be sure theoretically, or in the line of Thought, I was destined to move forward to a new and doubtless higher fulfilment—much to my surprise, I can say, for I considered that my Book of Life would be closed and sealed when I had written and printed and planted my volumes of Commentaries, or that which was for me, in the way of self-expression, my new Literary Bible. But how that illusion was undermined and blown up, is to be told as a part of my future's battle.

What, then, was this Literary School which

bulks so tyrannically huge in my retrospect and perchance in my self-esteem? Let my reader not be disappointed at my small description of it, since it was only a course of ten lectures confined to one week, but repeated year after year eight times, beginning usually Monday evening and concluding Saturday morning during the holidays, with an hour's discussion after an hour's lecture—time-limit not rigidly adhered to. The subject was always one of the four Literary Bibles illustrated by the best expounders obtainable as our lecturers. My idea was to focus intense concentration upon one great theme, upon one Great Man for one brief week, with illumination flashing upon the one center from diverse masterful minds. My experience of Concord had told me that the sessions lasting several weeks were too long, the subjects too discursive, though the leading theme may have remained Philosophy. Hence toward the close there was always a letting down from the excessive tension; we fagged out and then we dragged out. It was a prime point accordingly to keep that Chicago audience keyed up while the School lasted, but it must not last too long.

Still the chief shortcoming of the Concord program, which I watched with no little care, sprang from the lack of previous preparation in its students and listeners. For instance, I felt certain that half of the audience during the Concord Goethe School had never read *Faust*, or at most only in a very desultory way. Indeed when I lectured

on Shakespeare, using some of the incidents of *Love's Labors Lost* for my purpose, I found reason to believe that not one in four of my hearers had ever grappled with that somewhat difficult and less known play. And when Harris talked his unmixed Hegel to that mixed crowd, though he tried to popularize his ponderous nomenclature, and did to a certain extent, I could see by the corrugated foreheads and tensely shutting eyelids, not to mention faces of relaxed despair, that quite everybody there needed some preliminary training to the hard language and to the still harder thought. Accordingly I determined through my classes to prepare the way for the Chicago School so that its lecturers would have a body of listeners who had not only read but had studied the masterpieces which were the subject-matter under consideration. Thus I had actually drilled some one or two hundred good people in the manual of the Literary Bibles, so that they seemed to me like a company of soldiers ready for the onset when the hour struck.

And the hour did strike when I resolved to hold a Literary School in Chicago during Christmas holiday week, 1887. The subject chosen was Dante, for a number of excellent reasons. I had my little army sufficiently trained and well in hand; I saw that they knew enough to make themselves not only appreciative hearers, but even fair judges of all that might be said. And they had at least the Sniderian standard by which they could test all the speakers. In fact, I wished to give them a

chance just through this School to break over the bounds of my doctrine if they found anything better. And a few did. I have sometimes wondered at myself in this role of disciplinarian. Was it the result of my being a schoolmaster? But the other lecturers were also pedagogues by profession. Now, as far as I know, I was the only man among them who had been a soldier, who had drilled and commanded fighters in the tussle of war. That may have impressed its lasting lesson upon me, so that when I surveyed the mighty fortress of ignorance and of philistinism called Chicago, I knew that I must have a disciplined soldiery to assault even any little outwork or bastion of it with the least hope of success. Let the pre-cautious reader not neglect my dates, recalling that I first appeared in Chicago in 1884, and hence had been training my people off and on for three years before the first Literary School.

I must by no means forget to mention that the active center of my following was composed chiefly of Kindergartners, who had been more or less directly connected with our St. Louis Movement through Miss Blow. About this time we had started a new Kindergarten College in Chicago, which remained the inspiring sustainer as well as the pushing financial promoter of all these eight Literary Schools, while developing with zeal and ability its own special work. The official heads of this Kindergarten work were Miss Elizabeth Harrison and Mrs. J. N. Crouse.

The Director of the Literary Schools I titled myself, for I knew from experience that they had to be directed and stabilized by a single hand not shaky. The Milwaukee affair had vividly lessoned me that one captain must take charge; or more particularly stated, that I must make the program, select the speakers, and preside over the sessions. At the same time my trained auxiliaries must let themselves be felt in support as the very soul of the audience. I knew Davidson's tendency to deflect the established course aside to his own ends, he being by nature a breacher and always knowing better than the authority at the helm. His part, however, could not be filled by any other lecturer, and I took a kind of pleasure in trying on him my new well-bitted bridle. Of course I did not expect at the start that the School would acquire a momentum so imperious that it would insist on repeating itself eight times before stopping, or even four times. I only wished to get through the one time in safety.

But why choose Dante as the starter? Foremost rose the reason that the old Florentine poet would furnish in advance the best material for making the best School, and the least hazard could we dare take at the opening plunge. Harris and Davidson, I knew, had excellent work in manuscript on Dante, which they could draw on, and which they had already tested at Concord. Moreover the psychological condition of the two men was not to be neglected: both had strongly Danteized, had even

Catholicized almost to the stepping off edge, but had refused to take the last leap. This signifies that both looked on their favorite poet as a kind of Bible, in fact as their one Literary Bible; they were not merely profound and learned expositors of the text, but were believers with the faith and love of disciples for their master. Such were the men I wanted to give tone to the task. I cared not for the usual sleek-groomed literateur who could write upon call a well-worded essay for the magazine. A far deeper requirement I exacted for the Literary School, a biblical test. These two men had, each in his own way, loved and lived Dante for years, and showed the fact in their writ. To be sure, from my point of view they both were a little narrow; they had realized only one Literary Bible, while the consensus of the best judges of all time had stamped upon four their canonical seal of approval.

To these two male eminences, I wished to add the eminent woman of our St. Louis Movement, Miss Blow, also a strong religious Danteizer, who had written and published her book on Italy's supreme poem. I sent her an urgent invitation begging her to be present, and I especially stressed the fact that Dr. Harris, her tutelary, would be on hand to help give character to the School. But the reply came back to me that she was too unwell to take the journey. I was eager to secure Miss Blow's presence for another reason: the rank and file of my fighting army were mainly Kindergart-

ners, all of them Miss Blow's pupils, or pupils of her pupils. Hence her name was a familiar word of magic to them, and also in her the woman-soul would be transcendently represented on the program. She had done the great educational deed of the time, and she deserved all the recognition which the School might be able to give. If I recollect aright, I wrote her a second letter, asking simply for a paper, even an old one, to be read in her name and honor at one of the sessions. But to this repeated request she gave no response.

I shall, however, acknowledge that I had my own little personal satisfaction in sending this friendly missive to Miss Blow, inviting her to take part in a Dante School under my supervision. I thought that it might do her some good to find out that I would not stay in the petty pigeon-hole into which she, during her autocracy had tried to thrust me at St. Louis. She would also see my enthusiastic band of soldiery largely composed of her own Kindergarten followers. Even Dr. Harris would now do his good share under the new Director, whom she had once tabooed, forbidding him her Dante class. To be sure the experience might be a little Purgatory for that pride which I had heard her denounce as the basic human sin, in a kind of self-confession I thought, though fulminated with a Dantean vehemence of damnation. Moreover she would see on the program practically the whole St. Louis Movement gathered up from its dispersion and transferred to Chicago, as it starts on a new stage of its

evolution in a new locality under a new helmsman. To have seen and shared in all that, ought to have widened her horizon a little somewhat, wherein might have lain for her a blessing.

Thus I sought to collect the scattered members of the former St. Louis Movement as they lay bestrown in every direction over the land, and to unite them in a second growth and restoration of our cause. We could not go back to our starting place and try St. Louis again with any hope, for her city-soul, quite collapsed, seemed to lie prostrate in a kind of benumbed mental lethargy, the reaction, as I construe the case, from her Great Disillusion. Still I could find here and there on my occasional visits to the fast-ageing town, some lingering sparks of the old fire which might, after the smouldering years, be once more kindled into a fresh flame of her spirit's revival. But at present she had not recovered from that volcanic explosion which, among its other effects, had torn our St. Louis group to very tatters, and had hurled us piecemeal to the four winds of heaven.

Let me here confess that I indulged in some quiet, harmless self-gratulation at the fact that I steadfastly refused to flee backwards to earlier, less advanced forms of associated life after the St. Louis cataclysm. Quite the opposite was the trend of my associates. For instance, Harris betook himself to idyllic Concord and homed there; Davidson turned first to small rural Farmington, and then escaped to the remoter woody mountain of Glenmore in the

Adirondacks for the purpose of forming his ideal fellowship away from civilization; Miss Blow cut loose from all her St. Louis prestige, social, educational, literary, and retired to her secluded nook at Cazenovia, New York, where she also in time will hold sessions for her disciples; and my dear giant Brockmeyer made the completest, most gigantically uncivilized retreat of all, when he fled to the Redmen of Indian Territory, going back as it were into the very cave of primordial Polyphemus. But it lay in me somehow to speed the other way, along with or perchance ahead of civilization; so I flung myself into the Chicago maelstrom, the dizzying, still crude human vortex in the forefront of the World's History. That was my fascination and remained so during many years. For the problem to my mind ran: how can I establish a little solid isle of eternity in this roaring, raging, ever changing time-stream, which might dash and foam about the same in vain. As already recounted, I sought to plant right in this topmost frothing tide of all ephemerality the most permanent immortal thing hitherto evolved by our race, namely its Literary Bibles. But I needed the best help of these very people who had run away from civilization, who had felt its sharp backstroke and had fled from its trying ordeal to places of safety. To use our familiar American soldier-slang, coined and often needed during the Civil War, they had all *ske-daddled* from that first fight, each to his own separate cover.

Thus I rallied these fugitives, so let me call them in my conceited simile, all of them skilled in my work, and specially capable of performing their new allotted task. They had been themselves leaders, and they were still to lead, but under orders. I may summarize the muster in the following soldierly nomenclature: (1) The Captain, otherwise called the Director; (2) The subordinate officers, that is, the lecturers; (3) The rank and file, that is, the trained company of hearers in the audience: (4) The objective of the campaign—Chicago and its dependencies, or some fragment of the same.

Under some such arrangement, destiny decreed that we were to have eight Literary Schools in yearly succession at Chicago, as before said. This half-military organization showed itself strong enough to uphold and even to propagate its form and its matter, or the How and the What of itself. Some attempts were made to change it and to undermine it, still it held its ground, till its task was accomplished. It remains to give some condensed account of these separate Schools, since each had its own outer circumstances as well as inner character. Necessarily the manner of execution in each case would be different, and also the success.

The reasons have already been given for making our start with Dante. I had been tentatively whispering my design perhaps a year beforehand in order to test and to inflame if possible, the zeal of

my classes. But early in the fall before the School, I issued the first public announcement, and let it appear as a local item in the newspapers.

I. *The Dante School.* Before me lies the old program, tattered and yellowed by age, and still it seems to look up at me with a wrinkled twinkle of triumph. It recalls, however, the many obstacles, vexations, anxieties of the encounter, for even well-wishers were everywhere nodding no with their looks and often piteously smiling at me as a fatuous visionary, hinting "ahead of the age; your fine Literary Bibles will not do for this crass pork-packing Chicago, the world's greatest business hustler." It should be remembered in the present connection that this was years in advance of the Chicago World's Fair, and long before to-day's Chicago University had been thought of. But the vast majority of our unintentional friends were the scoffers headed by the newspapers, who screeched the opposite note: "Altogether behind the times; your old musty books of the past are not fit even for the commonest Chicago wrapping-stuff. Away with you, miserable idealist!" All the more determined charged forward our small battalion of soldiers, and massed themselves in military array for the fight, just because of the opposition, which thus had the effect of uniting more intensively our little army for the attack.

Here the heralded program and my curious reader may be brought face to face for a little look at each other.

LITERARY SCHOOL.
TEN LECTURES ON DANTE.

Will be given in the Lecture Hall of the Art Institute,
corner Van Buren St. and Michigan Ave., during
the Holidays, 1887, by Dr. W. T. Harris, of
Concord, Mass.; Prof. Thomas Davidson,
of Orange, N. J.; Prof. L. F. Soldan,
of St. Louis; Miss M. E. Beedy,
of Chicago, and Mr. D. J.
Snider, of Chicago.

Monday Evening, December 26th.....Mr. D. J. Snider
Dante's Place in the World's Literature

Tuesday Morning, December 27th.....Dr. W. T. Harris
Dante's Inferno

Tuesday Evening, December 27th
—Prof. Thomas Davidson
The Teachers of Dante

Wednesday Morning, December 28th...Miss M. E. Beedy
The Symbols of Punishment in Dante's Inferno

Wednesday Evening, December 28th....Dr. W. T. Harris
The Mythology of Dante

Thursday Morning, December 29th
—Prof. Thomas Davidson
Virgil and Beatrice as Guides

Thursday Evening, December 29th
—Prof. Louis F. Soldan

Friday Morning, December 30th.....Dr. W. T. Harris
The Purgatorio and the Paradiso

Friday Evening, December 30th..Prof. Thomas Davidson
*The Vision of God—Interpretation of the Last Canto
of Paradiso*

Saturday Morning, December 31st.....Mr. D. J. Snider
Discipline of the Purgatorio

D. J. Snider, Director of the School, Palmer House,
Chicago, Ills.

Let my circumspect reader take due note of what is here announced. All these people set down as lecturers were in one way or other connected with the old St. Louis Movement, which was thus celebrating in another city a kind of reunion or indeed a re-natal day of second birth, after some twenty years of changeful destinies. Likewise we all had been at first teachers in the Public Schools of St. Louis; in fact every one of us except Harris had belonged to the High School, then the only one in the city with a dozen to fifteen in the faculty. Uplifting days were those for our Public School System, furnishing instruction not only to the youth in charge, but to the grown people of the community, indeed of the whole country. These teachers pursued with zeal their regular vocation, to which however, they added their cultural Super-vocation, and through this service they were consecrated as members of the St. Louis Movement.

Now we are ready for the second fact indicated in the above program, if we scrutinize it with care; none of these five St. Louis speakers hailed at this time from St. Louis itself except Soldan, who had only one lecture. Harris, Davidson, and myself had alighted in very different spots after the St. Louis upheaval; Miss Beedy, a globe-rounder, making a long detour especially through England, had returned to America and had dropped down on Chicago, where one day I was surprised to find her teaching in a private school of the North Side. Accordingly I summoned from the points of the

compass my trained lieutenants (so I may call them for the nonce) to help me in this fresh onset of our Movement, which now seemed about to perform the as yet highest achievement of its existence.

But my difficulties lay not alone with sodden Chicago philistinism, which was an outside obstacle and one to be expected. Right at the start I ran against a snag on the inside with a sudden shock. I sent an invitation to Harris first of all, as my right-hand man, telling him also that Davidson was to be his fellow-lecturer. Judge my astonishment when his answer showed unwillingness, hesitation, though not exactly downright refusal. He balked at co-operating again with Davidson, whose conduct had been so disloyal during the Concord Dante School of the previous year, in starting a little school of his own outside the regular lecture course at his boarding-house. There were other complaints against him, which Harris did not expand in detail, but of which I knew vaguely by rumor. Still I never dreamed the snarl to be so serious, though I was aware that it lay in Davidson's original make-up of nature to play such tricks; he could not help starting a breach against his own employers, and forming his own coterie of admirers in opposition.

I wrote back to Harris that he must overcome himself and come by all means; that a great opportunity had dropped on us all to get a new audience in Chicago, which had always seemed for

us, in our old St. Louis days, the city impossible; that he would be welcomed by an eager and intelligent band of listeners who knew of him and his works, for I had not failed to tell them; that he would be entertained at the house of a fine appreciative lady, Mrs. J. N. Crouse, who was also deeply interested in the Kindergarten. Moreover with some emphasis I told him that I was Director of the School, and would preside at every session, and open every debate; that I believed I could keep Davidson within limits, inasmuch as he was somewhat used to my authority, since I had been his superior in the St. Louis High School, and had frequently there set him to rights. I was aware that he did not like me very well, chiefly on account of these old memories; still I felt assured that he would avoid a collision with me, who had invited him and given him along with a fair recompense a new field for propagating his ideas about his favorite book. To Harris I repeated that Davidson filled a place in my program, and in the Dante work generally, and also in the St. Louis Movement, which could not be taken by any other person. And may I breathe here an autobiographic whisper that I took my secret pleasure in thus giving validity to a man not very congenial to me.

The happy response of Harris was his appearance in person the day before the School opened. I had a long talk with him about various subjects of mutual interest; only once I touched upon the Davidson matter, when he still showed the heat of

offense, but at the same time shut it off with his strong self-suppression. Nothing further was said on that sensitive point. I felt in his talk that he deemed the Concord School to have done its work and delivered its message, and that he was glad to greet and to help its successor in the West.

A word about pay. I was determined not to begin till the School could give a reasonable recompense to its lecturers. Harris and Davidson coming from a distance, received each one-hundred and fifty dollars with free entertainment for their services, and the other speakers in proportion. Certainly not a large sum for such a grade of brain-work; still it was fair, and both expressed themselves as amply repaid. And I think they were. They both gave generously of their time and mentality; they had to earn a good share of their livelihood, yet they also imparted their best without price. I believe they would have come for nothing, if I had asked them; for both had along with their moneyed vocation a moneyless Super-vocation quite beyond all finance. But such alms from them we could not afford to take—not I, not the School, not Chicago. On this point likewise we were determined to surpass Concord. Thus we preserved our economic freedom, which also gave to me as Director an added right of authority, which I felt to be needed.

Finally the anxious moment arrived for the opening of the School. Of course my faithful soldiery lined up on hand and took general charge;

the seats of the limited hall were soon all taken, and the crowd began to overflow at the door. People came whom none of us knew; several introduced themselves who lived at a distance out of town. The auspicious start kept on repeating us good luck from day to day. The previous program of lecturers with their subjects will give some notion of the sweep of the course.

Both Harris and Davidson came fully prepared, and were at their best. They carried the audience along with themselves, and even more, I hold, the audience carried them along with itself through its appreciation and enthusiasm and unity of spirit. The discussions were fully as instructive as the lectures and perhaps more animated, for all three of us (Harris, Davidson and myself) took occasion to speak our minds upon one another's productions with due recognition, but with unhesitating frankness. Yet everything was said and done in the happiest humor. No one man took possession of the School, as I had seen Harris do at Concord and also at Milwaukee, and rightly too, for he was the best. But now the School as a whole was sovereign enough over all its parts to dominate its strongest men, while giving to each his due of worth. The School felt itself to be the master of itself, and every individual present had the same feeling. The lectures which Harris then gave are essentially what may be still found in his book, *The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divine Comedy*. This was doubtless the most enduring literary product of the

School, as it remains in to-day's book-market, having passed through several editions. Davidson has left no such printed work; his fatality was that he never gathered up and organized his much-scattered Dante writings. Well, could he?

But undoubtedly the weakest lecture of the School was that of our St. Louisan, Soldan, not then Superintendent of Schools, but Principal of the City Normal. I had invited him because I wished St. Louis to have at least one local representative on our program, for sake of contrast if nothing else. And I knew that Soldan had in former years given some study to Dante; in the olden time of the St. Louis Movement I had heard him read a brief paper on the Divine Comedy to a little group of us, one of whom was Davidson, who then and there made fun of it, since he had not yet experienced his grand conversion to and through Dante. Soldan arrived in the morning of the day on whose evening he was to lecture; he came over to the Hall to see what was going on, and panicky became his surprise when he caught sight of that audience. I met him at the door, and greeted him, inviting him to take his seat on the platform with the other lecturers. His ruddy complexion took a flaming glow, his quick breath jerked quicker, and his gray-blue eyes scintillated and bulged from their sockets, as he exclaimed: "Well, I never expected this!" He listened to the lecture which was by Davidson; very uneasy and excited I noticed him twitching about, as he looked into that mass of up-

turned and discriminating faces, and caught their response and felt the surge-like uplift of their spirit. As soon as he could he slipped away without hearing the discussion, and declined to be the guest of one of our entertainers. He must have pushed straightway for his hotel and have gone to work with a kind of desperation. For he had come without his manuscript and without much preparation; now he was to stand before that large critical audience in competition with those eminent rivals of his, Harris and Davidson, both well-shotted to the very muzzle, and wrought up to their highest by the School's spirit. In the evening he read the hurried disjointed jottings which he had evidently scribbled down at the hotel, and added comments extempore to fill out the hour allotted. Soldan came to this country from Germany a young but grown man; he spoke English with a perceptible accent at his best; on the whole he wrote our language correctly, if not very idiomatically. But now he was upset and flustered, his foreign gutturals became more uncontrollable, and he stammered and spoke thick, hesitating for the right word; then his Germanisms in his English increased almost laughably with his excitement, for naturally his mother-tongue rose first to mind in his emergency. He had asked me in his reply to my letter of invitation to wait for the title of his subject, but he never sent it, and so the program had to leave his theme a blank. He could not quite push through to the close of his hour, but

gave up after some forty-five minutes or so, when we all sprang to the discussion with a zest which I hope relieved the speaker's embarrassment. The fact is Soldan imagined the School to be like one of our little St. Louis knots of philosophic duffers, before whom he could at ease indulge in a desultory zigzag chat—a bad mistake on his part. I pitied him, for he was ambitious, if not a little jealous of his two successful competitors. I resolved to give him another chance that he might redeem himself, for he had the ability. The next year at Chicago we were to have Goethe; I intended to assign him a place on the program, with a gentle hint that he must not let himself get caught again. Something interfered with his coming, I do not now remember what. But in the later Literary Schools at St. Louis, I took pleasure in offering him a part which he performed with distinction, evidencing both thought and careful preparation. So he showed the strength to retrieve himself completely.

The newspapers reported us fairly, with some lapses as might be expected on such a subject. Harris was the wise man here again, and looked after his own report, making an abstract of his lecture beforehand, and giving copies of it to the reporters. The result was the press even in the East took note of the marvelous fact that Chicago had held a large and successful Dante School. The tone on the whole was that of surprise and of satirical raillery. But the New York Sun had an

editorial on Chicago as the reformed gambler, having been converted from maddest stock speculation to the penitential journey through the Inferno, thus viewing a panorama of all its sins. Somehow thus, as I remember, ran the tirade, touched up with contemptuous flings at the very idea of a Literary School in such a literal hog-pen as Chicago. At once our local newspapers took up the challenge and tusked back with even greater swinishness, while defending their city as the very home of the higher culture of which the Dante School was only a slight manifestation. Thus our venture won fame all over the country, and obtained in our own city a very warm laudatory defense which we could never get before. In this way Dame Chicago showed her civic trait of upholding her own against outside attack, though otherwise ready to tear the same to pieces. Somebody has said that Dame St. Louis is endowed with the opposite tendency: she will help the foreign assailant calumniate and harass her Great Man till the latter takes to flight. The number of her famous people whom she has persuaded to quit her has been sometimes regarded as her most successful achievement.

The current of the School ran strong but harmonious, both our protagonists doing their worthiest and keeping the peace with each other—for me a somewhat ticklish point, in view of their past history. At last, however, during the eighth lecture a little clash began to start over the meaning of a philosophic term in Aristotle—an echo of one

of their hot Concord disputes about a word. Both had been talking paradisaically upon the poet's *Paradiso*, and had specially emphasized the grand reconciliation in Heaven between the two famous saintly Doctors of the Church, St. Thomas and St. Bonaventura, canonized as the Doctor Angelicus and the Doctor Seraphicus respectively. But with a breath suddenly the waters began to get roiled. I could see Harris turning a little whiter in the lip at some challenging passionate assertion of red-faced Davidson, now getting redder, when I, as presiding officer, rose in the minute's lull and began to fantasy: "This is the auspicious moment, and I propose that we re-enact the upper celestial harmony here below, and that we now turn our School into a kind of *Paradiso* by celebrating a grand reconciliation between our St. Thomas (here I pointed at Davidson) and our St. Bonaventura (here I pointed at Harris); and I further propose that our Angelic Doctor and our Seraphic Doctor become followers of their great prototypes in Heaven above, and sing each other's praises now in our little earthly Paradise down here in Chicago." The audience tittered a brief ripple, when Davidson jumped up exclaiming, "Well turned; still I am not worthy of being called St. Thomas in spite of my name, but our Doctor Harris is just St. Bonaventura, the Seraphic Doctor."

At this happy conclusion I dismissed the meeting, for the time was up; in the nick I made the announcement that this evening St. Thomas, our own

new Angelic Doctor, would interpret for us that most wonderful chapter of angelology, "the Vision of God," in the last Canto of the *Paradiso* (see program). The lecture was given, when Harris rose and expressed the most unstinted absolute praise for the performance I ever heard him utter. Davidson replied in a similar vein of personal admiration. We were all struck by the strange, quite prophetic re-enactment and fulfilment of that old saintly reconciliation, and went home wondering in a half-startled spell. I believe that both afterwards remained friends to life's close, with some little tilts thrown in by the way to diversify old Time's noiselessly monotonous footfalls.

The last lecture, which happened to be one of mine, and the last discussion were over, and the School felt itself somehow to have just begun. "It cannot stop, we must have another," was the general cry which focused into the ear of the Director. A larger hall was also demanded. The little army, conscious of its discipline, and having won its first victory, declared itself not only willing but eager for another campaign. The money and the effort were pledged, and the spirit was at high tide. Accordingly I adjourned the audience with the words: "Next season we shall have a Goethe School. But remember, we must prepare for it better than ever during the intervening year. A Literary Bible has to be studied, taken to heart and mind, not merely perused like the newspaper; indeed it should be lived, if we wish to assimilate its true meaning and

worth. And now I shall give a parting compliment to our distinguished lecturers, Dr. Harris and Prof. Davidson, propounding to them this question: "Will you come to us again next year? Tell us on the spot." Both spoke up a hearty Yes, Yes, and the first Dante School became a memory.

II. *The Goethe School.* I foreboded the hazard of the enterprise, for I had already harvested a goodly crop of experience through conducting study-classes in the German poet. The deep-rooted prejudice against him on the part of many cultivated people was well known to me personally as well as by much printed damnation. Of the four Literary Bibles that of Goethe was the most difficult in form, and the most questionable on account of its content. Then it was the most recent of them all; Goethe himself had been dead only a little more than fifty years when our Literary School opened. Had there been time enough for his Last Judgment? Accordingly the problem was not yet fully settled whether the High Literary Tribunal of the Ages had conferred final canonization upon his book as a Literary Bible. But I believed in him, and our St. Louis Movement headed by Brockmeyer had distinctively acclaimed Goethe's poetical supremacy. To be sure, in his cause the labor became a kind of new apostolate, for Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare were all accepted in the traditional canon, but the battle for Goethe had not yet been completely won, especially in our Anglo-Saxondom, despite all the hot preachments of Thomas Carlyle,

who, by the way, never tackled—I doubt if he ever fully knew—Goethe's greatest book, *Faust*, as a whole with its two Parts. In fact, the Second Part of *Faust* was not published (excepting the *Helena* episode) till the German literary Epoch of Carlyle was on the decided decline into a very different stage of his life's evolution.

So it came about that the Goethe School furnished to me the peculiar fascination of helping to establish, or, if you will, to canonize the very last Literary Bible of the centuries far out on the Chicago frontier of civilization. I would hardly have dared the trial, if it had not been for the all-conquering energy generated by the Dante School, somewhat in the community but specially in my valiant little army. So I felt the courage to give to these soldiers their hardest task, though I was well aware that some of our best ladies, who were also our most active campaigners and purse-holders, did not like Goethe, questioned his life's worth, felt shocked at his multitudinous love-affairs, particularly at his treatment of Frederika, and at his relation to Christiane. Not a few had read the life of Goethe by Lewes, then a common but damnable book, in which lurks the author's bent to impress the reader how much greater Lewes is than Goethe, and that by right Goethe the lesser ought to be the biographer of Lewes the Hero.

Still there can be no denying that Goethe has the gift of begetting an unconquerable repugnance in certain female natures. I have had ladies quit

my Faust class in a kind of horror, declaring that they did not wish to come into such close touch with the very Devil—perchance with their special Devil, Goethe's Mephistopheles, who even in dead type was altogether too living for them, too real and, indeed, too overpowering. They could not stand him, or perchance withstand him, so that their only hope was in running away from his inky presence, though limned only in printer's lampblack. That awful Negative, deepest world-theme of *Faust*, and more real just now than ever, was not even to be looked upon when incorporate, else like antique serpent-haired Medusa it would turn us all to stone. My view was that this our own Fiend must be grappled with, for here he is, the most modern creation in our most modern Chicago; I held that I could often read the latest words of Mephistopheles in to-day's Chicago newspaper. Better get acquainted with your own cacodemon through Goethe's transfigured poetry, which bears in itself, if rightly understood and assimilated, a kind of vicarious redemption from the wiles of old Splay-foot. Such is the true function of all Great Literature—mediatorial, redemptive, yea vicarious.

Chicago had the New-England conscience, insofar as it had any at all—and there were many conscientious people in that rather conscienceless community. Now, I had not only read in books but had seen at Concord how the New-England mind cannot exactly stomach Goethe even when desperately trying to swallow him. The reader may remember

we had held a Goethe School already at Concord, not quite four years before our present one. The recently published diary of Emerson shows the typical and the greatest New-Englander trying his best to overcome his disgust at Goethe, and recurring to the attack again and again, incited thereto by the repeated praises of his friend Carlyle; all to no final victory, it would seem. Emerson felt and rightly felt that there was something in Goethe which he had never quite gotten, even though he had placed the German poet among his Representative Men—again following probably Carlyle's opinion more than his own. Now the strange, riddle-some fact turns uppermost that the deepest, most sympathetic appreciation of Goethe in all New-England, as far as I can find the record, was that of a woman, Margaret Fuller, who herein considerably outreached her eminent friend and sponsor, Emerson. It still remains something of a psychological problem how this New-England woman, in all the grandeur of her supreme defiance of furious Puritanic tradition, could stand forth the single challenger of her own past training, indeed of the whole New-England consciousness. At least only one other case of this kind, that is, of this woman-kind, is known to me a little.

Such, then, was the prime spiritual obstacle which the Goethe School had to meet in its own set as well as in its communal environment, and had to transform this alien spirit into something like a new world-view in accord with the last supreme

world-poem. The trial had to be made, if my work was ever to get complete, for to my mind the grand literary biblical procession of all civilized time up to date would be maimed and would remain quite unfinished without its grand final rounding-up in Goethe.

But woe is me again and still more! With these inner hindrances were now conjoined two external counterstrokes of pure ill-fortune coming from our two protagonists, Harris and Davidson, each of whom delivered us a slap in the face, not consciously intended I think, but very real in its sting, and calling our little army to start a new desperate pull that we overcome the damage. Of this fact also let there be a brief account.

Harris had done so well in the Dante School that a very natural desire arose in our public to hear him again, and to commune with his charming personality. The result was he allowed himself to be advertised for a course of lectures on the Philosophy of History. As soon as I heard of it, for I was out of town when the arrangement was made, I thought to myself: "There! Harris is again going to dare his stars! He will once more embroil himself in that Hegel's Philosophy of History, especially in the mazy Oriental portion of it, as I have seen him do a dozen times without ever being able to disentangle himself or his hearers from that Egyptian Labyrinth." The result was Harris whizzed rapidly in the turn of a few months from loftiest success down to dismalest failure. Such was his

fatality. I had watched him make the same rockety rise and fall more than once in St. Louis; he could be the unequalest of men. In the present case he was practically unprepared, holding in his hand only an incongruous mass of disparate fluttering papers of all sizes, from mere scraps to large folio sheets, in which he would fumble and then read and ramble about, quite as if he were talking to himself instead of an audience of hundreds. Indeed, that was just what he was doing: brooding over his subject and some random jottings scribbled upon it—the first rudimentary stage of composition, not the third and completed one, such as he gave us in his Dante work. So I heard, for I could not be present, his procedure described by half a dozen witnesses not unfriendly to the man or his thought. Naturally, his failure, for such it must be declared, reacted on himself and also on our coming School. In fact, I doubt if Harris ever regained among us that first prestige of his won at our Dante School. Moreover, I never thought Harris showed much historical bent of mind, such as he had for Philosophy, Pedagogics, Literature; he held no deep inner communion with the Spirit of History, as he did with the Spirit of the Divine Comedy.

Davidson also delivered his counterstroke after the peculiar Davidsonian manner. He, too, had acquired deserved distinction from his lectures and discussions at our Dante School. Accordingly we sought eagerly to engage him for our coming Goethe session. Davidson had his attraction for everybody,

I think, for me I know, and also his repulsion. Moreover, he possessed the weird Scotch charm which works a singular fascination upon a certain class of minds; especially he flung his spell over youths and women of congenial temperament. This unique power became one of his banes as a teacher, leading him to a distinct favoritism in the school-room toward his own like, with unhappy consequences both for order and study. These special devotees of his he would sooner or later get together to start them on a line of his own, usually in some sort of opposition. For as soon as he found himself working in any established order or institution, he would feel himself ill at ease and begin to plan revolt. To me Davidson always seemed to have the Celtic temperament, as regards his abilities as well as his shortcomings, both very considerable; at bottom he was a Scotch Celt, in spite of his asserted old-Norse kinship, which I have heard him proudly read into himself and also into his name. Similar I construe to be the case of another distinguished Scotchman (rather than Scotsman), Thomas Carlyle, who was Celtic both in his power and in his weakness, though he shunned and hated the Celt, and acclaimed the old Scandinavian gods for his heroes in a sort of feigned ancestral worship.

Imagine our surprise when we read one morning in the newspapers that Mr. Thomas Davidson had been engaged to deliver a course of lectures in Chicago chiefly on Literature (as far as I now recollect), only a few weeks before the date of our Goethe

School. Moreover, it was advertised that he intended to make a start in founding a great Catholic University here in Chicago—a unique but truly Davidsonian appendix to a lecture-course. So, without my knowledge and escaping the close scrutiny of any of my band of workers, Davidson had gotten together his little coterie of lady admirers during our Dante School and formed his new independent scheme of opposition which apparently was to side-track our work and to carry off into his own camp our supporters. His chief sponsor seems to have been a Catholic lady, who was connected with the city's Press and who therefore was able to give a wide publicity to the new enterprise. Later the report flew about that Davidson had been taken up and specially entertained during our Dante School with dinners and receptions, of which the rest of us knew nothing, by a disgruntled clique of important women who deemed themselves neglected in the administration of the Literary Schools. I had no knowledge of this matter, which was anyhow of rather small significance. But that which did challenge my best guidance, and with which I did have to deal in person, was the hot excitement and the extreme resentment among my own people, who proposed immediate vengeance upon what they deemed an act of treachery right in the heat of battle. At least he was to be dismissed in a kind of disgrace from our program, which had been already published and scattered broadcast.

At an indignation meeting of our leading work-

ers I appeared and advised them about as follows: "You have just cause for your wrath, but do not let it turn you to instruments of your own undoing. There must be no split in our ranks before the public. I wish you all to attend in a body Mr. Davidson's first lecture, paying your money; I shall be there to see you. It is on Savonarola—a good lecture on a good subject, and well worth your hearing. You need not go a second time unless you desire. We cannot put him off the program; there is nobody to take his place. As to his Catholic University, it seems to me a joke, since Davidson is not a Catholic; anyhow the watchful Irish priesthood of the city, from the top of their hierarchy down to its bottom, will dutifully look after that scheme. Then you must learn to take Davidson as he is, and utilize his good, which is not small. He has played such pranks as this before, I doubt if he can help it. He did the same at Concord to a degree that once estranged Harris. It will bless the cause and yourselves also to perform such an act of self-denial. So go to his lecture once at least, and greet him too in person."

When I went to the hall I found my soldierly band seated pacifically but solidly together in a group along with some friends whom they had persuaded to attend. As soon as the lecture was over I went up and saluted Mr. Davidson, who turned on me his peculiar strabismic cock-eye with a sort of quizzing leer, I thought. We had furnished him a large part of his audience that one time; rumor

says the rest of his course was very thinly attended. At any rate, he never tried his scheme again in Chicago.

Thus I kept up during the whole year, which embraced all the time between the two Schools, the Goethe battle, with varying results. Classes specially studying *Faust*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *Elective Affinities*, I held in various localities of the city and suburbs. Then lecture courses on Goethe for a more general audience I undertook, animated and loyally supported by my cohort of Kindergarten soldiery. A program lying before me shows the scope of these courses, announcing in its head-lines: "Ten Lectures on Goethe will be given in the Lecture Hall of the Art Institute, beginning Saturday, October 13th, 1888, and continuing one a week for ten weeks." The list of subjects shows the attempt to get a view of the entire Goethe, and has in my own development a certain biographic value, for I had already meditated much upon his total human achievement. So I insert it:

PROGRAMME.

- Oct. 13th. Goethe's Biography.—The Poet's Life as a Poem.
- Oct. 20th. The Youth of Goethe.—The Poet as Titan, "Prometheus," "Faust," "Mahomet," "Werther."
- Oct. 27th. Goethe as Lyrical Poet.—The Song Writer and Balladist.
- Nov. 3rd. Goethe as Scientist.—Botany. "The Metamorphosis of Plants."

- Nov. 10th. Goethe as Scientist.—To what extent the precursor of Darwin. Osteology. Theory of Color.
- Nov. 17th. Goethe in Italy.—The Classical Renaissance. Epigrams, Xenia, Elegies, Epics.
- Nov. 24th. Goethe as Classical Dramatist.—“Iphigenia,” “Tasso.”
- Dec. 1st. Goethe as Novelist.—“Elective Affinities,” “Wilhelm Meister.”
- Dec. 8th. Goethe as Writer of the Fairy Tale.—“Das Märchen.” “The New Melusina.”
- Dec. 15th. Goethe as Letter Writer and Conversationist.

It may be seen from the foregoing program that I was already making a strong effort to master Goethe's life, that wonderfully diversified, subtly interrelated, universally productive life, probably the most comprehensive of all lives ever lived—also the poet's greatest poetic work. I can find no complete manuscript of these lectures, only some rambling, inorganic notes. And I may here add that it took more than a quarter of a century longer before I could fully mature and write out my complete biographic conception of the poet, and print the same under the title “Goethe's Life-Poem” (1915). Thus my Goethe has kept at my side through a long line of years reaching from youth to old-age. Sometimes I dream that I am not done with him yet, for I see him now revealing his people's chief spiritually redemptive power from the mighty German cataclysm of to-day.

Goethe, as our recent greatest poet, has incarnated the spirit's Denier and Destroyer in the most

modern form, but has also shown him overmastered after furious conflict and made to serve. But many people, and, if I may hazard the word of my experience, most women do not wish to view this modern Inferno with its highly educated Devil, but prefer the old, more sensuous, and externally more horrible Inferno of Dante. They prefer Satan to Mephistopheles, from whom they would run away. Very well, if that be the last of the matter; but the Devil has just the insidious power of flight overhead, and can place himself right in front of the poor, weak mortal who is fleeing from his presence. Thus Dante has the advantage of portraying this old traditional Hell and Heaven—the great medieval Christian solution of the problem of antique Heathendom and its Fall of Man. Hence Dante transmutes the beautiful Classical world of Greece into his Infernal monstrosities. But Goethe sets forth our latest Hell, and also our Purgatorial trial and redemption, in a very real, untraditional way, and hence very shocking. But is not that just our right medicine? Moreover, Hell and Heaven are put under evolution—another uncomfortable thought. And we feel that Goethe is his own Inferno and Purgatory, yea his own Mephistopheles, and does not merely pass through and look on and then describe, as does Dante, even if we know that the latter is also a part of what he sees.

Another disappointment was the failure of the educated German population of Chicago to give any pronounced help, or to feel any active interest

which would further the influence of their greatest poet, or rather their greatest modern man, in their new American home. This made a noticeable contrast with St. Louis, which always had its German contingent, not very large perhaps, in the activities of the St. Louis Movement.

Finally, in the face of all frowns of Dame Fortune, the Goethe School opened during the Holidays, 1888, at the Madison Street Theater, whose auditorium had been hired to meet, by its larger capacity, the grand overflowing audience, which, however, did not come. Still it did not seriously fall away from that of the previous Dante year. Eight of the lectures were given by the same old three of us (Harris, Davidson, and myself), but there were two new ones. The first of these was our lady representative on the program, Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman, of Chicago, the only woman, I think I may say, I ever personally knew who had sympathetically taken up, assimilated, and actually loved Goethe. And she was by birth a New-Englander, and thus to me suggests in this respect Margaret Fuller, and more remotely Varnhagen's Rahel. Very appropriately and congenially she chose as her theme Goethe's Portraits of Women. Our other lecturer was a regular University Professor, a good man but a misfit for our work, in truth a double misfit—we did not fit him, nor he us who were studying Goethe as a Literary Bible, not so much philologically, or textually, or even historically, all of which methods have their due place in the Uni-

versity proper. It was the first and last time I made such a selection for our Schools, since Professor R. G. Moulton, who gave us excellent and sympathetic help in our later courses, belonged to the so-called University Extension Movement.

On the whole, our Goethe School had not the success of our Dante School. Somehow outer ill-luck was inclined to smite it vengefully; then it had not the same inner upspring of the spirit. Davidson was, in the main, critical of Goethe, and never got to the soul of him, I think. Harris worked hard in appreciation of the poet, whom he failed not to praise and to philosophize profoundly and even warmly. But I cannot help feeling that far down in the secret substrate of his being lurked still the Puritanic protest. He took his Goethe more from Brockmeyer than from himself, quite as Emerson adopted the poet from Carlyle. At any rate, our two protagonists showed by no means the same spiritual exaltation, the same devoted apostleship, the same radiant love for this Literary Bible as they did for Dante. And in the audience our female fore-fighters embattled, fought bravely and grimly rather than whole-heartedly, for the Teutonic poet; they obeyed, like good soldiers in the tug of onslaught, but could not be brought to charge with the old shout of enthusiasm.

Something of the sort I had forecast, but I could not help myself. The only man I knew to whom Goethe was the one supreme Literary Bible was Brockmeyer, but I dared not summon him, espe-

cially after the Milwaukee experience. There was no foretelling what twist he might take. As it turned out, I had trouble enough in guiding my two forespanned careening recalcitrant steeds harnessed to my sun-chariot; if I had taken a third courser and him Brockmeyer most defiant of all defiers, and hitched him in front of the team, poor weak Phaethon, the charioteer, would have had a runaway which would have tumbled him and his Goethe School and all his future Literary Schools into the deep Icarian sea of total annihilation. As it was, Brockmeyer came near capsizing us all into Lake Michigan at the Milwaukee School.

So our Goethe School at last came duly to port mid a halcyon spell without any grand overturn in spite of some ominous moments. I doubt if I ever felt a greater relief in my life than when I concluded the last lecture of the course and announced from the platform: "This School is now at an end, and we can all go home."

But to my surprise, the bulk of the audience refused to budge, and from its center rose a voice: "What about next year? We haven't had Shakespeare yet." Then another voice spoke up: "We want Homer, too; let us make the entire round of the Literary Bibles before we disband." The remark was received not only with general approval but with a perceptible, soldierly will to push ahead on the fighting line till the whole fortress be taken. My little army really showed a tougher fibre than the captain, who, however, did not fail to seal his

own work with that final appeal, exclaiming: "Let me go along—forward, then, to the next outpost."

III. *The Shakespeare and Homer Schools.* So we had a Shakespeare Year (1889) and after it a Homer year (1890), each of them culminating in its special Literary School at which during one week ten lectures were given with supplementary discussions by speakers of distinction. In both cases a year's preparation was made in study classes throughout the city for the final event, which thus became the main lever for working up the interest. All these Literary Schools were built after the same general model, each of which, however had its particular variation.

Objection had been made to the two previous Schools that Chicago was not sufficiently represented on the program, the lecturers being chiefly of the St. Louis Movement. Also the demand was heard that the course should be popularized, having been hitherto darkened by the presence of too many philosophers. Perhaps still more deeply lurked the religious suspicions concerning the very idea of a Literary Bible. As our next subject was Shakespeare, a popular poet and favorite with many divines of very different creeds, I concluded to construct a program to meet the occasion. Accordingly we (the ladies more than I) succeeded in getting no less than four clergymen of Chicago as lecturers for our third Literary School, on Shakespeare—one woman and three men. To be sure I summoned to my aid Harris and also David-

son, but they with myself were to keep somewhat in the background this time, ready, however, to fill any gap in the list of speakers or to meet emergencies, should they occur. For I was almost afraid of my good-luck, when I printed on my program the names of the three most popular and distinguished preachers of Chicago—Drs. Swing, Gunsaulus, and Lorimer—with the subjects of their lectures. So was fairly met the request for more of Chicago, more of popularity, and more of religion in our course.

Davidson again took his part of the devil's advocate, and amused us all by his lampoons against Shakespeare in general. But especially he grew almost frantic in denunciation of the poet's masterpiece, Hamlet, whom he crowned with a garland of many mal-odorous epithets. At the top of his fervor he steadied his glance on me, who was presiding as director of the School, when he proclaimed that he was going to throw a bomb into this whole Shakespeare propaganda, which according to his word had turned to rancid idolatry. When he had taken his seat, I rose and laughingly replied, as Davidson's menace was never serious: "I hope our friend's missile will do us no harm for his own sake; he must have heard with all the rest of the world what Chicago does to its bomb-throwers." Whereat a little burst of applause ran round the room, which I tried to suppress by a wave of the hand; for the soul of Chicago would still start to thrill at the memory of the deed, trial, and execu-

tion of the anarchists then some two years past in its final act. And everybody thought of them when even the word bomb was mentioned. "Meeting now adjourned" I cried, "but let us all go up and shake hands with that jolly good-fellow, Tom Davidson." And I started from the platform to be the first one to greet him.

Thus the old set of us stood back and listened to what the new speakers, five of them all told, would say to us about Shakespeare in lecture and in discussion. My single contribution on the program was a poem in blank verse called *Shakespeare at Stratford*, which sought to construe what the poet did with himself after retiring from London to Stratford during the last four or five years of his life. That poem was written thirty years ago, and I must have read a dozen poetic performances on the same subject in the last decade, which show a wide divergence of conception, making Shakespeare on the one hand a pessimist, sensualist, general debauchee in his life's close, or placing him, on the other hand at the opposite extreme as an humble penitent for his past sins, even to the extent of being received secretly into the Roman Catholic Church by an itinerant Jesuit priest. None of these presentments show me my Shakespeare, whose spirit has the power of evolving with the years. (The poem is printed in the Appendix to the *Writer of Books*.)

Our Homer year (1890) was chiefly spent in studying the Iliad and the Odyssey, not only in

beautiful passages but specially as grand totalities whose massive architecture had defied the years by the thousand. When our Literary School was getting under way, I looked around for lecturers and tested some regular Professors of Greek, but had at last mainly to fall back again upon Harris and Davidson as fore-fronters on the battle-line. Both performed their tasks faithfully, but dropped short of their best, for neither of them had taken Homer to heart and in a manner lived him, as they had Dante, for instance. Rev. Dr. Swing encouraged us with his presence, doubtless the most influential in Chicago, and in his lecture gave many humorous touches to the old Greek poet.

Perhaps the most distinctive turn in this School lay in the two Homeric readings of English hexameters. I somehow got wind of the fact that George Howland, Superintendent of the Public Schools had made a new translation of Homer's Iliad, preserving the original meter. After several visits I succeeded in persuading him to read a couple of extracts from his version at our School, stressing the point before the public that Chicago also had its own translation of Homer. Howland gave his hexameters in a rather monotonous sing-song, whereupon Dr. Swing arose from the audience and deprecated the use of hexameters in English verse, touching up his remarks with little bits of his peculiar humor. Howland of course defended his work, showing some warmth against his own minister, who was Dr. Swing, and otherwise

he was wrought to a good deal of excitement, for I noticed his profuse perspiration. Thus flashed into our Homer School a little blaze of that old controversy about English hexameters, in which not only critics but eminent poets have taken part on both sides.

I kept rather quiet during the debate, only throwing in a word here and there for Howland. Still I felt deeply concerned in the argument, for I had been guilty of many thousand hexameters (in their elegiac form) which simply overflowed me into self-expression during my Classical Journey some ten years or so before this time. But there was a much closer and deeper reason for my present interest: I had spent a goodly number of my best moments of this Homer year in elaborating and completing a long cherished plan of mine to versify in hexameters the entire cultural evolution of old Homer and his environing world. Practically no facts had come down to us concerning the life of the poet, still I had been so long and so intimately associated with his two poems, that I felt I knew his personality and also the lines of his spiritual development. The outcome was a book which I named *Homer in Chios*, and in which I have the poet chant the epic of his own heroic career, far greater in import than that of any of his heroes. This work I would make the singing harvest-home of all my protracted Homeric studies.

The hour for closing the discussion had arrived

when I took the word. Dr. Swing in his clerical way had familiarly given other speakers and myself the name of Brother So-and-so; accordingly I addressed him in reply: "Brother Swing, you have called the hexameter unnatural in English, yea, quite impossible. But I have found it gushing up spontaneously, as if by some inner need of expression in a book which I daresay you have often read with deep appreciation, namely the Psalms of David. In fact many musical staves of that book fall upon my ear as right hexametral rhythms, especially on account of the sonorous dactyls in their rolling cadences. Now I have a theory that the very soul of David had some inborn kinship with the hexameter's harmonies (though I do not know his Hebrew), and that Homer and David, the Greek and the Semite, had this peculiar melodious gift in common, as their abodes were not so very far apart and they might possibly have been contemporaries; indeed under a little stretch of conjecture they might have personally known each other. Now let me tell you what I am going to do: at the last meeting of this present School here in Chicago I shall bring David and Homer together in a tournament of song, during which both poets shall chant in English hexameters the Hellenic and the Hebrew worlds united in a kind of marriage festival for all future time. So I hope our city's first preacher (turning to Swing) and our city's first teacher (turning to Howland) will be present and say us their blessing in unison."

But neither of them appeared and the School devoted its last meeting to listening to the mutual strains of Homer and David lilted through the lips of a Chicago rhapsode, none other than our director himself. A distinguished Rabbi was present and gave a sympathetic address which bore a note of benediction to Jew, Greek and Christian, somewhat of each being there represented in our mixed audience.

Thus terminated the first quadrennium of the Chicago Literary Schools, to each of which was given a year not only of intellectual study, but of living appropriation as far as this was possible. We had sought to realize in ourselves the cultural epochs of our race's development through their noblest productions. Specially our endeavor had been to establish a little point of fixity and permanence in the everchanging vortical swirl of Chicago life. To this end we had interpreted the greatest books of Literature as the eternal record of the Eternal.

Naturally before the termination of this last School, the question often came up: Shall we now quit for good and let the work make its own way hereafter? The proposition was much discussed among us, and evoked some variety of opinion. Finally the decided majority settled down to this view: We must have not only one or two Schools more, but our cause summons us to repeat the entire cycle of the Four Literary Bibles. Several reasons were given but mainly three. The zealous

learners wished to go over the whole series again for their own behoof in a kind of review. Others deemed the work a needful institution in Chicago as a counterpoise to its dominant ephemeral tendencies in character and in writing. Then again the School was vindicating its right of existence by becoming a center or propagation, since it was being reproduced in other cities.

Thus with a genuine soldierly determination our little army, even after this long and fairly successful campaign of four years, felt that the war was not yet fully won, and resolved to finish their work though it took another quadrennium.

IV. *The Second Cycle of Four Literary Schools.* So we start with fresh courage our new circumnavigation of the World's Literature as revealed supremely in its four Literary Bibles. Again we began with Dante, seeking to repeat the triumph of our first School, which had been our grand overture four years since. But the conditions were very different.

In the first place, Harris would not come, assigning as ground of refusal the press of business in his Bureau of Education at Washington. That made an ominous chasm at the entrance, still we sprang over it and pushed onward. Harris, however, repented afterwards, and actually asked to be present at the remaining three Schols, writing me that "he could not afford to stay away." It had come home to him that this was the right successor

of his Concord School of Philosophy, which could not be held up even by his absence.

Then I had my little trouble over Davidson again, this time not with him personally, but concerning him with others. For he had offended my Kindergarten supporters, the chief fighting cohort of the cause, by his continual kicking in the traces, by his outside attempts to deflect the School from its purpose, and now finally by his open disparagement of the Kindergarten itself and its educational value. Decided was the protest, almost a revolt, whereupon I argued with leaders about as follows: "Let me make a compromise with you. I agree that it is best not to invite Mr. Davidson after this one time; we have heard him upon Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe, and we have found out that in our sense he has no message to deliver us concerning these great poets. Hence we may well drop him from our future Schools. But his Dante work is unique of its kind; he not only reads but lives the Italian master's book as gospel of a Bible. Such a man we need not merely as lecturer but as personality. Moreover, despite all my urgency Harris refuses to come, and Miss Blow is not obtainable. Accordingly Davidson is a necessity this time more than before. But let it be the last," I added, in regret deeper than resentment.

So Davidson's name was placed on the program of the Fifth Literary School of Chicago which was held Easter week, 1892. It was his final appearance among us as lecturer, indeed, I never saw him

again. He survived some eight years longer, having established his own School during the summer at Glenmore in the Adirondacks, whither I never ventured. His last activity was a benevolent cultural work for the young Jews of New York City—reported to be the crowning labor of his life. Strangely our careers, in spite of a certain mutual repulsion, kept interweaving for quite twenty-five years (from 1867 till 1892) and insisting upon some kind of co-operation despite many a contrariety. I did not go to Glenmore where he was autocrat, as I could not feel sure of him nor of myself. Hot moments were not wanting there without me, if rumor have any veracity. But at Chicago I was director and felt equal to his possible clash. So we revolved about each other separate yet inseparable, like two little luminaries, in St. Louis, in Rome, in Concord, and finally in Chicago.

I ought to add that underneath all these open differences, Davidson and I were conscious of many secret concordances. He would not dwell and wallow in tradition, he loved the free life of the scholar errant, he disliked the arid ways of academicism, he cared little for money or high living, though he would do his part in a small carousal; he declared once that he lived on a dollar a day. Especially his knowledge and love of the Greek world fascinated me in my earlier St. Louis time. But when it came to his literary and institutional negations, to his world-view generally,

and also to his temperament, we flew asunder and then at times flew back again for a tournament. Still Davidson evolved, as already indicated; he had his stages of development, with the rest of us; I saw him in what may be called his first period at St. Louis, then watched him pass out of it in his flight Eastward; finally I could not help remark him at Chicago as an ageing man who was entering the last act of his life-drama, which, however, lies outside of my personal knowledge.

Our greatest stroke of good fortune during this time I deem to have been the help of Dr. David Swing, the most winning and pre-eminent personality in the city, who always took the trouble to give us one of his happiest lectures, as well as to add the full weight of his name to our rather light-ballasted argosy. More than any other man, he held the intellectual primacy of Chicago, and in the opinion of many observers he has had no successor to his position. He was engaged to assist us in giving a suitable conclusion to our last School, but he passed away before it came off. His sad departure tinged more deeply the farewell mood of our closing session.

Necessarily there was a considerable change in the program of lecturers, whose names and merits in detail cannot be here recorded. One person, however, I must single out: Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie of the New York *Outlook* who assisted us not only in the exercises of our Literary School, but made its work known throughout the East by means

of his influence with important people and with the Press. Personally I owe to his memory a debt of gratitude.

We carried through with fair success (not too great) our Second Shakespeare School and our Second Goethe School in due order, but they must now be passed over, though each of them had its own special history and character. At last was announced the Eighth Annual Literary School for 1895, the subject of which was mainly Homer, though it was broadened so as to include all Mythology, whose cultural aspects were then much discussed in Chicago educational circles, especially in the Kindergarten. I presided at the last lecture, and dismissed the audience with a sort of benediction, feeling that an old Epoch had fruited but that underneath it a new Epoch was secretly budding. The last leaf of all our long Literary Bibles was turned over and the lid shut down for the nonce, while another quite different Book seemed to be opening at its first page. And my little Kindergarten army still stood embattled there before me, ready for another campaign in a fresh and strange territory.

Winding up the account, I may here re-affirm autobiographically that I deem this succession of eight Literary Schools in Chicago as the greatest and most will-powerful single *practical* achievement of my life. And in regard to the St. Louis Movement on its literary side, as distinct from its philosophical, educational and psychological ele-

ments, I deem this to have been its most fully realized and successful work. And I find it yet remembered in that ever-obliterating, vortical swash of a community, since I still come upon various reminders of it, at times quite unexpectedly. Only a couple of months ago (1919) as I was passing into the Chicago Public Library, a somewhat aged gray-framed, angelic lady-face placed itself before me, and began to move its lips thus: "You do not recall me, but I attended your Literary Schools thirty years ago. I have off and on reviewed that time ever since, and have spoken of it to my friends. When are you going to have another School? Name the date. I would like to come again and hear you and the rest of the lecturers with your hot discussions." "Madam," I replied, "those speakers have all passed beyond but me, who am now on another job. Consequently the next Literary School will be held in Heaven when I get there, if I ever do. Still I may here give myself the pleasure of extending to you a hearty invitation to that happy re-union, for I know you will be up there."

IX

BACKFLOW TO ST. LOUIS

Very naturally from this active outpushing center of disturbance at Chicago started a wave of resurgence toward St. Louis, a backflow we may call

it to the original fountain head, now quiescent, but possibly capable of another creative upburst. That is indeed the trial now to be made.

Accordingly, before I proceed on that grand new adventure of mine which looms up in the future with larger proportions than even those of the Literary Bibles in the past, I must record an event of some significance in the history of our far-dispersed but still dynamic St. Louis Movement. This was the endeavor to turn the current of these Literary Schools from Chicago back to their primal genetic source, which was St. Louis. Can there be at present any such revival in the old deeply disillusioned town now sunning itself reposefully on the banks of its dreamily murmuring River?

No sooner had our first Chicago Dante School passed into history, with a good deal of newspaper hullabaloo about itself, than the echoes reached St. Louis and woke it up to a little spirt of its ancient rivalry. I began to receive letters thence from former members of my classes who proposed to transfer the Chicago program with its leading lecturers, bodily as it were, to their old home, and to establish there also a Literary School, into which St. Louis had never been quite able to evolve itself during its previous cultural epoch. I was asked to act as director, while some ladies of wealth and social position guaranteed the expenses and even the audience. The Rev. Dr. R. A. Holland was specially active in the project, and offered the use of a suitable hall free of charge for our meetings.

Under such auspices took place the first St. Louis Literary School, with a considerable flurry of soaring enthusiasms wafted aloft on new-born hopes.

The sere, battered program before me is headed in heavy capital letters *Dante School*, which is to be held in St. Louis at the guild-room of St. George's Church, Chestnut and Twenty-seventh Streets for one week, during which ten lectures will be given by the following persons: Dr. Harris, Dr. Holland, Prof. Soldan, Mr. Snider, and Miss Beedy. These five speakers had all belonged, directly or indirectly, to the old St. Louis Philosophical Society, reaching back some twenty years. Thus it seemed a re-union of the prime movers, and possibly a revival of the locally lapsed cause. Cheery words were spoken to that effect, and even congratulations exchanged. Still it had to be confessed that only two of these five early protagonists had remained residents of the city, and not long afterwards one of these two, Dr. Holland, also betook himself to flight. Nevertheless the Dante School was pronounced a fair success, at least for St. Louis; the survivors of the old guard were on hand and eager for a new campaign, though all of us were turning grey and getting furrowed by Time's envious plow. When the exercises were over, and Dr. Holland had delivered the last lecture, or rather enraptured sermon over *Dante's White Rose of Heaven*, the hardy promoters, nearly all of them ladies, met together and resolved, to repeat, with certain omissions and additions, the Chicago pro-

gram of the coming year. Very delightful and hope-inspiring the scene rose before me when I saw this spontaneous endeavor to revive our St. Louis Movement, especially on its literary line, at its original starting-point. Will now be brought about our Movement's Grand Return, with its restoration to the old home out of its long estrangement?

Accordingly the second St. Louis Literary School took place, but with diminished zeal, I think; still it was upheld by fair attendance and adequate finance, both due to the irresistible assault on the rather somnolescent public by three or four of our veteran women who seemed determined to restore the former intellectual primacy of the city. Even the third St. Louis Literary School was essayed, if I remember aright, but with ever-waning interest, when any further repetition of Chicago was given up, on account of the peculiar mental lethargy then prevailing in our community. For during those years St. Louis appeared to be passing through the deepest benightment of her Great Disillusion, whose counterstroke had among other notable malign consequences shivered to fragments and scattered to the four winds the St. Louis Movement, which by means of the present Literary Schools had been seeking to piece itself together again on the home-hearth of its nativity. No—not—at least not yet, cry the frowning Powers.

Still I must not fail to mention the last struggle, or to speak more forthrightly the dying kick of the old cause in the old town. Some years afterward

when the St. Louis Movement seemed to have become wholly deceased again, and even to be buried in its ancestral mausoleum, it started mysteriously to stir once more and to show signs of another resurrection. Yea, it appeared to get a spectral voice, and to call to me as if from its tomb to lead it, evoking me (as director) to a fresh onset. "Angels and ministers of grace," I shouted when I heard that ghostly cadence, "how can it be that the departed spirit of the St. Louis Movement has arisen again here from its native soil? What new magical power is this which in these days can raise the dead?"

Dropping all the other miraculous accompaniments which to me at least appeared not a few nor meaningless, let the kernel of reality be at once discriminated and set forth. Miss Mary M'Culloch, superintendent of the St. Louis Kindergartens had the courage and energy to work up, of her own initiative, another Literary School of which the subject was again Dante, the great poet of the disembodied spirit-world, who still seemed to be here the favorite singer of the four supreme ones—an echo probably out of former St. Louis experiences. Indeed we sought to make the School a reuniting and home-coming of all the old St. Louis set of spiritual Danteizers, three of them, who had written books on Dante, and who had not only read and studied the divine Catholic poet, but also had undergone a kind of regeneration and religious baptism through his writ, of which unique conversion

some details have been given on a former page. Three of our most eminent people—Dr. Harris, Prof. Davidson, and Miss Blow—partook of this peculiar effluence, and they were all still in life at the time of the present School, though no longer in St. Louis. But each of them, for one reason or other, failed to come, though I tried every art of persuasion I could command, especially upon Harris, who in his later years seemed to me to show some strange aversion even for a short St. Louis visit. So it came about that I was unable to set up once more to our city's gaze these three antique pillars of the earlier St. Louis Movement; I remained the solitary standing monument of the past getting somewhat hoary already then, as I contemplated my half of a century and more of fading and falling locks. Thus I dreamed me of that old Roman who once stood mid the ruins of Carthage mooning pensively on himself and his city.

But let me hasten to add that this last St. Louis Literary School, despite its belatement and other drawbacks, was the most pronounced success of all in numbers, in spiritedness, and in a certain proclivity it showed for a wrangle, not vicious but entertaining. Such, however, was the finale. Not since then, more than a quarter of a century ago, has there been any attempt to revive here the Literary School, as far as I am aware; that one somewhat convulsive note was its death-rattle. The nearest to it probably was a course of talks given by me many years later (1908) on the Literary

Bibles to our St. Louis Communal University, lasting an entire season.

Thus the St. Louis Movement seemed to suffer a complete lapse in its native city, while manifesting considerable energy elsewhere. In spite of her peculiar apathy during these years, I believe that there was in St. Louis still vitality enough left over from the old cause to keep alive and active the work, if a leader had appeared and had taken hold of it with the pristine strenuosity. But after the departure of Miss Blow, the last one to leave, no person stepped forward to organize and to teach the training classes, through which the original momentum of the work was to be maintained. Undoubtedly there shot up many study clubs of all sorts during this time in the city; but they were outside of and often away from the St. Louis Movement. Moreover in the latter had arisen a deep fracture which paralyzed its very soul. A few words upon this cardinal and far-ramifying event cannot be omitted from its history without leaving in it a dark and profound chasm.

When I was invited back to St. Louis in 1887-8 to give some talks after several years' absence, I found in our own circle a state of personal rancour and factional bitterness which simply threatened its dissolution. The trouble centered in and around Miss Blow along with her institution, the Kindergarten, which had become divided into two violently antagonistic parties, whose animosity had infected to a degree the whole Public School Sys-

tem—quite noticeably its Board of Directors and a number of its leading Principals. I who had been absent when the epidemic broke out, happened to drop into it just at its highest rage, and was dumb-founded at first both by its intensity and its extent. As quickly as possible I sought interviews with all sides, not alone with the sets of fighting partisans, but especially with impartial though interested and informed onlookers. Among these the consensus of opinion expressed itself with appreciation but with decision that the great Kindergarten leader had made a great mistake, apparently the mistake of her life.

All this upheaval recalled very vividly to mind the Homeric experience with Miss Blow once in my classes years before, as previously recounted. Verily I could not help thinking that I had already forefelt some such fate lurking in her character, when I quit St. Louis that I might avoid any coming rupture inside our own circle, which even then threatened, though perchance only in a small way. Anyhow I at least imagined that I as a tiny individual had both fore-thought and likewise had pre-enacted in person this whole conflict here raging before my eyes, but at present outside of me. So I beheld again the grand Achillean collision as an actual contest being fought over anew in my very presence day by day, and still driving forward in its furious march to its last consequences. Not the old Greek hero now, but the modern American heroine of a great and beneficent work I witnessed

in sharpest opposition to the established authority over her, whereupon had resulted her complete estrangement from her people, from her city, and from her institution; yea, she seemed alienated for a time from her own epochal Great Deed.

She was reported at her home brooding over the wrong which she deemed had been done to her personal worth, and gnashing her heart at the ingratitude of those whom she had fostered and esteemed as her dearest own. It so happened that I was having a class in Shakespeare at the house of one of her lady-friends, and to my surprise one day she appeared there sitting before me. In that presence I dared glimpse the veiled figure of an extended hand, and even hearken a faint lisp of confession. Still more strangely, our lesson chanced to be *King Lear* and his ungrateful daughters, which life-lorn drama seemed to hit home now as unerringly as Homer's *Epic* once did. Of course the part of that dramatic ingratitude was not neglected, to whose stress the oracular face there, which I consulted, could not help darting brief flashes of response. But more distinctively I dwelt upon the issue that *Lear's* tragic world was largely the creation of his own dictatorial spirit, that his fate and that of his family sprang from his pride's curse of an autocratic Will. In that somewhat startled class I felt the thrill of an actual present tragedy, as its members with lengthened faces filed before me out of the room. Then the heroine I approached and saluted with my best, to which she courteously

responded, shooting a sad smile through her firmly knit features. She came again.

The strife-ful situation, however, would not improve, but kept haunting me with an ever-gnawing secret worry, for I felt our whole Movement jeopardized. Moreover I began to hear the stern call to put some of my fine theories into practice. For instance, in the *Iliad* I had emphasized as the supreme worth of the poem for all time the hero's reconciliation, indeed his double reconciliation, with his own people first (the Greeks), and then with his enemies (the Trojans). The reflection kept nagging and whispering me: "You have been whelmed providentially into this mad tumult of a real Homeric wrath; can you not reconcile that, turning the old poem into present fact, and thus vindicating anew the truth of it, which will surely prove your best commentary? Exemplify in yourself what you have taught; realize in corresponding action the poet's conciliating words; transfigure the beautiful image into its very life. Then you need not fail to consider also what is at stake in your St. Louis Movement."

Thus for days my thoughts kept prodding their spurs into the withers of my unwilling Will, but I Hamleted all my good resolves away, tetering between doing and undoing. Then I heard that Harris was coming to town to deliver a course of lectures; both on account of his conciliatory character and his influence he seemed the right mediating personality. Consequently, as soon as he arrived, I

went to his quarters and begged him to be the peacemaker. To my astonishment he refused with a vehement No; he could not think of descending alone into such a white-hot Inferno of wrath, whereof he had heard a good deal by letter, doubtless from Miss Blow herself. My reply was: "But your Dante did, and if you will, I shall go with you and act as your Virgil, though yours must now be the balm of the healing word." Again he declined peremptorily the plan, affirming it to be utterly useless, and even a fresh aggravation, whereupon he turned his talk to something else. Disappointed I was soon sauntering homeward somewhat reproachful of what I deemed his timidity in a crisis.

What was to be done next? Many schemes I maundered over, but they all pushed to one point: I must make the trial alone, though at first I would shrivel at the thought. Still I kept up the fire-test of will, till I might become temper-proof. Finally I planned that my best opportunity would be at a conversation (on Homer by the way) which I was to hold in a neutral parlor, where the two opposing sides I could bring together; then at the close they were to greet each other with a friendly word, thus breaking the dam and thereupon letting the water run down hill of itself. The one party, being that of my special friends, was eagerly ready to be persuaded. Then I sent a request to Miss Blow for a personal interview, which she granted. That was the first time I had stepped across her door-sill for

years, indeed since that former flight of mine from St. Louis, and from her. I advanced toward the center of her drawing-room where she stood in a rather tense attitude, I thought, and I prefaced my address with the sentence: "I am come on an embassy from the heroless Greeks to their Achilles." The allusion caused a ripple of smiling reminiscence to break through her fixed features, after which auspicious little omen I opened the whole plan of reconciliation with all the tact I owned, doubtless not much, and pressingly invited her to be present at my coming lesson.

Miss Blow turned her look on the floor with face-lines relaxed and even melting for a moment; but suddenly every muscle seemed again to brace up and tighten, as she sent back at me with deepening flushes a piercing glance: "No, I cannot, it would be too trying." I dared lisp the reply, "Better try once just the trying." With head erect she shot me a more determined No, looking some haughtiness, as I still throbbingly remember. Spoken a conventional word or two at parting, I bowed myself out of her presence, thwarted personally but in possession of her grand refusal to be reconciled with her people, with her achievement, with herself.

I have dwelt in some detail upon this interview for several to me co-ercive reasons. In the first place, as appreciative autobiographer I claim the egotistic right of adjudging this deed of mine as one of the best, if not the very best of my life.

I had to flagellate my recalcitrant and quailing spirit for days before I could bring myself to the final test. For the deed was better than I was, being on a higher level than my average self, which also had the native bent to swoon away into those Achillean sullens, and quit the thankless but appointed tasks of time. Whatever others might think, I believed that Miss Blow in the primacy of her power had shown the grand insolence and consequent fatuity of success, ever the tragic thread spun by the Fates into the heroic soul. Now her overturn had come, certainly not through any act of mine; now she was down and under, and her lot called for some reconciling voice. I heard and answered at last, swallowing the mordant dose after repeated regurgitations. I have too few best deeds to my credit, not to write this one down with an underscore among my life's triumphs. Others may make such self-conquests easily—not I.

In the second place upon this Grand Refusal (let me capitalize for emphasis) of hers pivoted the existence of the St. Louis Movement in its birth-home. She, the heroine, held here both the intellectual and the practical leadership, especially after the flight of all of us retreating males. But now she too abandons the battle-line, and lets the enemy conquer. Thus she quits her native city, her creative work, her center of dissemination, surrendering herself to her unreconciled mood. Of course, other reasons for her withdrawal may have played in, and these she would naturally stress to the pub-

lic. At any rate with her departure the St. Louis Movement, passed henceforth into its nethermost local evanishment, especially after the cessation of the little revival caused by the Literary Schools. Judging from her past I hold that she, and she alone, united all the gifts needful to keep alive and to complete the work, if she could have been reconciled to remain at home here on its native soil and hers, realizing herself in the full panoply of her will-power.

But the deepest and most enduring disruption sprung of this her Grand Refusal (her own Dante's *gran rifiuto* down in the Inferno) lay in herself, since it nearly turned her life into a persistent tragedy. She sank away into a long physical illness and mental subsidence, doubtless something of a purgatorial if not infernal journey. During this time she underwent a great spiritual change, the special stages of which I do not know. But I observed her at the entrance and again at the exit of this strangely human eclipse of her soul's sun.

First let me explain that I watched her in St. Louis as she was passing into her occultation, so I think it may for our help be metaphored. That Grand Refusal in her case meant not merely to refuse my little attempt at peace-patching, but something far larger; indeed she made it, so to speak, universal, directing it against her very self's own world. I thought that she seemed willing for a while to undo her sovereign work in the Kindergarten, or at least to retire and let it perish un-

mothered. The report was current that she had aroused in the School Board, through her defiance of its authority (Achilles again) a movement to abolish the public Kindergarten—that which towered up her high heroic educational act, and which was now becoming more national every day. But authority did not proceed so far, dared not, I think, in its own interest. So the power was not permitted her to destroy her own Great Deed, which could no longer be slain even by its own Great Doer, still less by its enemies. For she had built an institution mightier than herself, and thus had performed an action more enduring than any particular action of hers, verily more eternal than her mere individual life. That showed her greatness, yea, her immortal selfhood, even in spite of herself.

Such was my last glimpse of her as she vanished into her career's eclipse, for so I construe it, through her Grand Refusal at her life's central node. And now for my second and more pulverizing stroke of amazement! After long years I saw her emerge from that dread obscuration of bodily illness and seeming despair through one heroically persistent, prodigious act of Will, and begin her life over again—in many respects a new personality, whom I may name the second Miss Blow. Reconciled afresh with her Institution and with herself, she sallies forth on what may be called her second grand campaign quite different from her first at St. Louis, and lasting many years. Behold! Here she comes to us lecturing again with young

vigor—a kind of resurrection from what seemed the grave's forewarning doom. Rather charily I approached the old familiar semblance when I saw her rise once at Chicago, and I greeted her to me weird re-appearance as if she almost might be a ghost. But one reconciliation she refused still; she would not come back to her home, her city, her folk. She declined making St. Louis her second center of propagation and turned from the West to the East, where she stayed to the close—a mistake I think, but not fatal.

Still the second Miss Blow belonged to the St. Louis Movement, indeed she, according with the deepest strain of her character, could not help sharing in its evolution. Again her life-stream will persist somehow in intersecting, briefly and very occasionally but never without a splash of energy and combativeness, the autobiographic flow of this book. Yes, reader, we, both you and I, may be pretty certain of crossing her war-path again, if we can hold out to the printed close.

X.

THE EPOCH'S CROSSING.

Already several times in the course of the foregoing narrative, casual remarks have been dropped along our path that the present Epoch was drawing to an end. Even the loitering reader will have observed certain prognostics of a coming change. So here I may emphasize that the last Chicago Literary School, in 1895, may be taken as one of

life's turning-points out of an older transcended stage into something new. Still let not the year's limit be too rigidly fixed; old Time cannot be held up by a date.

Encircling this year, however, as a kind of rounding-up era seemed to gather for a conclusion the main achievements of an Epoch, which I have numbered the Second or Middle one of my life's long central Period lasting almost a generation from young-manhood to the verge of old-age. Now the special work of this present expiring Epoch I may here repeat once more, has centered on the Literary Bibles—their evolution, elaboration, and propagation, till the final act of printing and distributing the results of the labors of this persistent Writer of Books. But that task also is completed, the nine volumes of Commentaries are all written—only one belated tome remains to be typed (the Commentary on the Odyssey, 1897). Strangely, too, the once unresting wanderlust seems to slow down, though not yet extinct.

Moreover my anchorage on Chicago was visibly loosening, doubtless in part through the feeling that I had there done my work and delivered my message, having sped our Movement in that city for more than ten of my best years. Quite a long spell was that to hold out in the Chicago vortex—so I titillated myself silently in my little nook on Rookery Square, looking backwards. That once dreamed ambition of mine had been in a small measure fulfilled: one tiny green islet of Eternity right in the heart of fleetingest modern Ephem-

erality I had actually built, planted, and stabilized for a decade. Now it must be left to itself, remaining a stray shred of influence, or perchance only a memory on a time, for already has arisen over me another task pressing pitiless upon the residue of my days.

There can be no doubt, however, that beyond my limited range Chicago had been undergoing a great intellectual transformation during these ten years, as I watched her not only from the outside, but also participated in her soul-life from within. Already has been duly signalized her World's Fair, a globe-startling upburst not merely of elemental strength, but of subtle beauty and lofty grandeur, of which latter she had never been remotely suspected. Then the new Chicago University was in the process of being conceived and organized; it had already risen above the horizon, just as our last Literary School sank out of sight. Thus I dare couple together the enormously large and the comparatively little in my autobiographic Ego, to which they both made appeal, each in its own way.

The Chicago University, like every thing started in that phenomenal town, had its unique phenomenal origin and character. Rockefeller's millions, aided by the naturally purchasing spirit of the community, had practically bought a complete German University, somewhat as if it were a valuable European book or picture or piece of merchandise, with its full equipment of men, material, and libraries, then had lifted it out of its home-soil, sailed with it 'across the Atlantic, and set it

down here in the West along the Michigan lakeside. A marvelous achievement, and I hold, the best medicine for the time and the place. It was indeed the hugest sudden dose of old-world traditionalism that was ever administered to any mundane patient. To me it seemed just the antidote needed to humanize and to steady crude ephemeral vortical Chicago—a far mightier and more drastic remedy than my single easy homeopathic pillules of brief individual prescription, which moreover had now exhausted its service.

In this connection I may be privileged to jot down a small personal point. The Chicago University, though liberal, declared itself a Baptist Institution, and therein followed the religious denomination of its founder. In my classes I had several friendly Baptist ladies, one of whom, very influential with her fellow-members, caught the ambition of making me, without my knowledge, a Professor in the new University. She went so far as to sound President Harper, with neutral result, I imagine, and then she proceeded to sound me. I had already known two or three such opportunities in the past, and so my answer was prompt: “No—I am unfitted for any position of that sort. I have been a free lance too long, with my own University, the communal, fermenting in my head and in my heart. That would not well comport with the present overmastering tradition which is now to be schooled into Chicago and ought to be, very emphatically. Well do I know myself not the man for that task,

however necessary. Moreover I can glimpse a big fight developing with time inside this imported University and inside its most aspiring Professors concerning just this tradition and its external authority. Much obliged, my very appreciative friend; but permit me now to resign the position to which I have never been elected—not by the University regents and not by myself.”

Verily the appointed Professor, who is determined to be self-determined in his academic career, has become to-day a shrilling problem of our higher education. From such a worried conflict I held aloof both through temperament and conceived duty. Besides, when I saw Prof. Richard G. Moulton established in the Professorship of what he called “Literature in English,” I felt that the Literary Bibles would have a worthy promulgator in the Chicago University. At any rate, I realized I was done with them, and, what was more decisive, they were done with me.

Still, underneath all these outer conjunctures, lay fermenting the deeper ultimate motive: my spirit's evolution, or my Super-vocation was demanding a new and more adequate self-expression. I had outgrown my long-cherished literary Organon, and another more internal and intensive one was throbbing for birth. And that completely free utterance (my dearest *libertas philosophandi*) required for its play the Universe, not the university. Accordingly another Renaissance with its renewal and re-creation starts a fresh Epoch of development.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL RENASCENCE.

First of all, let it be said that this was a Return locally to the old home-town after a long separation—a circling back to the original starting-point of the St. Louis Movement. Such an outer Return had its inner spiritual side, otherwise it would be of very evanescent significance.

Look back from here, my forgiving reader, over a good many leaves of this ever-lengthening book (see page 229), and you will find a brief forecast and ordering of the stage at which we have arrived, and which we label anew the Psychological Renaissance as distinct from that old Classical Renaissance, whose long discipline we have hitherto traversed and transcended. You may recall the quest as I followed backward our race's European line of civilization till I reached what I deemed the historic germ, or the primordial cell of our early evolution in Parnassian Hellas. But now we are to undertake not an outer spatial Itinerary, but an inner selfful one, not a journey to the Castalian spring but to the fountain-head of Mind itself, of our very Consciousness, whose original elementary unit or germ we are to find, to name, and to unfold into its completely ordered System. This is still a Renaissance, but of the Self, of the Soul or Psyche, hence is called psychological. Such is the general

idea of this new transition in the Self's own evolution, which for some time had lain secretly brooding in my underworld, when an incident of the moment awakened it to daylight and sudden activity.

One day early in 1894, as I time my memory, I happened to pay a visit to the lady principal, Miss Elizabeth Harrison, of our Kindergarten College, when I found her pacing the parlor floor in some perturbation, and repeating not so much to me as to herself: "Our teacher of Psychology is sick in a distant sanitarium, and cannot take his classes. I have sought everywhere and can find no instructor. The work ought to begin at once. Well, well, what next?" Thereupon she stopped and looked off into silent vacancy, as if for some unknown far-away hand of the Invisible.

Now it so co-incided that just this subject of Psychology had been recently knocking at my spirit's door for a fresh renewal of ancient ties of acquaintanceship. Some twenty-five years before the preceding incident I was teaching the old Psychology, then called Mental Philosophy, in the St. Louis High School, and had wrought it over and organized it pretty thoroughly according to Hegel, who was at that time the master-mind of our St. Louis Philosophical Society, and who had saturated our practical pedagogy, especially through the influence of Superintendent Harris. I still could recall the whole course and its details, as I had often given it to classes in the High School and outside

in the Community. Moreover I had kept a pretty full manuscript of it in cold storage during a quarter of a century, inasmuch as the European Journey and the Literary Bibles had wholly banned it from my active life, and even from my mind's presence. But this Epoch, as I have already indicated, showed numerous signs of drawing to a close, having indeed quite spent itself. Besides I had been watching the rise of Psychology to the fore-front of the New Education, ever since I heard Professor James at Concord in 1883. In fact I had unconsciously felt its pulse-beat as the coming world-discipline. I did not know it, but I was getting ready and even praying silently for the new epiphany.

Now drops down upon me with a sudden impact this unique opportunity voiced by our principal. I deliberated for a moment; then when I heard slowly lisp from the same lips in a kind of wavering revery, "We know not what to do," my decisive answer plumped out at once: "I'll take it, I can teach your class in Psychology." "What! you! None of your banter, this is too serious." It must be remembered that I was known in Chicago chiefly for my literary work and its propagation, which now had been going on there for about ten years. Accordingly I gave some account of my former St. Louis time of philosophic Psychology. Whereupon followed the question: "When can you start?" "To-morrow." "Come."

Such was the little punch of destiny which as it were squeezed me into a wholly new passage of

my life-work. There seemed to focus on that one spot and in that one moment a triple call, as I construe it now. First came the immediate pressing request of the School, which was manned, or rather womanned, by my valiant Kindergartners, who for a decade had fought along with me the testful Chicago battle of the Literary Bibles. But the second voice had also been whispering me at intervals: "The psychological age is dawning, up and be a-doing!" The third summons, however, was getting to be most insistent and personal of all: "You must win a fresh living self-expression not merely for your intellectual satisfaction and growth, but for your soul's salvation. Start—start now at the nick of golden opportunity; your present vocation has fulfilled itself—arise or be forever fallen."

That evening I retreated to my corner in Hotel Goodenough, and began to ponder over what I had so impulsively or only half consciously promised. What does it all mean? But the immediate task was urging me furiously, so I let the future slide on and explain itself in its own way, which it always will. I gave that first course of a few weeks, which slowly expanded to the most intense and creative Epoch of my life, lasting quite a dozen years. My little psychological snow-ball, having once started to rolling, would not stop with one round nor with dozens of them, but kept on till it would encircle the universe in its folds. It becomes not my plan at present to give any account of this long desperate adventure, with its multitudinous ups and downs,

though it be fuller of myself (that is, of my own original selfhood) than any other portion of my life's errantry.

But this autobiographic Ego of mine may here succinctly state that it now, after so hot and so prolonged a search for the source of all Tradition, has reached back to the primal traditional form of its own first genesis. It has found that itself in its very birth, is a transmitted thing, which, however, is again to originate itself; a created object it is whose ultimate essence is to recreate its own creation, and thus to be self-creative. Or to use more direct speech, I, through this long searchful process of self-voyaging and self-discovery and also self-construction, came gradually upon the primordial unit or the original germ of universal creativity, which I named *The Psychosis*. But this embryo of the Universe, ever reproducing its own process, evolves out of itself its own creative body, or complete psychical organism as the all-organizer of the world and of man as well as of itself. To such a worker or instrument is given the name corresponding to its character: *The Psychological Organon*. Finally this all-organizer must reveal itself in the work done, or in the All as organized, both externally and internally. Thus unfolds *The Psychological System*, embracing the World and the Self ordered psychically or according to the Psychosis, which is the unit of Mind, distinct from yet creative of the unit of Matter—the atom; and also distinct from yet creative of the unit of Life—

the cell. (Of this System and its various divisions the reader will find an outline in the appendix.)

Here without delay, I must select and singly emphasize the pre-eminent conjuncture of this Epoch, or rather the topmost flowering of the whole St. Louis Movement, in so far as I had anything to do with it. Though I deem the Chicago Literary Schools my supreme personal achievement, a greater deed than that was now to be done in St. Louis, chiefly through the co-operative work of two able and well-known teachers. Miss Amelia C. Fruchte in 1906 was chosen President of the Pedagogical Society, which, from a small and seemingly moribund club, at once increased under her inspiring leadership to more than 2,000 members. For this large body of students Miss Fruchte with her assistants organized numerous special courses on various subjects. The result was a unique Communal University which appeared to build itself up over night, and which may be acclaimed, I think, the most considerable practical feat in the history of the St. Louis Movement, of which Miss Fruchte had long been a faithful co-worker.

[But of these numerous courses the most distinctive and tone-giving, as well as the most successful, was that of Professor Francis E. Cook on Psychology, or, more specially stated, on the Psychological Organon, embracing Intellect, Will, and Feeling, which he unfolded in three different courses during three successive years. His regular audience for such an abstruse and difficult subject was the larg-

est I ever saw anywhere—in St. Louis, Concord, or Chicago. The number of his hearers often rose to one hundred and fifty, and never fell below a hundred. A dozen or so was usually our old St. Louis philosophical quota. Professor Cook's luminous and poetically beautiful presentation of the profoundest thought made its appeal not merely to the head, but to the heart and imagination of all his listeners. I regard this course of his as the crowning act of the long line of expositors of the St. Louis Movement from its earliest start; and in like manner I regard Miss Fruchte's aforesaid work as the towering single deed of organization in the whole history of our Movement, on whose summit there stands at this point a woman as leader.

Such is the merest mention of what is deserving a full record, which, however, cannot now be given. A surprisingly sudden fresh upburst of the old St. Louis Renaissance into new forms—will it hold? Never mind that here, for we have come to the closing scene of the present ascent of life, having reached its happiest and highest altitude, from which we shall not now make or even contemplate the descent, but let it hide itself in futurity.

Accordingly this book of mine insists on winding itself up and quitting just here in a manner without my concurrence, since I had foreplanned a different outcome for it, and a somewhat different progress. But matters not intended have forced themselves into its narrative; other things blocked out in advance have been ruthlessly pitched off along the

wayside. That is, the present book has obstinately persisted in writing itself after its own law more than ever before in my history, though I had been made aware of a similar over-ruling in previous volumes of mine. For example, I had designed to include in this final Epoch my full psychological evolution, but the pen refuses, or the spirit, if you can think so, presiding over this book dashes masterfully his veto on my scheme, enjoining me "Your psychological day is not yet sundown, you are living it still, all harnessed and at work; it has yet to finish and perchance to tell its own story."

Only one more paragraph, or possibly two, may be permitted for a heart-felt obituary, as a parting farewell breathed from the soul of the still living and unforgetting St. Louis Movement to its first, now old-aged founders as they vanish from the day of life. In this same pivotal year of 1906, when the Psychological Organon had completed itself as a written work to face its unknown destiny of coming time, when the new-born association of workers headed by Miss Fruchte and Professor Cook had leaped forth in multitudinous youthful energy, and when the St. Louis Movement itself, after its long Ulyssean wanderings of more than twenty years, had gotten back to its old home by the riverside for its life's renewal and rejuvenescence, Governor Brockmeyer, its first President, passed away at the rounding of his eightieth birth-day. In this same year Doctor Harris, its first Secretary, also its greatest educator and zealous promoter, retired from

his official position as head of the National Bureau of Education, still aspiring though broken by ill health, to which he succumbed not long afterwards. Unto both their paternal spirits the St. Louis Movement bids a grateful last salutation—*Vale et Vive*.

So let their names be again twinned together, as at the beginning of this record so now at its close, in the bond of ever-living affection and memory

HENRY C. BROCKMEYER

WILLIAM T. HARRIS

APPENDIX—THE SYSTEM

It has been suggested that I give in a brief appendix a general outline or conspectus of my entire System of Psychology, in so far as it has developed up to date (1920). It now may be said to consist directly (omitting indirect writings) of twenty-two volumes, containing about 12,000 pages (small octavo). So we are here to pass from the biographic order which has been followed hitherto in the present book, to the systematized survey of the whole field of Psychology in its special divisions, of which I give in advance the following three leading ones: (I) The Psychological Organon—the creative universal Idea and its inner Organization; (II) The World psychologized—the Idea realized externally or objectively—the Macrocosm; (III) The Self psychologized—the Idea realized internally, or in the individual mind—the Microcosm.

Such are the three grand stages of the psychological Norm of the Universe, or the three basic lines in the organization of Universal Psychology. The reader may compare this psychological Norm with the philosophical Norm, which usually divides itself into the triplicity called (1) the Absolute (God) (2) the World, and (3) Man.

It may be here repeated that the main outcome or the fulfilment of the St. Louis Movement has been the evolution and elaboration of this System of Universal Psychology, whose Norm embraces in its sweep firstly the Self as universal psychologized (Organon), secondly the World psychologized (Sciences), thirdly the individual Self psychologized (Biography). The following may be taken as the System's skeleton embracing the mentioned twenty-two volumes and giving their order and titles.

I

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ORGANON

This sets forth the universal organizing principle, or genetic center, of the entire System. It is not only creative but self-creative, generating all and itself too. We may call it Pure Psychology, the essential Psyché, the ideal Psychosis as it is in itself and as it orders itself purely.

Several Organons have appeared in the history of Philosophy. First and best known is that of the old Greek Aristotle, his so-called Logic, mainly deductive; then by way of reaction comes Bacon's *Novum Organum*, emphatically inductive; at last appears Hegel's Logic which is essentially an Organon of the Universe whose principle is the Dialectic. All these are European philosophical Organons, distinct from the present psychological Organon, whose working principle is the Psychosis. The treatment of this subject embraces the following three volumes.

(1) *Feeling, With Prolegomena*. This unfolds not merely the Feelings of the individual as such, but shows the whole universe of God, Nature, and Man reflecting itself in the Feelings (pages 534).

(2) *The Will and Its World*. The place of the Will in the Man and in the World is set forth in its various processes, which form the basis of individual Freedom, of Ethics and of Institutions (pages 575).

(3) *Intellect (Psychology and the Psychosis)*. This is a treatise upon the self-ordering Intellect with its three fundamental stages of Sense-perception, Representation, and Thought. Doubtless the best book to start with in studying the system (pages 556).

Thus at the center is placed Psychology with its Organon, as the science which organizes all other sciences, but must first organize itself. This starts with the individual Self (or Ego) as the point which both surveys everything else, and is also self-surveying, which knows itself and through that knows the World.

II

THE WORLD PSYCHOLOGIZED

The World here means all externality as distinct from the Self, hence the objective side of existence. The ideal Psyche is now realized; the pure Psychosis is seen at work generating its vast multiplicity of forms and appearances, and at the same time co-ordinating them into an ordered totality. Specially here is unfolded the World as Will, as Realisation; hence this is the second stage or movement of the Universe's total Psychosis.

The present main division of Universal Psychology embraces the following six departments of man's objective Universe, which are also the race's great human disciplines, beginning with the first and most external in Nature, and rising through Art, Literature, Philosophy and Institutions, to the last and highest in Universal History with its World-Spirit. In thirteen volumes, distributed and titled as follows:

I. PSYCHOLOGY OF NATURE AND NATURAL SCIENCE. This starts with the purest externality of Nature (Space and Time) and unfolds it in a psychological evolution to its supreme manifestation in Nature's Life. The scientific method has also (like Philosophy) sought to determine Psychology, and is still in vogue for this purpose, though apparently waning, as it has been found too narrow for the subject-matter. But in this field, too, Psychology has turned the tables and has organized Nature and Natural Science instead of being organized by them. Two works of the present system cover the total domain of Nature:

(1) *Cosmos and Diacosmos*. These two terms embrace what is generally included under Mechanics (with Mathematics), Physics, and Chemistry, all of which are seen to be psychological in their final principle. Also

is unfolded the genesis of Nature as the second stage of the total process of the Universe (pages 578).

(2) *The Biocosmos*, or the Life of Nature psychologically treated and embracing the science of Biology in its widest sense. This is the third part of Nature as conceived in the present system (pages 481).

II. PSYCHOLOGY OF ART. (AESTHETIC). Art follows Nature and transfigures the same with a new meaning and purpose, essentially social. Art has been philosophized in Europe, according to the various philosophical systems, idealistic and realistic, but now it is to be psychologized into what may be called the New Aesthetic. That is, the order and interpretation of the Fine Arts are to be unfolded by Universal Psychology, which puts them into their place in the cycle of man's activities, and also gives to each of them its inner psychical organization. Art is conceived not merely as a revelation of man's individual life, but also of his social and institutional life, and finally of the creative soul of the Universe itself. Two works:

(1) *Architecture*. The three great styles of artistic construction are shown in their psychical evolution—Oriental, European and Occidental (American). That unique manifestation of recent Architecture, the High Building, takes its place as one of the supreme forms of this Art (pages 561).

(2) *Music and the Fine Arts*. The stress is upon Music as the most psychological of all the Fine Arts and the most modern, though it be ancient too. But also Sculpture, Painting and the Kinetic Arts are set forth in their ultimate psychical order and significance. Likewise is given a survey of the total sweep of all the Fine (or Presentative) Arts (pages 588).

III. (THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LITERATURE, as essentially the Representative Art (Poetry, Novel, Belles-Lettres), is to be classed here in the System, though I shall omit from the present survey my works on the four Literary Bibles, as they have been already considered in their auto-biographic relation. Moreover, they were not for

me an evolution of Psychology in its explicit form, but rather Psychology was a gradual growth out of them and their long discipline. So their nine volumes of Commentaries have been listed already, as they were evolving both in me and in themselves towards Psychology. The student can, however, co-ordinate them in the total System under the foregoing head of the Psychology of Literature).

IV. PSYCHOLOGY OF PHILOSOPHY WITH THE LATTER'S HISTORY. The preceding branches—Nature, Art, Literature—have all been philosophized in the past according to the various philosophical Systems of Europe. But now all these Philosophies are to be, not refuted but subordinated to a new and more universal World-principle, and are to be themselves psychologized. Thus Philosophy in its final outcome reveals itself a part or phase of Psychology, instead of the reverse as hitherto. For Philosophy has been generally regarded as the ultimate Science, as the Science of sciences. It seeks to grasp and formulate the first principle of the Universe, and then to apply the same to all knowledge. In European thought Philosophy has had the primacy, and has on the whole determined the sciences, but in the present system Psychology is seen supplanting Philosophy and determining the same in turn. That is, Philosophy itself is found to be at bottom psychological and must be newly ordered accordingly.

(1) *Ancient European Philosophy*, which gives the evolution of ancient Thought from Thales to Proclus, and brings to the surface the psychological movement underlying and controlling the philosophical (pages 730).

(2) *Modern European Philosophy*, which does the same for the modern movement from Descartes, giving a full account of Hegel, who is the last European philosopher in the supreme sense, and who is conceived as transitional to Psychology (pages 829).

V. PSYCHOLOGY OF INSTITUTIONS AS THE FORMS OF ASSOCIATED MAN. At present mankind's most earnest endeavor is seeking after the ways in which human beings can be best associated. Hence the stress of the time is upon the meaning and value of Institutions as the actualized Forms of Associated Man. Especially the State and the Economic Institution are just now in a new conflicting evolution, each in itself and with the other. Hence the most timely study for the men of to-day is that of Institutions, which are being assailed in so many ways, secretly and openly. Especially with Americans the chief problem is to become conscious of their Institutions. Moreover the relation of Institutions to Art and Literature is fundamental, and furnishes the deepest content to artistic and literary works. In this realm are two books:

(1) *Social Institutions*. Under this head the five main Institutions of man—domestic, economic, political, religious, and educational—are here put together for the first time, being treated separately and as a whole (pages 615).

(2) *The State* in which is especially considered the American State, with the psychological exposition of the United States Constitution (pages 561).

(3) *The Educative Institution*, to which belongs two specialized books on Froebel's Kindergarten: (a) *Commentary on Froebels' Mother Play Songs* (pages 439) and (b) *Psychology of Froebel's Play Gifts* (pages 396).

VI. PSYCHOLOGY OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY AND ITS SPIRIT. In the last half dozen years, the World has made more History both national and universal, than in any whole century of its previous existence. Hence the World's History seems to have turned a great new Period whose creative principle, here called the World-Spirit, is to be specially studied and unfolded. It has long been recognized that a Universal Science is required for grasping the ultimate processes of Universal

History. Hence arose the Philosophy of History, being based more or less consciously upon some philosophical system. But History also, as one manifestation of the Universal Spirit, must get the final organization of its processes from Psychology, the Universal Science. In this field are the three following works:

(1) *European History*. As Europe has made a large part of recorded History so far, the first duty is to put in order its historic processes, and to set forth its place in Universal History (pages 691).

(2) *The Father of History*. Herodotus is the most important of all Historians, recording the first great historic struggle of the World's History and showing the dawn of the historic consciousness (pages 538).

(3) *The American Ten Years' War (1855-1865)*. Our Civil War is set forth as a stage in the evolution of Universal History, with its underlying psychological element (pages 527).

Next result is that this universal World's History with its Spirit embodied in time's events now passes to the individual Man's Spirit embodied in time's events, or in his life. That is, World's History individualizes itself in Life's History, or Biography, which is the third stage of the supreme psychological Norm already given.

RETROSPECT. Thus our World-Psychology, starting with the World's uttermost externality in Nature has risen to its innermost creative principle in the World-Spirit. Or more directly, I, having psychologized the World, must next proceed to psychologize the Self as individual; or more directly still, I must psychologize myself as psychologist in the process of psychologizing. Or again: I having recreated the external cosmos, now, I must recreate myself creating it. Only when you truly psychologize, do you become your true Self and fulfill your highest vocation. Preliminary steps to this height are Philosophy, Art, Literature, Science, which must themselves be organized psychologically, that is, through the Psychological Organon.

III

THE SELF PSYCHOLOGIZED

The Psychological Organon, the first ideal, or abstract stage of the Psychological Norm, now realizes itself in the concrete human career, or incarnates itself in the individual Man and his works. The original and originating Psychosis—Feeling, Will and Intellect—is henceforth to be made actual in the living Person and in his achievement. Such is the grand psychical incarnation of the race. If the Psychological Organon we saw realize itself objectively in World-Psychology, now we are to see that same creative Organon realize itself subjectively in the Self, Ego, individual Psyche, which is the theme of the present Self-Psychology, or Biography. Under this head we put two divisions with a possible glimpse of a third, all of them being stages or phases of the one Biography.

I. GENERAL BIOGRAPHY. This is the common kind, in which the life of the man is written by another than himself. If we may coin a word needed for this species, let it be called *Allo-biography*, that is, the other-written Life, as distinct from the self-written Life, or *Auto-biography*.

The popular reader has always shown a chief interest in the individual lives of Great Men. But a science of Biography has hardly been conceived hitherto, though ancient Plutarch already thought that there was some common principle in the lives of the eminent Greeks and Romans. But Psychology, as the ultimate science of the Self, can alone furnish the universal basis of Biography, elevating it into a science, which Philosophy never did, and could not.

Here are placed four books of General Biography (*Allo-biography*) which belong by their treatment to the System of Universal Psychology.

(1) *Abraham Lincoln*, the Statesman, whose life is in this work unfolded after its underlying psychological order (pages 574).

(2) *Frederick Froebel*, the Educator, whose career reveals the inner psychological process in all Biography (pages 470).

(3) *Goethe's Life-Poem*—the Poet's Life as a poem which unfolds itself psychologically through its three supreme Periods (pages 601).

(4) *Emerson's Life-Essay*—which reveals psychically the biography of himself as his own "Standard Man." (In type but not yet published).

Here may be mentioned, as being in preparation, *Shakespeare's Life-Drama* psychologically treated by the author.

II. AUTO-BIOGRAPHY, or the self-written Life of the writer narrating the events of his career in his own way. Several works of this sort have been very famous, for instance, Rousseau's and Goethe's Auto-biographies. Of course they are not directly psychologized.

A distinct variety of Auto-biography is seen when it is written by the psychologist who psychologizes his own particular Life as a manifestation of universal psychology, which indeed every man's Life must be.

Two works of Auto-biography represent this phase of the System:

(1) *A Writer of Books*, giving the main events of the author's life as he unfolds during his earlier Period (pages 668).

(2) *The St. Louis Movement*—the present book, showing the author evolving into his psychological world-view through Philosophy and Literature. Here I may add, as I am alive and still writing, that there is another, but unfinished part of this Auto-biography.

SUMMARY. The salient character of Universal Psychology may be indicated in the fact that it is neither meta-physical nor physical in method or matter, but purely psychological.

Slowly the science of Psychology has been pushing to the front as the Universal Science. But it has been hitherto handicapped by alien methods foisted upon it; so we have had chiefly two kinds: the old Rational (so-called) Psychology, dominated by the metaphysical system of some philosopher, and the more recent Physiological Psychology, dominated by the procedure of Natural Science. The present system maintains a view opposite to, yet inclusive of both these methods. Psychology is proclaimed the master of the house, no longer the subordinate; it is to organize Philosophy and Natural Science, and not to be organized by them. It is the new Universal Science and openly asserts itself as a System in spite of to-day's pragmatic prejudice against all systems.

Here we may again emphasize that the elementary principle everywhere pervading and originally creating and psychically ordering all the foregoing divisions, is the Psychosis. Such is the universal embryo with its remoter parallel in the Atom or unit of matter, and with its nearer parallel in the Cell or unit of Life, both of which however, are forms or manifestations of this ultimate universally genetic unit of Mind. The psychical protoplast we may conceive it, or the embryonic arche type of the Creator, of the Creation, and of me—the Psychosis.

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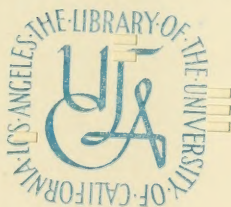


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